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GENERAL INDEX







**T**he noble story to putte in remembrance  
 Of saynt Edmund/ martyr maide & kyng  
 With his support/ my stile I wol auance  
 First to compile/ after my kynnyng  
 His glorious lif/ his bythe and his gynnynge  
 And be dycent/ how that he that was so good  
 Was in fforome born/ of the roial blood



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THE  
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WORLD'S BEST  
LITERATURE

EDITORS

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

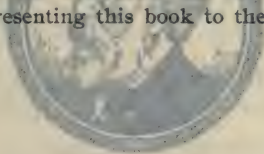
ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
MINIATURE FROM LYDGATE'S LIFE OF  
ST. EDMUND.

*From a manuscript of the 15th century, now in the British Museum.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

This manuscript was executed by order of the Abbot Curteis of Bury St. Edmunds, in the year 1433, as a present to King Henry VI., then about twelve years of age, who passed the Christmas holidays at the abbey. The volume consists of the poet Lydgate's translation into English of the Latin legends of St. Edmund, King of the East Angles (840-870), who refused to abjure Christianity, and was shot to death with arrows. The miniature represents the Abbot presenting this book to the King. 1. 7. 21.



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1897

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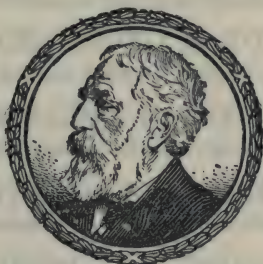
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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER



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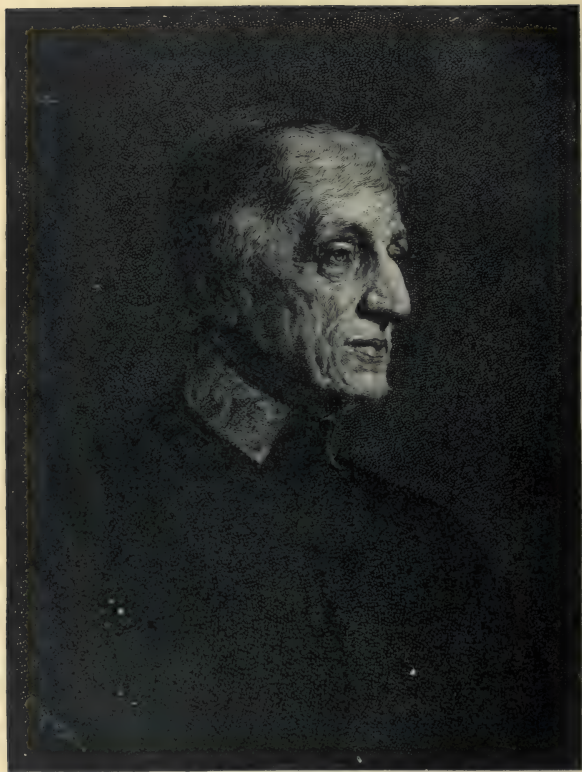
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CARDINAL NEWMAN

## JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

(1801-1890)

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

**I**N 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' Cardinal Newman—though all his writings were more or less closely connected with religion, even the lectures on University Education being chiefly intended to show that no university education could be complete which did not treat the knowledge of God as the keystone of all human science—cannot be denied a very important place; for it was in great measure the form and grace and variety of his literary gifts that secured for him the attention of all English-speaking peoples, and that made him one of the princes of the Church before he died. Cardinal Newman himself fixes on one of the most striking of his literary gifts,—the delicacy of his feeling for words, and for the fine distinctions between related words of the closest affinity,—when he attributes to the influence of Dr. Hawkins (subsequently provost of Oriel) and of Dr. Whately (subsequently Archbishop of Dublin) the habit of delicate discrimination which he acquired under their guidance, and for which he was at one time censured as though it had been in him a latent Jesuitism. As a matter of fact, however, if Newman owed this faculty in any degree to the training or suggestion of Hawkins and Whately, he soon far surpassed his teachers. For undoubtedly Newman founded a literary school in Oxford; the school of which in later days Matthew Arnold, with totally different religious convictions, was one of the most distinguished members. The avowed admiration of the great poet for Newman's style,—for its lustre, and clearness, and grace, for the "sweetness and light" of its manner, the beauty of its rhythm, and the simplicity of its structure,—drew the attention of numbers of less distinguished men to the secret of its charm; and from that time onwards the Oxford school, as we may call them,—men like the late Principal Shairp and the late Lord Bowen,—have more or less unconsciously imbued themselves with its tenderness and grace. Matthew Arnold himself, however, never really rivaled Newman's style; for though in his prose works he often displayed his wish to approach the same standard, his hand was heavier and more didactic, and his emphasis too continuous and laborious. And in his poetry Matthew

Arnold deviated even more widely from Newman's manner; for though displaying many qualities which Newman had not, for the greater elegiac verse, he missed the exquisite lightness of Newman's touch and the deeper passion of Newman's awe and reverence. Indeed, Arnold in his nobler poems is always greatest in bewailing what he has lost, Newman in gratefully attesting what he has found.

Before I come more particularly to the nature of Newman's influence on English literature, we must just pass lightly over the story of his life. John Henry Newman was born in London on February 21st, 1801, and lived till August 11th, 1890,—more than eighty-nine years. He was the son of Mr. John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., which stopped soon after the peace of 1815, but which never failed, as it discharged every shilling of its obligations. His mother's maiden name was Fourdriener. She was a member of one of the old Huguenot families, and a moderate Calvinist, from whom Newman derived something of his early bias towards the evangelical school of theology, which he studied in works such as those of Scott, Romaine, Newton, and Milner. He early adopted Scott's axiom that holiness must come before peace, and that "growth is the only evidence of life"; a doctrine which had a considerable influence on his later adoption of the principle of evolution as applicable to theology. He early read, and was much influenced by, Law's 'Serious Call.' At the age of sixteen his mind was first possessed with the conviction that it was God's will that he should lead a single life,—a conviction which held its ground, with certain intervals "of a month now and a month then," up to the age of twenty-eight, after which it kept its hold on him for the rest of his life. He was educated at a private school, and went up to Oxford very early, taking his degree before he was twenty. He took a poor degree, having overstrained himself in working for it. In 1821 he is said to have published two cantos of a poem on St. Bartholomew's Eve, which apparently he never finished, and which has never been republished. He tells us that he had derived the notion that the Church of Rome was Anti-Christ from some of his evangelical teachers, and that this notion "stained his imagination" for many years. In 1822 Newman was elected to a fellowship in Oriel; where, though "proud of his college," which was at that time the most distinguished in the University, he for some years felt very lonely. Indeed, Dr. Copleston, who was then the provost of his college, meeting him in a lonely walk, remarked that he never seemed "less alone than when alone." Under Dr. Hawkins's influence, Newman took the first decisive step from his early evangelical creed towards the higher Anglican position. Dr. Hawkins taught him, he tells us, that the tradition of the Church was the original authority for the creed of the Church,



and that the Scriptures were never intended to supersede the Church's tradition, but only to confirm it. Combining this with his early belief in definite dogma as underlying all revealed teaching, he entered on the path which led him ultimately to Rome. But it was not till after he had formed a close friendship with Richard Hurrell Froude, the liveliest and most vigorous of the early Tractarians, which began in 1826 and lasted till the latter's early death in 1836, that his notion concerning the identity between Rome and Anti-Christ was thoroughly broken down. His book on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century' was finished in July 1832, and marked for the first time Newman's profound belief in the definitions of the Nicene Creed.

In 1832 Hurrell Froude fell ill, and Newman consented to accompany him and his father on a Mediterranean voyage, undertaken in the hope of re-establishing his friend's health. He traveled with them for four months to the African, Greek, and Italian coasts, and then for three months more, alone, in Sicily; where he caught malarial fever, and was thought to be dying by his attendant, though he himself was firmly convinced that he should not die, since he had "a work to do in England." It was during this journey and the voyage home that he wrote most of the shorter poems first published in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' and now collected in his volume entitled 'Verses on Various Occasions.' During the return voyage in an orange-boat from Palermo to Marseilles, when becalmed in the straits of Bonifazio, he wrote the beautiful little poem, so well known now to all English-speaking peoples, beginning "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

On reaching home he entered at once on the Tractarian movement; of which indeed he was always the leader till his own faith in the Church of England, as the best representative of the half-way house between Rome and the theory of "private judgment," began to falter and ultimately perished. It was he who elaborated carefully the theory of a *via media*, a compromise between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant view of Revelation; though he himself was one of the first to surrender his own view as untenable. In 1841, having been often hard pushed by his own followers as to what he could make of the Thirty-nine Articles, he published 'Tract 90,' the celebrated tract in which he contended that the Articles were perfectly consistent with the Anglo-Catholic view of the Church of England. Bishop after bishop charged against this tract as a final desertion of Protestantism—which it was; and also as a thoroughly Jesuitic explaining away of the Articles—which it was not, for the Articles were really intended as a compromise between Rome and the Reformation, and not by any means as a surrender to the views of the Puritan party. The tract was saved from a formal condemnation by

convocation only by the veto of the proctors, *Nobis proctoribus non placet*; and thenceforth Newman's effort to reconcile his view with Anglican doctrine began to lose plausibility even to his own mind, though he still preached for two years as an Anglican clergyman, and for another two years of silence hesitated on the verge of Rome.

On October 8th, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Within two or three years he founded the English branch of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and took up his residence in Birmingham; where in 1863 he received the attack of Canon Kingsley, accusing him of having been virtually a crypto-Romanist long before he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and while he was still trying to draw on young Oxford to his views. To this he replied by the celebrated 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ'; which made him for the first time popular in England, and built up his reputation as a sincere, earnest, and genuine theologian. In 1870 he was one of the greatest of the opponents of the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility; not because he thought it false, but because he thought it both inopportune and premature, not believing that the limits within which it would hold water had been adequately discussed. This attitude of his made him very unpopular at the Vatican while Pio Nono was still at the head of the Church. But in 1878 Pio Nono died; and one of the first acts of the present Pope, Leó XIII., was to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal,—chiefly I imagine, *because* he had taken so strong a part in insisting on all the guarantees and conditions which confined the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility within the limits for which the more cautious Roman Catholics contended. For eleven years he enjoyed the cardinalate; and died, as I have said, in August 1890.

Except the poems written during his Mediterranean journey, and the sermons preached in St. Mary's,—ten volumes of them, containing many of Newman's most moving and powerful appeals to the heart and mind and spirit of man,—the volumes published after he became a Roman Catholic show his literary power at its highest point; for the purely doctrinal works of his Anglican days (those, for example, on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' 'The Via Media,' and 'Justification by Faith') are often technical and sometimes even frigid. Not so his chief efforts as a Roman Catholic; for Newman seemed then first to give the reins to his genius, and to show the fullness of his power alike as a thinker, an imaginative writer, a master of irony, and a poet. His chief literary qualities seem to me to be the great vividness and force of the illustrations with which he presses home his deepest thoughts; the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy of his insight into the strange power and stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections; the vivacity of his



imagination when he endeavors to restore the past and to vivify the present; the keenness of his irony; not unfrequently the breadth and raciness of his humor, and the exquisite pathos of which he was master.

In relation to the first of these characteristics of his style, the power which he displays to arrest attention for his deepest thoughts, by the simplest and most vigorous yet often the most imaginative illustrations of his drift,—every volume of his sermons, and I might almost say nearly every sermon of every volume, furnishes telling examples. He wants to show his hearers how much more the trustworthiness of their reason depends on implicit processes, of which the reasoner himself can give no clear account, than it does on conscious inferences; and he points to the way in which a mountaineer ascends a steep rock or mountain-side,—choosing his way, as it would seem, much more by instinct and habit than by anything like conscious judgment, leaping lightly from point to point with an ease for which he could give no justification to a questioner, and in which no one who had not trained his eye and his hand to avail themselves of every aid within their range, could, however keen their intelligence, pretend to follow him without disaster. Or again, let me recall that happy and yet sad name which he gave to our great theological libraries, “the cemeteries of ancient faith,”—a name which suggests how the faith which has been the very life of a great thinker often lies buried in the works which he has left behind him, till it re-excites in some other mind the vision and the energy with which it had previously animated himself. Or, best of all, consider the great illustration which he gives us of the “development” of given germs of living thought or truth in the minds of generation after generation, from the development of the few tones on which the spell of music depends, into the great science and art which seem to fill the heart and mind with echoes from some world far too exalted to be expressed in any terms of conscious thought and well-defined significance. Newman’s illustrations are always impressive, always apt, and always vivid.

Of the second point, which is more or less at the root of Newman’s power as a preacher, the Oxford Sermons, and the ‘Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations’ after he became a Roman Catholic, contain one long chain of evidence. Let me refer first to the remarkable Oxford sermon on ‘Unreal Words,’ which should be taken to heart by every literary man, and has, I believe, been taken to heart by not a few; though it would certainly tend as much to impose severe restraints on the too liberal exercise of many great literary gifts, as to stimulate to their happiest use. Newman preached this sermon when his mind was thoroughly matured,—at the age of



thirty-eight,—and he probably never preached anything which had a more truly searching effect on the consciences and intellects of those who heard him. In it he takes at once the highest ground. He denies altogether that “words” are mere sounds which only represent thought. Since Revelation had entered the world, and the word of God had been given to man, words have become objective powers either for good or for evil. They are something beyond the thoughts of those who utter them; forces which are intended to control, and do control, our lives, and embody our meditations in action. They are “edged tools” which we may not play with, on pain of being injured by them as much as helped. Truth itself has become a “Word”; and if we do not lay hold on it so as to be helped by it to a higher life, it will lay hold on us and judge us and condemn all our superficial uses or abuses of thoughts and purposes higher than ourselves. He shows us how hypocrisy consists just as much in making professions which are perfectly true, and even truly meant by us, but which do not correspond to our actions, as in making professions which do not represent our interior mind at all. “Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault.” Then he goes on to give a curiously searching analysis of the hollow and conventional use which men make of great words, from the mere wish to satisfy the expectations of others, and perhaps from a sort of pride in being able to show that they can enter into the general drift of thoughts which are beyond them, though they do not really even try to make them the standard of their own practice. He points out how glibly we shuffle our words so as to make a fair impression on our teachers and superiors, without ever realizing that we are demonstrating the shallowness of our own lives by the very use of phrases intended to persuade others that we are not shallow. The reader will find two passages in these collected sermons—one from the Oxford sermon on ‘Unreal Words,’ the other from one of the ‘Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations’—that are an illustration of Newman’s pungency of style, the most striking evidence of what I have called “the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy” of Newman’s studies “in the strange power and the stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections.” Both of them might be used equally well for the purpose of illustrating the keenness of his irony. Yet the most serious drift of each is the insight it shows into the power of the human conscience, and the waywardness and sophistries of human self-deceit.

Passing to the vividness and vivacity of Newman’s imagination when he endeavors either to restore the Past, or to realize for us with adequate force the full meaning of thoughts which pass almost

like shadows over the mind, when they ought to engrave themselves deeply upon it, may be cited the wonderful picture which he has given us in 'Callista'—his tale of Christian martyrdom—of what happened in the north of Africa during the Decian persecution of the third century. The passage in which he describes the plague of locusts is, even alone, a sufficient proof of the singular power of his vision in realizing to his readers what he himself had never seen. And I give it without further comment, because it speaks sufficiently for itself. But, impressive as that is, it goes a very little way towards illustrating Newman's great, though discontinuous, imaginative power. It was a much more difficult feat to throw himself as he did into the mind of a Greek girl, devoted, with all the ardor of a lively and eager race, to the beautiful traditions and aspirations of her own people, and to show the unrest of her heart, as well as the craving of her mind for something deeper and more lasting than any stray fragments of the more spiritual Greek philosophy. He makes us see the mode in which Christianity at once attracts and repels her, and the throes of her whole nature when she has to choose between a terrible and painful death, and the abandonment of a faith which promised her not only a brighter and better life beyond the grave, but a full satisfaction for that famine of the heart of which she had been conscious throughout all the various changes and chances of her fitful, impetuous, and not unspotted life. I know nothing much more pathetic, nothing which better reveals Newman's insight into the yearnings and hopes and moody misgivings of a heart groping after a faith in God and yet unable to attain it,—partly from intellectual perplexities, partly from disappointment at the apparent inadequacy of the higher faith to regenerate fully the natures of those who had adopted it,—than Callista's reproaches to the young Christian who had merely fallen in love with her, when she was looking to find a heart more devoted to his God than to any human passion. I give the passage to which I refer, in order to show how truly Newman could read the mind of one weary of the flattery of men, and profoundly disheartened by finding that even in the faith which she had thought to be founded in Divine truth, there was not mastery enough over the heart to wean it from the poorest earthly passion, and fix it on an object worthy of true adoration.

For another, though a very different, illustration of the same kind of power, I may refer to a passage in 'Loss and Gain': the story of a conversion to Rome, in which Newman describes the reception of his Roman Catholic convert by his mother,—the widow of an Anglican clergyman,—when he comes to take leave of her before formally submitting himself to the Church of Rome. The mixture of soreness of feeling,—the distress with which the mother realizes that



his father's faith does not seem good enough for the son,—and of tenderness for the son himself, is drawn with a master hand. Newman did not often venture into the region of fiction; but when he did, he showed how much of the poet there was in him by painting a woman even better than he painted a man. The curiously mixed feelings of this scene of leave-taking have never received adequate recognition. Imbedded as it is in a story which is hardly a story,—a mere exposition of the steps by which the craving for a final authority on religious questions at last leads a humble and self-distrustful mind to submit itself to the guidance of the Church which claims an ultimate infallibility in all matters of morality and doctrine,—very few have come across it, and those who have, have not succeeded in making it known to the world at large. The tenderness and pathos of that passage seem to me almost as great as that of the preceding one. Newman's most intimate college friend used sometimes after his marriage, we are told, to forget whether he was speaking to his wife or to Newman, and to call his wife Newman and to call Newman "Elizabeth,"—a mistake very significant of the pathetic tenderness of Newman's manner with those dear to him, and of the depth of his feelings. Another very touching illustration of Newman's tenderness will be found in the poem on the gulf between the living and the dead, however dear to each other, the last twelve lines of which were added after the death of his dear friend, Richard Hurrell Froude.

Of the raciness of his humor, many of the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties' bear the most effectual evidence; but the passage which has the greatest reputation in connection with this quality is that in which, just after the panic on the subject of what was then called "the Papal aggression," in 1850, Newman ridiculed in the most telling manner the screams of indignation and dread with which the restoration of the episcopal constitution to the Roman Catholic Church in England had been received. I doubt whether a real invasion of England by the landing of a foreign army on our soil would have been spoken of with half the horror which this very harmless, and indeed perfectly inoffensive, restoration of Roman Catholic bishoprics to England inspired. It was evident enough that the panic was more the panic with which the appearance of a ghost fills the heart of a timid person, than the panic with which the imminence of a physical danger impresses us. Against physical dangers the English show their pluck, but against spiritual dangers they only show their weakest side; and the great panic of 1850 was certainly the most remarkable outburst of meaningless dismay which in a tolerably long life I can remember. The result has, I think, proved that the actual restoration of the Roman Catholic episcopacy did more to remove the



ghostly horror with which the English people were seized in anticipation of that event, than any sort of reasoning could have done. We have learned now what Roman Catholic bishops are, and on the whole we have found them by no means terrible; indeed, often very excellent allies against irreligion, and in social emergencies very earnest friends. But when in 1850, Newman in his lectures on 'Catholicism in England' described with such genuine glee the "bobs, bobs royal, and triple bob majors" with which the English Church had rung down the iniquitous Papal aggression, there was absolutely no caricature in his lively description. If Newman had not been a theologian, he would probably have been known chiefly as a considerable humorist. Some of his pictures of the high-and-dry Oxford dons in 'Loss and Gain' are full of this kind of humor.

I have said nothing, of course, of Newman as a theologian,—a capacity hardly appropriate to a book on the world's best literature. I have always thought that he regarded the Christian religion as resting far too exclusively on the delegated authority of the Church, and far too little on the immediate relation of the soul to Christ. But that is not a subject which it would be either convenient or desirable to enter upon here. Say what you will of the conclusions to which Newman comes on this great subject, no one can deny that he discusses the whole controversy with a calmness and an acuteness which is of the greatest use even to those whom his arguments entirely fail to convince. But my object has been chiefly to show how great an impression he has made on English literature; an impression which will, I believe, not dwindle, but increase, as the world becomes more and more familiar with the literary aspects of his writings.

*Richard Holt Hutton*

#### THE TRANSITION

From the 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ: Being a History of My Religious Opinions'

I HAD one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September 1843; nor could I

have made it at an earlier date, without doubt and apprehension; that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak,—viz., between the autumns of 1843 and 1845,—I was in lay communion with the Church of England: attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point,—the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

Up to January 1842 I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons. . . . To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the autumn of 1839; to the third—an old friend too, whom I have also named above—I suppose when I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric. In May 1843 I made it known, as has been seen, to the friend by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is anything that was abhorrent to me, it was the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent,—I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I think too that I should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time when it was too strong to suppress with propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress: I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is



to know that one knows. Of that I believe I was not possessed, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too; but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it is that the scales in the balance of opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty had been, *Do* what your present state of opinion requires in the light of duty, and let that *doing* tell; speak by *acts*. This I had done; my first *act* of the year had been in February. After three months' deliberation I had published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome: I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more at the time: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* had been in September in the same year: after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I had resigned my Living. I tried indeed, before I did so, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St. Mary's. I had given to it a Church and a sort of Parsonage; I had made it a Parish, and I loved it: I thought in 1843 that perhaps I need not forfeit my existing relations towards it. I could indeed submit to become the curate at will of another; but I hoped an arrangement was possible by which, while I had the curacy, I might have been my own master in serving it. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favor, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Perhaps I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These had been my two acts of the year, and I said, "I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do." And as time went on, they fully answered my purpose. What I felt it a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my initiating any direct act for the sake of creating it. Then, when friends wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed my state of mind, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes in the case of intimate friends, whom I should otherwise have been leaving in ignorance of what others knew on every side of them, I invited the question.



And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts; and though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. For then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings; and my utmost endeavor was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but at that date, as soon as I turned my face Romeward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of, in any respect and in any shape, acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position, even to say a word to them, one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And if they were unsettled already, how could I point to them a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, "*Je mourrai seul*" [I will die alone]. I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them: presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that in so solemn a matter they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did

not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, they were made ill by the suspense. And they too, of course, for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. . . .

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23d, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there; and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway.

FROM the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor: but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me.



I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact, that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion: I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be many difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

### THE LOCUSTS

From 'Callista'

THEY moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing and straggling for nothing; they carried a broad furrow or wheal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter inclosed gardens or inhabited houses. A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellis or the slim pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air, that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not



do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare. There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench around it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled. There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine of remarkable character is found against the farmhouse. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls. The whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which another month will ripen. On every grape and leaf there is a locust. Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewn with straw, the harvest-men have (safely, as they thought just now) been lodging the far-famed African wheat. One grain or root shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks; sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these shoot off into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them. The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlic, barley, watermelons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives. Nor have they any reverence for the villa of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit round, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and reveling in the jars of precious oil of Cyprus and Mendes in the store-rooms. They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay: they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers; not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers about the *impluvia* and *xysti*, for ornament or refreshment,—myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation,—have disappeared. They

dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines, and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook-shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists: nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

#### CALLISTA AND AGELLIUS

From 'Callista'

FOR an instant tears seemed about to start from Callista's eyes; but she repressed the emotion, if it was such, and answered with impetuosity:—"Your Master!—who is your Master' what know I of your Master? what have you ever told me of your Master? I suppose it is an esoteric doctrine which I am not worthy to know; but so it is; here you have been again and again, and talked freely of many things, yet I am in as much darkness about your Master as if I had never seen you. I know he died; I know too that Christians say he lives. In some fortunate island, I suppose; for when I have asked, you have got rid of the subject as best you could. You have talked about your law and your various duties, and what you consider right, and what is forbidden, and of some of the old writers of your sect, and of the Jews before them; but if, as you imply, my wants and aspirations are the same as yours, what have you done towards satisfying them? what have you done for that Master towards whom you now propose to lead me? No!" she continued, starting up: "you have watched those wants and aspirations for yourself, not for him; you have taken interest in them, you have cherished them, as if you were the author, you the object of them. You profess to believe in One True God, and to reject every other; and now you are implying that the Hand,



the Shadow of that God, is on my mind and heart. Who is this God? where? how? in what? O Agellius, you have stood in the way of him, ready to speak of yourself, using him as a means to an end."

"O Callista," said Agellius in an agitated voice, when he could speak, "do my ears hear aright? do you really wish to be taught who the true God is?"

"No; mistake me not," she cried passionately: "I have no such wish. I could not be of your religion. Ye gods! how have I been deceived! I thought every Christian was like Chione. I thought there could not be a cold Christian. Chione spoke as if a Christian's first thoughts were good-will to others; as if his state were of such blessedness, that his dearest heart's wish was to bring others into it. Here is a man, who, so far from feeling himself blest, thinks I can bless him; comes to me,—me, Callista, an herb of the field, a poor weed, exposed to every wind of heaven, and shriveling before the fierce sun,—to me he comes to repose his heart upon. But as for any blessedness he has to show me, why, since he does not feel any himself, no wonder he has none to give away. I thought a Christian was superior to time and place; but all is hollow. Alas, alas! I am young in life to feel the force of that saying with which sages go out of it, 'Vanity and hollowness!' Agellius, when I first heard you were a Christian, how my heart beat! I thought of her who was gone; and at first I thought I saw her in you, as if there had been some magical sympathy between you and her; and I hoped that from you I might have learned more of that strange strength which my nature needs, and which she told me she possessed. Your words, your manner, your looks, were altogether different from others who came near me. But so it was: you came, and you went, and came again; I thought it reserve, I thought it timidity, I thought it the caution of a persecuted sect: but oh my disappointment, when first I saw in you indications that you were thinking of me only as others think, and felt towards me as others may feel; that you were aiming at me, not at your God; that you had much to tell of yourself, but nothing of him! Time was I might have been led to worship you, Agellius: you have hindered it by worshiping *me*."



## MOTHER AND SON

From 'Loss and Gain'

CHARLES leapt from the gig with a beating heart, and ran up to his mother's room. She was sitting by the fire at her work when he entered; she held out her hand coldly to him, and he sat down. Nothing was said for a little while; then, without leaving off her occupation, she said, "Well, Charles, and so you are leaving us. Where and how do you propose to employ yourself when you have entered upon your new life?"

Charles answered that he had not yet turned his mind to the consideration of anything but the great step on which everything else depended.

There was another silence; then she said, "You won't find anywhere such friends as you have had at home, Charles." Presently she continued, "You have had everything in your favor, Charles: you have been blessed with talents, advantages of education, easy circumstances; many a deserving young man has to scramble on as he can."

Charles answered that he was deeply sensible how much he owed in temporal matters to Providence, and that it was only at His bidding that he was giving them up.

"We all looked up to you, Charles; perhaps we made too much of you: well, God be with you; you have taken your line."

Poor Charles said that no one could conceive what it cost him to give up what was so very dear to him, what was part of himself; there was nothing on earth which he prized like his home.

"Then why do you leave us?" she said quickly: "you must have your way; you do it, I suppose, because you like it."

"Oh really, my dear mother," cried he, "if you saw my heart! You know in Scripture how people were obliged in the Apostles' times to give up all for Christ."

"We are heathens, then," she replied; "thank you, Charles, I am obliged to you for this:" and she dashed away a tear from her eye.

Charles was almost beside himself: he did not know what to say; he stood up and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, supporting his head on his hand.

"Well, Charles," she continued, still going on with her work, "perhaps the day will come—" her voice faltered; "your dear father—" she put down her work.

"It is useless misery," said Charles: "why should I stay? Good-by for the present, my dearest mother. I leave you in good hands, not kinder, but better than mine; you lose me, you gain another. Farewell for the present: we will meet when you will, when you call; it will be a happy meeting."

He threw himself on his knees, and laid his cheek on her lap: she could no longer resist him; she hung over him and began to smooth down his hair as she had done when he was a child. At length scalding tears began to fall heavily upon his face and neck; he bore them for a while, then started up, kissed her cheek impetuously, and rushed out of the room. In a few seconds he had seen and had torn himself from his sisters, and was in his gig again by the side of his phlegmatic driver, dancing slowly up and down on his way to Collumpton.

#### THE SEPARATION OF FRIENDS

From 'Lyra Apostolica'

D O NOT their souls who 'neath the Altar wait  
Until their second birth,  
The gift of patience need, as separate  
From their first friends of earth?  
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone  
By Eden's angel flame,  
But that earth knows not yet the dead has won  
That crown which was his aim.  
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene  
About his silent bier,  
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,  
And Hope and sacred Fear.  
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,  
Hope raised her chalice high,  
And the twin sisters still his shade attend,  
Viewed in the mourner's eye.  
So day by day for him from earth ascends,  
As dew in summer even,  
The speechless intercession of his friends  
Toward the azure heaven.  
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel  
All questioning, and raise  
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,  
And turning prayer to praise.

And other secrets too he could declare,  
 By patterns all divine,  
 His earthly creed retouching here and there,  
 And deepening every line.  
 Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,  
 And yet we both refrain:  
 It were not good; a little doubt below,  
 And all will soon be plain.

### THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

(AT SEA, JUNE 16TH, 1833)

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home —  
 Lead thou me on!  
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.  
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on.  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead thou me on!  
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.  
 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

### AFTER DEATH

From 'The Dream of Gerontius'

I WENT to sleep, and now I am refreshed:  
 A strange refreshment; for I feel in me  
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,—  
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse



Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream: yes, some one softly said,  
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room:  
And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer—  
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low  
And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
As at an ever-widening interval.  
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,  
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,  
But in the body still; for I possess  
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,  
That each particular organ holds its place  
As heretofore, combining with the rest  
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round  
And makes me man; and surely I could move,  
Did I but will it, every part of me.  
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,  
By very trial, that I have the power.  
'Tis strange: I cannot stir a hand or foot,  
I cannot make my fingers or my lips  
By mutual pressure witness each to each,  
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke  
Assure myself I have a body still.  
Nor do I know my very attitude,  
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.  
Or I or it is rushing on the wings  
Of light or lightning, on an onward course,  
And we e'en now are million miles apart.  
Yet— is this peremptory severance  
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space  
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?

Or am I traversing infinity  
 By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
 From finite towards infinitesimal,  
 Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast  
 Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp  
 Such as they use on earth, but all around  
 Over the surface of my subtle being,  
 As though I were a sphere, and capable  
 To be accosted thus, a uniform  
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.  
 And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth  
 I cannot of that music rightly say  
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.  
 Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

#### ANGEL

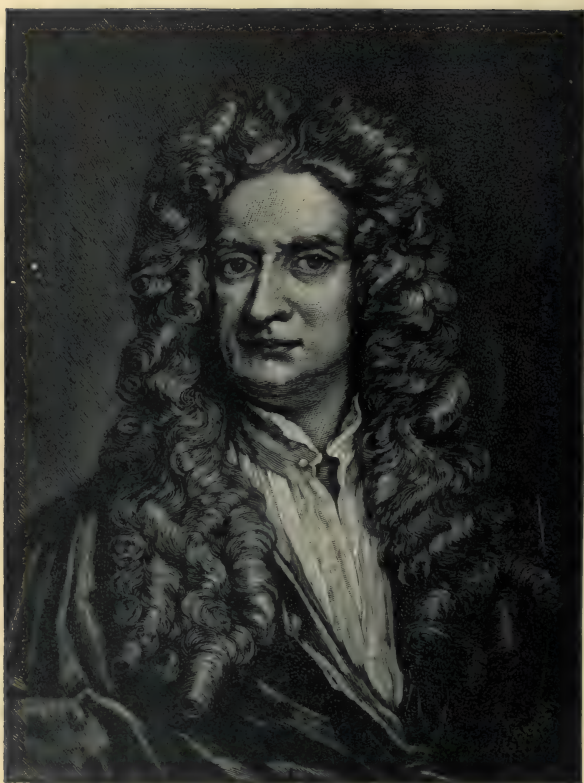
MY WORK is done,  
 My task is o'er,  
 And so I come,  
 Taking it home;  
 For the crown is won,  
 Alleluia,  
 For evermore.

My Father gave  
 In charge to me  
 This child of earth  
 E'en from its birth,  
 To serve and save,  
 Alleluia,  
 And saved is he.

This child of clay  
 To me was given,  
 To rear and train  
 By sorrow and pain  
 In the narrow way,  
 Alleluia,  
 From earth to heaven.








SIR ISAAC NEWTON

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON

(1642 (O.S.)—1727)

 HAS been said that the history of Sir Isaac Newton is also the history of science; yet the character of his life and work does not entirely exclude him from the category of men of letters. While his great book the 'Principia' is written in Latin and treats of mathematics, its tremendous scope and magnificent revelations entitle it to be placed without incongruity among those works which, like 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Divine Comedy,' have widened men's outlook into the universe. Milton and Dante dealt with the spiritual order of creation, Sir Isaac Newton with the material; yet to those who perceive an almost mystical significance in numbers,—to whom mathematics are, in a sense, gateways to the unseen,—the author of the 'Principia' and of the 'Treatise on Optics' will seem scarcely less a teacher than the poets.

The life of Sir Isaac Newton, in its harmony, in the smoothness of its course, in the perfection of its development, seems singularly expressive of the science to which it was dedicated. From the time when as a village boy he made water-wheels and kite-lanterns for his companions, to the hour when full of years and honors he passed away, the life of Newton was a series of orderly progresses towards a fixed goal.

He was born in Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642. His father, who had died before his birth, had been lord and farmer of the little manor of Woolsthorpe. Newton's mother designed that he should perform the same office, removing him from Grantham School for this purpose when he was about fifteen years old. Newton soon showed that the yeoman's life was not congenial to him. He would read a book under a hedge, or construct a water-wheel for the meadow brook, while the sheep strayed and the cattle were treading down the corn. He was therefore sent back to the school, where he had already earned a reputation for industry. If the legend be true, his first stimulus to study was a well-directed kick in the stomach delivered by the boy next above him in class. It was characteristic of his gentle nature that the only path of revenge open to him was through his superior intellect. From Grantham School, Newton went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1660. His mathematical genius soon manifested itself. About the year 1663 he

invented the formula known as the Binomial Theorem, by which he afterwards established his method of fluxions. He had been admitted to Cambridge as a subsizar. He became a scholar in 1664, and in 1665 he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. In 1667 he was made Junior Fellow, and in 1668 he took his Master of Arts degree, and was appointed to a Senior Fellowship. In 1669 he became Lucasian professor of mathematics. In the eight years between Newton's admission to the University and his promotion to this chair, the germs of his great discoveries had come into existence. During his long after life they were but brought to a perfect development. The keystone of the 'Principia,' the principle of Universal Gravitation,—that every particle of matter is attracted by or gravitates to every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances,—this principle had suggested itself to Newton as early as 1666; but the great work in which it was embodied was not presented to the Royal Society until 1687. The 'Treatise on Optics' was based on Newton's Cambridge experiments with the prism and with the telescope, which had led to his being made a member of the Royal Society in 1672. He was obliged to contend with the most noted scientists of his time for the principle of this book,—that light is not homogeneous but consists of rays, some of which are more refrangible than others. His triumph was as much a matter of course as the workings of natural law. His contemporaries accepted his conclusions when they realized that he was more deeply in the secret of the universe than any man had ever been.

The honors accorded to him were numerous. In 1688 he was elected by his university to the Convention Parliament. In 1696 he was made Warden, and in 1699 Master of the Mint. In 1701 he was again returned to Parliament. He was made president of the Royal Society in 1703. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne. Upon his death in 1727, he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the state befitting his princely endowments.

The words of Newton shortly before his death, that he seemed to himself "like a boy playing on the sea-shore, diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him," are significant of his habitual humility and reverence. His soul was childlike in the presence of mysteries to which he held one key. His bequests to posterity are not only his stupendous discoveries, but the example of the scientific temper of mind which is positive rather than negative, and which seeks a spiritual order behind the veil of matter.



## LETTER TO FRANCIS ASTOR IN 1669

SINCE in your letter you give me so much liberty of spending my judgment about what may be to your advantage in traveling, I shall do it more freely than perhaps otherwise would have been decent. First, then, I will lay down some general rules, most of which, I believe, you have considered already: but if any of them be new to you, they may excuse the rest; if none at all, yet is my punishment more in writing than yours in reading.

When you come into any fresh company:—1. Observe their humors. 2. Suit your own carriage thereto, by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. 3. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings than peremptory assertions or disputings; it being the design of travelers to learn, not to teach. Besides it will persuade your acquaintance that you have the greater esteem of them, and so make them more ready to communicate what they know to you; whereas nothing sooner occasions disrespect and quarrels than peremptoriness. You will find little or no advantage in seeming wiser or much more ignorant than your company. 4. Seldom discommend anything though never so bad, or do it but moderately, lest you be unexpectedly forced to an unhandsome retraction. It is safer to commend anything more than it deserves, than to discommend a thing so much as it deserves; for commendations meet not so often with oppositions, or at least are not usually so ill resented by men that think otherwise, as discommendations: and you will insinuate into men's favor by nothing sooner than seeming to approve and commend what they like; but beware of doing it by comparison. 5. If you be affronted, it is better, in a foreign country, to pass it by in silence and with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge: for in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrel; but in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it at all. But if you find yourself unavoidably engaged, 'tis best I think, if you can command your passion and language, to keep them pretty evenly at some certain moderate pitch; not much heightening them to exasperate your adversary, or provoke his friends, nor letting them grow overmuch dejected to make him insult. In a word, if you can

keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defendants. To which purpose you may consider, that though such excuses as this—He provoked me so much I could not forbear—may pass among friends, yet amongst strangers they are insignificant, and only argue a traveler's weakness.

To these I may add some general heads for inquiries or observations, such as at present I can think on. As,—1. To observe the policies, wealth, and State affairs of nations, so far as a solitary traveler may conveniently do. 2. Their impositions upon all sorts of people, trades, or commodities, that are remarkable. 3. Their laws and customs, how far they differ from ours. 4. Their trades and arts, wherein they excel or come short of us in England. 5. Such fortifications as you shall meet with, their fashion, strength, and advantages for defense, and other such military affairs as are considerable. 6. The power and respect belonging to their degrees of nobility or magistracy. 7. It will not be time misspent to make a catalogue of the names and excellencies of those men that are most wise, learned, or esteemed in any nation. 8. Observe the mechanism and manner of guiding ships. 9. Observe the products of nature in several places, especially in mines, with the circumstances of mining and of extracting metals or minerals out of their ore, and of refining them; and if you meet with any transmutations out of their own species into another (as out of iron into copper, out of any metal into quicksilver, out of one salt into another, or into an insipid body, etc.), those above all will be worth your noting, being the most luciferous, and many times lucriferous experiments too, in philosophy. 10. The prices of diet and other things. 11. And the staple commodities of places.

These generals (such as at present I could think of), if they will serve for nothing else, yet they may assist you in drawing up a model to regulate your travels by. As for particulars, these that follow are all that I can now think of;—viz., 1. Whether at Schemnitium in Hungary (where there are mines of gold, copper, iron, vitriol, antimony, etc.) they change iron into copper by dissolving it in a vitriolate water, which they find in cavities of rocks in the mines, and then melting the slimy solution in a strong fire, which in the cooling proves copper. The like is said to be done in other places which I cannot now remember; perhaps too it may be done in Italy. For about twenty or thirty years ago there was a certain vitriol came from thence (called



Roman vitriol), but of a nobler virtue than that which is now called by that name; which vitriol is not now to be gotten, because perhaps they make a greater gain by some such trick as turning iron into copper with it than by selling it. 2. Whether in Hungary, Sclavonia, Bohemia, near the town Eila, or at the mountains of Bohemia near Silesia, there be rivers whose waters are impregnated with gold; perhaps, the gold being dissolved by some corrosive water like *aqua regis*, and the solution carried along with the stream that runs through the mines. And whether the practice of laying mercury in the rivers, till it be tinged with gold, and then straining the mercury through leather, that the gold may stay behind, be a secret yet, or openly practiced. 3. There is newly contrived, in Holland, a mill to grind glasses plane withal, and I think polishing them too; perhaps it will be worth the while to see it. 4. There is in Holland one Borry, who some years since was imprisoned by the Pope, to have extorted from him secrets (as I am told) of great worth, both as to medicine and profit; but he escaped into Holland, where they have granted him a guard. I think he usually goes clothed in green. Pray inquire what you can of him, and whether his ingenuity be any profit to the Dutch. You may inform yourself whether the Dutch have any tricks to keep their ships from being all worm-eaten in their voyages to the Indies; whether pendulum clocks do any service in finding out the longitude, etc.

I am very weary, and shall not stay to part with a long compliment; only I wish you a good journey, and God be with you.

#### FROM 'MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES'

Book iii. of the 'Principia'

THIS most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.



This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God*, ὁ ἀρχαὶς, or *Universal Ruler*: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect: but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say, my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord*; but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures for ever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially*; for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies;

bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all similar,—all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centres of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the



particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances, decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phænomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phænomena is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phænomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

• And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will,—namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.



# THE NIBELUNGENLIED

(TWELFTH CENTURY)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

**T**HE ancient epic poetry of the German race was the outcome of the vast migration of the peoples that wrecked the Roman Empire and laid the foundations of modern European civilization. That tremendous cataclysm out of which a new world slowly rose was accompanied by impressive events, profound emotions, and deeds of lofty heroism, which deeply stirred the imagination of a poetic people. It is by an inborn impulse that man seeks to give to his emotions, and to the events that call them forth, poetic expression and permanence. And thus the excited fancy began at once to play about the prominent figures and striking moments of that magnificent drama, and a rich hoard of legendary lore was stored up for future generations. With the material actually furnished by history, the gods and myths of a remoter age were naively blended. As the traditions grew old and were seen through the haze of years, successive generations shaped anew their ancestral heritage. All that is best in the epic traditions of the migration, winnowed by the centuries and refined by the ideals of a more polished age, is to be found in the Nibelungenlied. It is the voice of a vigorous and high-hearted people, speaking in the proud consciousness of its own substantial worth. Here beside the cruelties of a rude and martial time are also the rugged virtues which Tacitus praised. Faithfulness, loyalty, integrity, are the ornaments of the primitive Teutonic character. Its adaptability and receptivity are also manifest. In contact with the higher civilization of Rome and the teachings of Christianity, the Germans assimilated the benefits of both with their own national traits. The Nibelungenlied marks the culmination of the great process which had made Rome a German empire, and had transformed the invading hordes into a highly civilized people. Not only by reason of its splendid poetic and dramatic power, but also as a monument in the history of the human race, the Nibelungenlied takes rank among the great national epics of the world's literature.

If a comparison between the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied as poems would be a futile piece of literary conjuring,—Goethe called it a “pernicious endeavor,”—in a large historical sense they present

some interesting points of resemblance. The invulnerability of Siegfried except where the linden leaf had fallen upon his shoulder, and the invulnerability of Achilles except in the heel, have a curious similarity,—from which, however, no sure inference can be drawn. The real points of resemblance lie only in the sources and circumstances out of which the poems arose. The creative power of Homer is incomparably superior to that of the Nibelungen poet; but the obscure events in the dim dawn of history, of which the legendary materials used by the poets were the imaginative product, were in both cases connected with a great migration, in which a young and powerful people overcame an older and finer one, to receive in turn the benefits of contact with the civilization it had overthrown. Both poets had inherited a vast treasury of legends whose historical origin was already faded, and with these they blended the myths of an age still more remote; but the manners and customs and geography are those of their own time, without pretense of antiquarian accuracy. In the Nibelungenlied the conflict between two civilizations is not the theme; there are no fine contrasts such as Homer has drawn between the rude camp life of the Greek warriors and the polished social organization of the citizens of Troy: but the whole poem is in itself a witness of the ancient contact and now almost complete amalgamation between the virtues, customs, and beliefs of an old heathen race, and the softer manners of a cultured, Christianized people. Each poem stands at the beginning of its literature, and each bears evidence that it is the culmination of a long series of efforts in which the poetic genius of the people had been working upon its legendary material, until in the hands of a great artist this material finally took its monumental and lasting form. Each poem, moreover, marks the highest point reached by the folk-poetry of the respective races; with these works art had entered into literature, and thenceforth the simple songs that flowed from the lips of untaught singers lost their former dignity. After Homer, though at a long interval, came the classic age of Greek letters; after the Nibelungenlied, the Minnesingers and the glories of the Hohenstaufen time. It is furthermore interesting to observe how in more recent literary history the two currents of influence represented by the Iliad and by the Nibelungenlied have been brought into contrast. The classicism of French literature in the age of Louis XIV. was a harking back to the form and style of the ancient Greeks, and these French models dominated German literature in the eighteenth century. The revolt of Romanticism against this domination was a harking back to the mediæval and purely Germanic form and style exemplified in the Nibelungenlied. Thirteen centuries after Attila had carried terror to the gates of Rome, the poetry which had its rise in those great invasions was



made the basis of a patriotic national revival, and upon it the Romanticists proceeded to create the literature of a new time. Thus it became the mission of the Nibelungenlied, after lying for more than two centuries utterly forgotten, to strengthen anew the hearts of a late generation, which lay prostrate before Napoleon, and to remind the German people of their ancient greatness. It acted as a national liberator. Not only was this epic monument their own, but the heroes whom it celebrates were their ancestors, and in their veins still flowed the blood of the warriors who had vanquished the legions of Rome.

For two centuries and a half the Nibelungenlied lay totally neglected and forgotten. This fact is a witness to the demoralizing nature of the struggles through which Germany was forced to pass during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1500 she stood in the vanguard of the nations; in 1650 she was but the shadow of a once mighty people, now completely exhausted physically and intellectually. Incessant wars, with famine in their wake, had in thirty years reduced a population of sixteen millions to four, and had cowed and brutalized the survivors. All continuity with the fine traditions of the past was broken. In the olden time the legends of the Nibelungen were widely known. Echoes of them are heard even in the Anglo-Saxon 'Beowulf.' In the centuries after the Lied had taken the form in which we know it, its popularity was universal. But the rise of the highly elaborated court poetry had already begun to undermine the taste for the elder epic. The gradual petrification of the Minnesang into the Meistersang contributed to the same end, and the revival of learning in the brilliant Humanistic movement hastened the process. The intellectual upheaval known as the Reformation, although out of line with the Humanistic Renaissance, also helped to subvert the old Germanic traditions, in which so many healthy heathen elements held a still persistent place. The last person who seems to have taken any interest in the Nibelungenlied was the Emperor Maximilian, who had a manuscript of it made. In the sixteenth century there is no mention of the poem, except by a few obscure historians who used it superficially and unintelligently as a historical document. Lazius, the Austrian scholar, quotes several strophes in his 'History of the Migrations.' In the seventeenth century, amid the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, it had passed so entirely from human ken that Opitz, the literary dictator of his threadbare time, had no other knowledge of it than what he had derived from Lazius; and as late as 1752 Gottsched, the literary leader of an equally threadbare period, seems not to have known that such a poem had ever existed. Just four years later the Nibelungenlied was "discovered." Inspired by Bodmer's Old German studies, a Swiss physician found at the castle



of Hohenems a manuscript of the poem which is now regarded as the oldest form in which the work has come down to us. It contains the famous 'Klage' or lamentation for the fallen heroes; and in 1757 Bodmer published the second part under the title of 'Kriemhild's Revenge.' But the work aroused no interest even among those most interested in the folk-lore and poetry of their native land. Neither Herder nor Lessing nor Klopstock recognized the national epic; Wieland too remained untouched, although when the work came out he was in daily intercourse with Bodmer. Indeed, Bodmer himself was not aware that he was dealing with a great poem, but regarded it rather as an antiquarian curiosity. The first complete edition of the Nibelungenlied appeared in 1782. Professor Myller of Berlin included it in his collection of 'Poems of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries.' The fact that such a collection had found subscribers at all is evidence that some languid interest in these early ages had begun to manifest itself; but it was still an interest of curiosity rather than one of appreciation. A letter addressed to Myller by Frederick the Great will best illustrate the attitude of many cultivated readers of that time. Myller had sent a copy of his work to the King, who, writing from Potsdam in 1784, said:—"Most learned and faithful subject, dear sir: You think a great deal too much of those poems of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries which you have had printed, and which you consider of so much value for the enrichment of the German language. In my opinion they are not worth a gunshot, and did not deserve to be dragged out of the dust of oblivion. In my own library I should not tolerate such wretched stuff, but throw it away at once. The copy that has been sent to me may therefore await its fate in the great library there [Berlin]. Much demand for it cannot be promised by your otherwise gracious king, Frederick." Goethe also received a copy of Myller's work, but it was unbound, and he did not read it; only the warning of the mermaidens to Hagen, which happened to lie on top of one of the loose signatures, attracted his attention for a moment. In after years, however, when in conversation with Eckermann he defined the classic as health and the romantic as disease, he added: "For that reason the Nibelungenlied is classic like Homer, for both are healthy and strong." In another place he wrote: "The acquaintance with this poem marks a new stage in the history of the nation's culture." To this larger appreciation of the importance of the Nibelungenlied in the history of civilization it was still a far cry when Myller issued his first edition; and only after the humiliation of the defeat at Jena in 1806 did the eyes of Germany turn once more to the glories of her heroic age, and to their embodiment in the national epic.

The stimulus to the true appreciation and scientific study of the Nibelungenlied came from the circle of the Romanticists. In 1802 and 1803 A. W. von Schlegel delivered a course of lectures in Berlin in which he treated of the poem in detail. These lectures were not published; but among the hearers was Von der Hagen, who caught the enthusiasm of the lecturer, and began a translation of the Lied which was published in 1807. In 1810 he issued the first critical edition of the original text. He was followed by Lachmann, whose labors in this field were epoch-making. The Nibelungen craze had broken forth in earnest, and with it came the whole unrefreshing controversy over the origins of the poem and the relative antiquity of the manuscripts. It is not to the purpose to review this strife of scholars in detail. Lachmann approached the question from a preconceived view-point which had been furnished him by Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer.' He differentiated in the Nibelungenlied twenty independent Lieder, all of which had been more or less modified by subsequent transcribers and interpolators. These songs, he maintained, had then been put together by one reviser or arranger, and thus was produced the composite poem which we have. Of the twenty-eight or more manuscripts of which we have knowledge, only three come into consideration; the others are transcriptions. The St. Gallen manuscript, known to scholars as B, and the Hohenems manuscript (C), which Bodmer had used, Lachmann declared to be later revisions; while the oldest form of the poem was to be found in a third manuscript, also discovered at Hohenems, which he denominated A. It was this one that Myller had used for the first part of his edition, though following Bodmer's C in the second part. All these tenets were held sacred for thirty years by the adherents of Lachmann. In 1854, however, arose one Holtzmann, who ably defended the essential unity of the poem and confuted Lachmann's reasoning concerning the manuscripts. He declared that C was the oldest; but assumed that the original form was no longer extant, and even went so far as to name its author, Konrad, the secretary of the Bishop Pilgrim of Passau, who is mentioned in the poem. Germany now had not only her Homeric question but her Nibelungen question also. The controversy reached a fierce stage, and the learned uproar tended to discredit the entire matter in the eyes of the lay observer. In 1862 Pfeiffer added new fuel. It is a well-known fact that down to the middle of the thirteenth century it was an unwritten but well-observed law among German singers that the inventor of a new strophe became its exclusive owner. The Nibelungen strophe is that used by the oldest of the Minnesingers, Kürenberg, who flourished in the thirteenth century; him, accordingly, Pfeiffer designated as the author of the original poem. To-day it is the prevailing view that



the Nibelungenlied is the work of one poet who in the present stage of our knowledge cannot be named, and that the Hohenems manuscript (C) is probably the oldest form in which it has been preserved. This is the view which the poet Uhland, seeing with clearer vision than his brother philologists, long ago maintained; and we may now be permitted to regard the poem as the product of a single genius shaping the legends of his land.

The Nibelungenlied was called a song because it was intended to be sung; it is an epic because it is a descriptive narrative of momentous events; it is also dramatic because there is a logical development in Kriemhild's character, an inevitable interaction of motives, and an irresistible and gradually accelerated movement towards the catastrophe. No outline of a work so "gigantic," to use Goethe's phrase, can give an adequate idea of its impressiveness. The poem, which is written in Middle High German, consists of two parts: the first contains nineteen Adventures, the second twenty. The first part is joyous with wooings and weddings, with festal preparations and brilliant expeditions, until the quarrel of the queens begins the tragedy which ends in the death of Siegfried. The second part is devoted to Kriemhild's revenge, which results in the annihilation of all her people. It is sombre, ominous, tragic. But from the beginning, and often in the midst of the festivities, the poet sounds the warning note that forebodes this tragic conclusion. The poem opens with a description of fair Kriemhild and the situation at the Burgundian court. Kriemhild is telling her mother of a dream she has had: a falcon which she had trained was torn to death by two fierce eagles. Siegfried's death is thus foreshadowed. In the second adventure Siegfried is introduced. He has heard of Kriemhild's beauty, and is determined to win her. Reluctantly his parents prepare an elaborate wardrobe,—a necessary preliminary to every journey, which is several times described in the poem with affectionate detail. Siegfried is cordially received by the Burgundians, whom he assists in a war against the Saxons. He grows popular, and all seek to do him honor. Kriemhild's shy growing interest in the handsome stranger is delicately indicated. For a whole year he does not reveal his purpose; not until Gunther is seized with a desire to win and wed Brunhild, the strong maiden of the north. This is a perilous enterprise, for every wooer must meet her in various trials of strength, and if unsuccessful lose his life. Siegfried promises to aid Gunther if in return he shall receive Kriemhild for his wife. They undertake the journey to Issland; and Siegfried, rendered invisible by his cloud-cloak, enables Gunther to overcome Brunhild. He then procures thirty thousand of his own Nibelungers as a royal retinue, and at Worms there are soon two bridal couples. Siegfried and Kriemhild



are radiantly happy, but Gunther's difficulties are not yet ended. Siegfried's supernatural power is again required to subdue the fierce northern maiden to her husband's will. The symbolic ring and girdle which Siegfried wrests from Brunhild he gives to Kriemhild. The tragedy is now in train. At the portals of the cathedral of Worms arises an unfortunate quarrel between the two high-hearted queens. Each asserts the superiority of her own husband, and claims precedence. In an unguarded moment of wrath Kriemhild reveals to her rival who it was that subdued her, and she displays the girdle and ring. The clouds begin to gather over the scene. The days of innocent merry-making are past, and Siegfried, the impersonation of sunny serenity and human happiness, is doomed. Hagen, the sombre figure who moves grim-visaged through the poem, faithful to no one but to his king, learns from Kriemhild the secret of Siegfried's vulnerable spot. At Brunhild's instigation, but with his own covetous purposes, he treacherously murders Siegfried. At the solemn funeral Siegfried's wounds, opening in Hagen's presence, reveal the murderer to Kriemhild. The Nibelungen hoard is brought to Worms and buried in the Rhine. Only Gunther and Hagen know the spot. Henceforth the Burgundians are called also the Nibelungers. So follows for Kriemhild, after her brief happiness, thirteen years of sorrow and mourning. The first part ends in the midst of gloom. In the second part Attila sends his knight Rudiger to sue for Kriemhild's hand. She with her purposes concealed becomes his wife, and the scene is transferred to the Hungarian court. Thirteen years more pass, and Kriemhild lives in honor at Attila's side; but "her home-bred wrongs again she brooded o'er." She invites her brothers on the Rhine to attend a great festival at her husband's court. In spite of Hagen's gloomy forebodings, the Burgundians go to Hungary, and in their progress thither ominous signs announce the coming woe. Hagen is warned by the wise mermaidens, but resolutely he proceeds. The entire army is ferried over the Danube, which none but the king's chaplain is destined to recross. The events now move with tragic rapidity. Hagen knows his fate and defies it, sitting in Kriemhild's presence with Siegfried's sword across his knee. Death follows death, and in the general slaughter the bodies are thrown out of the windows, the hall is set on fire, and the Nibelungers are destroyed to the last man. Kriemhild herself cuts off Hagen's head with Siegfried's sword Balmung, and with him is lost forever the secret of the fatal hoard. Incensed at this cruel act, the famous Hildebrand, Dietrich's man, slays Kriemhild, and so perish utterly the Burgundians of the Rhine.

Such is the briefly outlined story of the Nibelungers' fall. It is a song of the wrath of Kriemhild. She is the centre of interest, and upon her character the poet has bestowed his most loving care. She

appeared as the gentle, carefully guarded maid, timidly telling her mother of a dream. Siegfried gave her life new value, and love exalted her powers; proudly she walked by his side a stately queen. With his death joy departed from her life; her tenderness was hardened into a passion for revenge, and to this end she dedicated the whole strength of her character. Thenceforth she moves a threatening figure towards the great catastrophe. Siegfried's character is less complex; he is radiant, joyous, triumphant. Next to these two, Hagen, Dietrich, and Rudiger are the figures to which the most interest attaches. Hagen is the embodiment of grim fatalistic fidelity; Dietrich, large-souled and noble, preserves all the fine characteristics with which he was invested by the epic cycle of which he is the centre; Rudiger is a knight of the chivalric age, and is probably a creation of the Nibelungen poet. He is the most lovable and modern of all the group. The conflict between his duty to the Nibelungers, imposed upon him by the sacred rights of hospitality which he has given and received, and his duty to his king and Kriemhild, is a touch wholly modern. Over all the tragedy hovers mysteriously the power of the hoard, but these reminiscences of the mythical happenings of long ago serve only to create an ominous atmosphere: the course of events could not have been otherwise, for the motives are all human.

The origins of the Nibelungenlied are purely Germanic. The mythical and historical elements are clearly distinguishable. The former have faded into the background and given place to human interests; ethical motives have superseded the mythological. The curse of the hoard, Siegfried's sword and cloud-cloak, and all the marvels of that elder time, come to us in faint echoes, like the surge of a far-off ocean heard in the shells of the sea. These echoes are of the 'Elder Edda'; but they are of Germanic origin, for the Eddic myths were not indigenous to the North. The strange old heathen traditions had not altogether lost their vitality, however; for although the fundamental ideas of the Nibelungenlied are on a plane of exalted morality, it is essentially a heathen code that obtains. Nowhere is there a trace of any supreme power controlling the destinies of men. The Christian Church is purely external, and belongs to the scenery and ceremonial. Siegfried and Brunhild have brought with them from the 'Eddas' some part of their inheritance from a wonder-working age, but they are human beings; Brunhild has lost her impressiveness and grandeur, Siegfried has gained in sympathetic qualities. In the older sources the Burgundian kings come to their death not through their sister, there named Gudrun, but through Attila, who covets their treasure, and upon whom in turn, according to ancient German usage, Gudrun wreaks blood-vengeance. From historical sources we have Etzel (Attila), Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and Gunther (Gundicar), who with all his Burgundian people was killed in battle



with the Huns in the year 437. The Nibelungen poet has of course dealt freely with his materials, for he was a poet and not a chronicler. The fatal encounter with the Huns doubtless took place on the left bank of the Rhine and not on the shores of the Danube. It was probably not Attila who led the Huns, but his brother Bleda, who appears in the Lied as Bloedel. Dietrich is taken from another cycle of epics, of which Theodoric the Great, King of the Visigoths and of Italy, was the centre, and he belonged to a later generation than Attila. Gunther's brother Giselher also has some dim historical existence, and the already mentioned Bishop Pilgrim of Passau can be traced to a real personage. All other attempts to establish a historical basis for the characters and events of the poem have little plausibility. But the skill with which all these elements are united in an organic whole shows that epic narrative had passed out of the realm of folk poetry into the hands of the conscious plastic artist. It is a noble monument erected by a sturdy people upon the threshold of modern history, and was worthy to become a rallying-point for their patriotic posterity.

*Charles H. Gunning*

# FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED (FALL OF THE NIBELUNGERS)

Translation of William Nanson Lettsom

## KRIEMHILD

**I**N STORIES of our fathers, high marvels we are told  
 Of champions well approved in perils manifold.  
 Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,  
 And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale.

In Burgundy there flourished a maid so fair to see,  
 That in all the world together a fairer could not be. [strife  
 This maiden's name was Kriemhild; through her in dismal  
 Full many a prowest warrior thereafter lost his life.

Many a fearless champion, as such well became,  
 Wooed the lovely lady; she from none had blame.  
 Matchless was her person, matchless was her mind:  
 This one maiden's virtue graced all womankind.



Three puissant Kings her guarded with all the care they might;  
Gunther and eke Gernot, each a redoubted knight,  
And Giselher the youthful, a chosen champion he;  
This lady was their sister, well loved of all the three.

They were high of lineage, thereto mild of mood,  
But in field and foray champions fierce and rude.  
They ruled a mighty kingdom, Burgundy by name;  
They wrought in Etzel's country deeds of deathless fame.

At Worms was their proud dwelling, the fair Rhine flowing by;  
There had they suit and service from haughtiest chivalry  
For broad lands and lordships, and glorious was their state,  
Till wretchedly they perished by two noble ladies' hate. . . .

A dream was dreamt by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,  
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,  
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be  
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told,  
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold:  
"The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate;  
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight."

"A mate for me? what sayest thou, dearest mother mine?  
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.  
I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,  
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer woe for man."

"Nay," said her anxious mother, "renounce not marriage so;  
Would'st thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,  
Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see:  
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be."

"No more," the maiden answered, "no more, dear mother, say:  
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,  
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.  
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

So in her lofty virtues, fancy-free and gay,  
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day,  
Nor one more than another found favor in her sight;  
Still at the last she wedded a far-renowned knight.

He was the selfsame falcon she in her dream had seen,  
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen  
On her nearest kinsmen who him to death had done!  
That single death atoning died many a mother's son.

## SIEGFRIED

IN NETHERLAND then flourished a prince of lofty kind  
(Whose father was called Siegmund, his mother Siegelind),  
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;  
Men did call it Xanten: 'twas famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;  
From shame and from dishonor lived he ever free.  
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.  
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;  
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,  
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.  
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,  
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,  
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,  
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,  
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise:  
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame;  
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,  
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare;  
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,  
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

He now, grown up to youthhood, at court his duty paid:  
The people saw him gladly; many a wife and many a maid  
Wished he would often thither, and bide for ever there;  
They viewed him all with favor, whereof he well was ware.

The child by his fond parents was decked with weeds of pride,  
And but with guards about him they seldom let him ride.  
Uptrained was he by sages, who what was honor knew,  
So might he win full lightly broad lands and liegemen too.

Now had he strength and stature that weapons well he bore;  
Whatever thereto needed, he had of it full store.  
He began fair ladies to his love to woo,  
And they inclined to Siegfried with faith and honor true.

. . . . .

## (HAGAN'S ACCOUNT OF SIEGFRIED)

As ALL alone and aidless he was riding once at will,  
 As I have heard reported, he found beside a hill  
 With Niblung's hoarded treasure full many a man of might;  
 Strange seemed they to the champion, till he came to know them  
 right.

They had brought the treasure, as just then befell,  
 Forth from a yawning cavern: now hear a wonder tell,  
 How those fierce Nibelungers the treasure would divide;  
 The noble Siegfried eyed them, and wondered as he eyed.

He nearer came and nearer, close watching still the clan  
 Till they got sight of him too, when one of them began,  
 "Here comes the stalwart Siegfried, the chief of Netherland."  
 A strange adventure met he with that Nibelungers' band.

Him well received the brethren Shilbung and Nibelung.  
 With one accord they begged him, those noble princes young  
 To part the hoard betwixt them; and ever pressing bent  
 The hero's wavering purpose till he yielded full consent.

He saw of gems such plenty, drawn from that dark abode,  
 That not a hundred wagons could bear the costly load,  
 Still more of gold so ruddy from the Nibelungers' land:  
 All this was to be parted by noble Siegfried's hand.

So Niblung's sword they gave him to recompense his pain;  
 But ill was done the service, which they had sought so fain,  
 And he so hard had granted: Siegfried, the hero good,  
 Failed the long task to finish; this stirred their angry mood.

The treasure undivided he needs must let remain,  
 When the two kings indignant set on him with their train;  
 But Siegfried gripped sharp Balmung (so hight their father's  
 sword),  
 And took from them their country and the beaming precious  
 hoard.

For friends had they twelve champions, each, as avers my tale,  
 A strong and sturdy giant; but what could all avail?  
 All twelve to death successive smote Siegfried's mastering hand,  
 And vanquished chiefs seven hundred of the Nibelungers' land

With that good weapon Balmung; by sudden fear dismayed  
 Both of the forceful swordsman and of the sword he swayed,



Unnumbered youthful heroes to Siegfried bent that hour,—  
Themselves, their lands, their castles submitting to his power.

Those two fierce kings together he there deprived of life;  
Then waged with puissant Albric a stern and dubious strife,—  
Who thought to take full vengeance for both his masters slain,  
But found his might and manhood with Siegfried's matched in  
vain.

The mighty dwarf successful strove with the mightier man;  
Like to wild mountain lions to th' hollow hill they ran;  
He ravished there the cloud-cloak from struggling Albric's hold,  
And then became the master of th' hoarded gems and gold.

Whoever dared resist him, all by his sword lay slain.  
Then bade he bring the treasure back to the cave again,  
Whence the men of Niblung the same before had stirred;  
On Albric last the office of keeper he conferred.

He took an oath to serve him, as his liegeman true,  
In all that to a master from his man is due.  
Such deeds (said he of Trony) has conquering Siegfried done;  
Be sure such mighty puissance, knight has never won.

Yet more I know of Siegfried, that well your ear may hold:  
A poison-spitting dragon he slew with courage bold,  
And in the blood then bathed him; this turned to horn his skin.  
And now no weapons harm him, as often proved has been.

#### HOW SIEGFRIED FIRST SAW KRIEMHILD

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes  
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes  
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.  
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;  
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.  
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess  
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star  
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,  
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.  
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;  
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew,

Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.  
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: "How could I thus misdeem  
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 'twas an idle dream!  
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead."  
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,  
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed  
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,  
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;  
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.  
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place  
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought:—  
"Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,  
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,  
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

"Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:  
'Twill sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.  
'Twill make him ours for ever, this man of matchless might,  
If she but give him greeting, who never greeted knight."

Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band  
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland:—  
"The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;  
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done."

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;  
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,  
To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child.  
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,  
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,  
"Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!"  
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;  
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;  
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one  
Bound knight and maid for ever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,  
I do not know for certain, but well can understand  
'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this:  
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May  
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,  
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's  
pride,  
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, "Would this had happed to  
me,

To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,  
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween."  
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,  
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.  
Now 'twas allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should  
kiss.

Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;  
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,  
That drooped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.  
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.  
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,  
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,  
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,  
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.  
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,  
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

"God you reward, Sir Siegfried!" said the noble child,  
"For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,  
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace."  
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

"Ever," said he, "your brethren I'll serve as best I may,  
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,  
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;  
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you."



## HOW THE TWO QUEENS REVEILED ONE ANOTHER

ONE day at th' hour of vespers a loud alarm rose  
 From certain lusty champions that for their pastime chose  
 To prove themselves at tilting in the castle court;  
 Then many a knight and lady ran thither to see the sport.

There were the proud queens sitting together, as befell,  
 Each on a good knight thinking that either loved full well.  
 Then thus began fair Kriemhild, "My husband's of such might,  
 That surely o'er these kingdoms he ought to rule by right."

Then answered lady Brunhild, "Nay, how can that be shown?  
 Were there none other living but thou and he alone,  
 Then might, no doubt, the kingdoms be ruled by him and thee;  
 But long as Gunther's living, that sure can never be."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "See'st thou how proud he  
 stands,  
 How proud he stalks,—conspicuous among those warrior bands,  
 As doth the moon far-beaming the glimmering stars outshine?  
 Sure have I cause to pride me when such a knight is mine."

Thereto replied Queen Brunhild, "How brave soe'er he be,  
 How stout soe'er or stately, one greater is than he:  
 Gunther, thy noble brother, a higher place may claim,  
 Of knights and kings the foremost in merit and in fame."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "So worthy is my mate,  
 All praise that I can give him can ne'er be termed too great.  
 In all he does how matchless! In honor too how clear!  
 Believ'st thou this, Queen Brunhild? At least he's Gunther's  
 peer." —

"Thou shouldst not so perversely, Kriemhild, my meaning take.  
 What I said, assure thee, with ample cause I spake.  
 I heard them both allow it, then when both first I saw,  
 And the stout king in battle compelled me to his law.

"E'en then, when my affection he so knightly wan,  
 'Twas fairly owned by Siegfried that he was Gunther's man.  
 Myself I heard him own it, and such I hold him still."  
 "Forsooth," replied fair Kriemhild, "they must have used me ill.

"How could my noble brethren their power have so applied,  
 As to make me, their sister, a lowly vassal's bride?

For manners' sake then, Brunhild, this idle talk give o'er,  
And by our common friendship, let me hear no more."

"Give o'er will I never," the queen replied again:

"Shall I renounce the service of all the knightly train  
That hold of him, our vassal, and are our vassals too?"  
Into sudden anger at this fair Kriemhild flew:

"Ay! but thou must renounce it, for never will he grace  
Thee with his vassal service: he fills a higher place  
Than e'en my brother Gunther, noble though be his strain.  
Henceforth thou shouldst be wiser, nor hold such talk again.

"I wonder too, since Siegfried thy vassal is by right,  
Since both of us thou rulest with so much power and might,  
Why to thee his service so long he has denied.  
Nay! I can brook no longer thy insolence and pride."

"Thyself too high thou bearest," Brunhild answer made:  
"Fain would I see this instant whether to thee be paid  
Public respect and honor such as waits on me."  
Then both the dames with anger lowering you might see.

"So shall it be," said Kriemhild: "to meet thee I'm prepared  
Since thou my noble husband a vassal hast declared,  
By the men of both our consorts to-day it shall be seen,  
That I the church dare enter before King Gunther's queen.

"To-day by proof thou'lt witness what lofty birth is mine,  
And that my noble husband worthier is than thine;  
Nor for this with presumption shall I be taxed, I trow:  
To-day thou'lt see moreover thy lowly vassal go

"To court before the warriors here in Burgundy.  
Assure thee, thou'lt behold me honored more royally  
Than the proudest princess that ever here wore crown."  
The dames their spite attested with many a scowl and frown.

"Since thou wilt be no vassal," Brunhild rejoined again,  
"Then thou with thy women must apart remain  
From my dames and damsels, as to the church we go."  
Thereto Kriemhild answered, "Trust me it shall be so.

"Array ye now, my maidens," said Siegfried's haughty dame  
"You must not let your mistress here be put to shame;  
That you have gorgeous raiment make plain to every eye.  
What she has just asserted, she soon shall fain deny."

They needed not much bidding: all sought out their best;  
Matrons alike and maidens each donned a glittering vest.  
Queen Brunhild with her meiny was now upon her way.  
By this was decked fair Kriemhild in royal rich array,

With three-and-forty maidens, whom she to Rhine had brought;  
Bright stuffs were their apparel, in far Arabia wrought.  
So towards the minster marched the maidens fair;  
All the men of Siegfried were waiting for them there.

Strange thought it each beholder, what there by all was seen,  
How with their trains far-sundered passed either noble queen,  
Not walking both together as was their wont before;  
Full many a prowrest warrior thereafter rued it sore.

Now before the minster the wife of Gunther stood;  
Meanwhile by way of pastime many a warrior good  
Held light and pleasant converse with many a smiling dame;  
When up the lovely Kriemhild with her radiant meiny came.

All that the noblest maiden had ever donned before  
Was as wind to the splendor her dazzling ladies wore.  
So rich her own apparel in gold and precious things,  
She alone might outglitter the wives of thirty kings.

Howe'er he might be willing, yet none could dare deny  
That such resplendent vesture never met mortal eye  
As on that fair retinue then sparkled to the sun.  
Except to anger Brunhild, Kriemhild had not so done.

Both met before the minster in all the people's sight;  
There at once the hostess let out her deadly spite.  
Bitterly and proudly she bade fair Kriemhild stand:  
"No vassaless precedeth the lady of the land."

Out then spake fair Kriemhild (full of wrath was she),  
"Couldst thou still be silent, better 'twere for thee.  
Thou'st made thy beauteous body a dishonored thing.  
How can a vassal's leman be consort of a king?"

"Whom here call'st thou leman?" said the queen again.  
"So call I thee," said Kriemhild: "thy maidenly disdain  
Yielded first to Siegfried, my husband, Siegmund's son;  
Ay! 'twas not my brother that first thy favors won.

"Why, where were then thy senses? sure 'twas a crafty train,  
To take a lowly lover, to ease a vassal's pain!



Complaints from thee," said Kriemhild, "methinks are much amiss."

"Verily," said Brunhild, "Gunther shall hear of this."

"And why should that disturb me? thy pride hath thee betrayed. Why didst thou me, thy equal, with vassalship upbraid? Know this for sure and certain (to speak it gives me pain), Never can I meet thee in cordial love again."

Then bitterly wept Brunhild: Kriemhild no longer stayed; Straight with all her followers before the queen she made Her way into the minster; then deadly hate 'gan rise; And starting tears o'erclouded the shine of brightest eyes.

For all the solemn service, for all the chanted song, Still it seemed to Brunhild they lingered all too long. Both on her mind and body a load like lead there lay. Many a high-born hero for her sorrow was to pay.

Brunhild stopped with her ladies without the minster door. Thought she, "This wordy woman shall tell me something more Of her charge against me spread so loud and rife. If he has but so boasted, let him look to his life!"

Now came the noble Kriemhild begirt with many a knight; Then spake the noble Brunhild, "Stop and do me right. You've voiced me for a wanton: prove it ere you go. You and your foul speeches have wrought me pain and woe."

Then spake the lady Kriemhild, "'Twere wiser to forbear: E'en with the gold I'll prove it that on my hand I wear; 'Twas this that Siegfried brought me from where by you he lay." Never lived Queen Brunhild so sorrowful a day.

Said she, "That ring was stolen from me who held it dear, And mischievously hidden has since been many a year. But now I've met with something by which the thief to guess." Both the dames were frenzied with passion masterless.

"Thief?" made answer Kriemhild, "I will not brook the name. Thou wouldst have kept silence, hadst thou a sense of shame. By the girdle here about me prove full well I can That I am ne'er a liar; Siegfried was indeed thy man."

'Twas of silk of Nineveh the girdle that she brought, With precious stones well garnished; a better ne'er was wrought: When Brunhild but beheld it, her tears she could not hold. The tale must needs to Gunther and all his men be told.

## HOW SIEGFRIED PARTED FROM KRIEMHILD

GUNTHER and Hagan, the warriors fierce and bold,  
To execute their treason, resolved to scour the wold,  
The bear, the boar, the wild bull, by hill or dale or fen,  
To hunt with keen-edged javelins: what fitter sport for valiant  
men?

In lordly pomp rode with them Siegfried the champion strong.  
Good store of costly viands they brought with them along.  
Anon by a cool runnel he lost his guiltless life.  
'Twas so devised by Brunhild, King Gunther's moody wife.

But first he sought the chamber where he his lady found,  
He and his friend already had on the sumpters bound  
Their gorgeous hunting raiment; they o'er the Rhine would go.  
Never before was Kriemhild sunk so deep in woe.

On her mouth of roses he kissed his lady dear:  
"God grant me, dame, returning in health to see thee here;  
So may those eyes see me too: meanwhile be blithe and gay  
Among the gentle kinsmen; I must hence away."

Then thought she on the secret (the truth she durst not tell)  
How she had told it Hagan; then the poor lady fell  
To wailing and lamenting that ever she was born.  
Then wept she without measure, sobbing and sorrow-worn.

She thus bespake her husband: "Give up that chase of thine.  
I dreamt last night of evil,—how two fierce forest swine  
Over the heath pursued thee; the flowers turned bloody red.  
I cannot help thus weeping: I'm chilled with mortal dread.

"I fear some secret treason, and cannot lose thee hence,  
Lest malice should be borne thee for misconceived offense.  
Stay, my beloved Siegfried, take not my words amiss,—  
'Tis the true love I bear thee that bids me counsel this."—

"Back shall I be shortly, my own beloved mate;  
Not a soul in Rhineland know I who bears me hate:  
I'm well with all thy kinsmen; they're all my firm allies:  
Nor have I from any e'er deserved otherwise."—

"Nay! do not, dearest Siegfried! 'tis e'en thy death I dread.  
Last night I dreamt two mountains fell thundering on thy head,  
And I no more beheld thee: if thou from me wilt go,  
My heart will sure be breaking with bitterness of woe."

Round her peerless body his clasping arms he threw;  
Lovingly he kissed her, that faithful wife and true;  
Then took his leave, and parted: in a moment all was o'er;—  
Living, alas poor lady! she saw him nevermore.

## HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SLAIN

THE noble knight Sir Siegfried with thirst was sore opprest;  
So earlier rose from table, and could no longer rest,  
But straight would to the mountain the running brook to find,—  
And so advanced the treason his faithless foes designed.

Meanwhile were slowly lifted on many a groaning wain  
The beasts in that wild forest by Siegfried's manhood slain.  
Each witness gave him honor, and loud his praises spoke.  
Alas, that with him Hagan his faith so foully broke!

Now when to the broad linden they all would take their way,  
Thus spake the fraudulent Hagan, "Full oft have I heard say,  
That none a match in swiftness for Kriemhild's lord can be,  
Whene'er to race he pleases: would he grant us this to see?"

Then spake the Netherlander, Siegfried, with open heart:—  
"Well then! let's make the trial! Together we will start  
From hence to yonder runnel; let us at once begin:  
And he shall pass for winner who shall be seen to win."

"Agreed!" said treacherous Hagan, "let us each other try."  
Thereto rejoined stout Siegfried, "And if you pass me by,  
Down at your feet I'll lay me humbled on the grass."  
When these words heard Gunther, what joy could his surpass?

Then said the fearless champion, "And this I tell you more:  
I'll carry all the equipment that in the chase I wore,—  
My spear, my shield, my vesture,—leave will I nothing out."  
His sword then and his quiver he girt him quick about.

King Gunther and Sir Hagan to strip were nothing slow;  
Both for the race stood ready in shirts as white as snow.  
Long bounds, like two wild panthers, o'er the grass they took,  
But seen was noble Siegfried before them at the brook.

Whate'er he did, the warrior high o'er his fellows soared.  
Now laid he down his quiver, and quick ungirt his sword;  
Against the spreading linden he leaned his mighty spear:  
So by the brook stood waiting the chief without a peer.



In every lofty virtue none with Sir Siegfried vied:  
Down he laid his buckler by the water's side;  
For all the thirst that parched him, one drop he never drank  
Till the king had finished: he had full evil thank.

Cool was the little runnel, and sparkled clear as glass;  
O'er the rill King Gunther knelt down upon the grass;  
When he his draught had taken he rose and stepped aside.  
Full fain alike would Siegfried his thirst have satisfied.

Dear paid he for his courtesy: his bow, his matchless blade,  
His weapons all, Sir Hagan far from their lord conveyed,  
Then back sprung to the linden to seize his ashen spear,  
And to find out the token surveyed his vesture near;

Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling there he found,  
He pierced him through the croslet, that sudden from the wound  
Forth the life-blood spouted e'en o'er his murderer's weed.  
Never more will warrior dare so foul a deed.

Between his shoulders sticking he left the deadly spear.  
Never before Sir Hagan so fled for ghastly fear,  
As from the matchless champion whom he had butchered there.  
Soon as was Sir Siegfried of the mortal wound aware,

Up he from the runnel started as he were wood;  
Out from betwixt his shoulders his own huge boar-spear stood!  
He thought to find his quiver or his broadsword true;  
The traitor for his treason had then received his due:

But ah! the deadly wounded nor sword nor quiver found:  
His shield alone beside him lay there upon the ground;  
This from the bank he lifted, and straight at Hagan ran:  
Him could not then by fleetness escape King Gunther's man.

E'en to the death though wounded, he hurled it with such power,  
That the whirling buckler scattered wide a shower  
Of the most precious jewels, then straight in shivers broke:  
Full gladly had the warrior ta'en vengeance with that stroke.

E'en as it was, his manhood fierce Hagan leveled low;  
Loud all around the meadow rang with the wondrous blow:  
Had he in hand good Balmung, the murderer he had slain.  
His wound was sore upon him; he writhed in mortal pain.

His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight:  
He could stand no longer; melted all his might.

In his paling visage the mark of death he bore.  
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell;  
From the wound fresh gushing his heart's blood fast did well.  
Then thus amidst his tortures, e'en with his failing breath,  
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded:—"Ay! cowards false as hell!  
To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well:  
But what boots all? for guerdon, treason and death I've won;  
By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whoever shall hereafter from your loins be born  
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.  
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due;—  
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true."

Thither ran all the warriors where in his blood he lay;  
To many of that party sure 'twas a joyless day;  
Whoe'er were true and faithful, they sorrowed for his fall,—  
So much the peerless champion had merited of all.

With them the false king Gunther bewept his timeless end.  
Then spake the deadly wounded, "Little it boots your friend  
Yourself to plot his murder, and then the deed deplore:  
Such is a shameful sorrow; better at once 'twere o'er."

Then spake the low'ring Hagan, "I know not why you moan.  
Our cares all and suspicions are now for ever flown.  
Who now are left, against us who'll dare to make defense?  
Well's me, for all this weeping, that I have rid him hence."

"Small cause hast thou," said Siegfried, "to glory in my fate.  
Had I weened thy friendship cloaked such murderous hate,  
From such as thou full lightly could I have kept my life.  
Now grieve I but for Kriemhild, my dear, my widowed wife.

"Now may God take pity, that e'er I had a son,  
Who this reproach must suffer from deed so foully done,  
That by his murderous kinsmen his father thus was slain.  
Had I but time to finish, of this I well might plain.

"Surely so base a murder the world did never see,"  
Said he, and turned to Gunther, "as you have done on me.  
I saved your life and honor from shame and danger fell,  
And thus am I requited by you I served so well."

Then further spake the dying, and speaking sighed full deep:—  
 "O king! if thou a promise with any one wilt keep,  
 Let me in this last moment thy grace and favor find  
 For my dear love and lady, the wife I leave behind.

"Remember, she's thy sister: yield her a sister's right;  
 Guard her with faith and honor, as thou'rt a king and knight.  
 My father and my followers for me they long must wait,  
 Comrade ne'er found from comrade so sorrowful a fate."

In his mortal anguish he writhed him to and fro,  
 And then said, deadly groaning, "This foul and murderous blow  
 Deep will ye rue hereafter; this for sure truth retain,  
 That in slaying Siegfried you yourselves have slain."

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field.  
 Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to  
     yield  
 E'en to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.  
 At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead.

#### HOW THE MARGRAVE RUDEGER BEWAILED HIS DIVIDED DUTY

"Woe's me the heaven-abandoned, that I have lived to this!  
 Farewell to all my honors! woe for my first amiss!  
 My truth—my God-given innocence—must they be both forgot?  
 Woe's me, O God in heaven! that death relieves me not!

"Which part soe'er I foster, and whichsoe'er I shun,  
 In either case forsaken is good, and evil done;  
 But should I side with neither, all would the waverer blame.  
 Ah! would He deign to guide me, from whom my being came!"

Still went they on imploring, the king and eke his wife;  
 Whence many a valiant warrior soon came to lose his life  
 By the strong hand of Rudeger, and he too lastly fell.  
 So all his tale of sorrow you now shall hear me tell.

He nothing thence expected but loss and mortal teen;  
 Fain had he given denial alike to king and queen.  
 Much feared the gentle margrave, if in the stern debate  
 He slew but one Burgundian, the world would bear him hate.

With that, unto King Etzel thus spake the warrior bold:—  
 "Sir King! take back, I pray you, all that of you I hold,  
 My fiefs, both lands and castles; let none with me remain.  
 To distant realms, a wanderer, I'll foot it forth again.



"Thus stripped of all possessions I'll leave at once your land.  
Rather my wife and daughter I'll take in either hand,  
Than faithless and dishonored in hateful strife lie dead.  
Ah! to my own destruction I've ta'en your gold so red."

Thereto replied King Etzel, "Who then will succor me?  
My land as well as liegemen, all will I give to thee,  
If thou'lt revenge me, Rudeger, and smite my foemen down.  
High shalt thou rule with Etzel, and share his kingly crown."

Then spake the blameless margrave, "How shall I begin?  
To my house I bade them, as guests I took them in,  
Set meat and drink before them, they at my table fed,  
And my best gifts I gave them;—how can I strike them dead?

"The folk ween in their folly that out of fear I shrink.  
No! no! on former favors, on ancient bonds I think.  
I served the noble princes, I served their followers too,  
And knit with them the friendship I now so deeply rue.

"I to the youthful Giselher my daughter gave of late:  
In all the world the maiden could find no fitter mate,—  
True, faithful, brave, well-nurtured, rich, and of high degree;  
Young prince yet saw I never so virtue-fraught as he."

Then thus bespake him Kriemhild: "Right noble Rudeger,  
Take pity on our anguish! thou see'st us kneeling here,  
The king and me, before thee: both clasp thy honored knees.  
Sure never host yet feasted such fatal guests as these."

With that, the noble margrave thus to the queen 'gan say:—  
"Sure must the life of Rudeger for all the kindness pay,  
That you to me, my lady, and my lord the king have done,—  
For this I'm doomed to perish, and that ere set of sun.

"Full well I know, this morning my castles and my land  
Both will to you fall vacant by stroke of foeman's hand;  
And so my wife and daughter I to your grace commend,  
And all at Bechelaren, each trusty homeless friend."

"Now God," replied King Etzel, "reward thee, Rudeger!"  
He and his queen together resumed their lively cheer.  
"From us shall all thy people receive whate'er they need;  
Thou too, I trust, this morning thyself wilt fairly speed."

So body and soul to hazard put the blameless man.  
Meanwhile the wife of Etzel sorely to weep began.

Said he, "My word I gave you, I'll keep it well to-day.  
Woe for my friends, whom Rudeger in his own despite must  
slay."

With that, straight from King Etzel he went with many a sigh.  
Soon his band of heroes found he mustered nigh.

Said he, "Up now, my warriors! don all your armor bright;  
I 'gainst the bold Burgundians must to my sorrow fight." . . .

To those within he shouted, "Look not for succor hence;  
Ye valiant Nibelungers! now stand on your defense.  
I'd fain have been your comrade: your foe I now must be.  
We once were friends together: now from that bond I'm free."

The hard-beset Burgundians to hear his words were woe;  
Was not a man among them but sorrowed, high and low,  
That thus a friend and comrade would 'gainst them mingle blows,  
When they so much already had suffered from their foes.

"Now God forbid," said Gunther, "that such a knight as you  
To the faith wherein we trusted should ever prove untrue,  
And turn upon his comrades in such an hour as this;—  
Ne'er can I think that Rudeger can do so much amiss."

"I can't go back," said Rudeger; "the deadly die is cast:  
I must with you do battle; to that my word is past.  
So each of you defend him as he loves his life.  
I must perform my promise,—so wills King Etzel's wife."

Said Gunther, "This renouncement comes all too late to-day;  
May God, right noble Rudeger, you for the favors pay  
Which you so oft have done us, if e'en unto the end  
To those who ever loved you you show yourself a friend.

"Ever shall we be your servants for all you've deigned to give—  
Both I and my good kinsmen—if by your aid we live.  
Your precious gifts, fair tokens of love and friendship dear,  
Given when you brought us hither,—now think of them, good  
Rudeger!"

"How fain that would I grant you!" the noble knight replied;  
"Would that my gifts for ever might in your hands abide!  
I'd fain in all assist you that life concerns or fame,  
But that I fear, so doing, to get reproach and shame."

"Think not of that, good Rudeger," said Gernot, "in such need.  
Sure host ne'er guests entreated so well in word or deed,

As you did us, your comrades, when late with you we stayed.  
If hence alive you bring us, 'twill be in full repaid."

"Now would to God, Sir Gernot," said Rudeger, ill bestead,  
"That you were safe in Rhineland, and I with honor dead!  
Now must I fight against you to serve your sister's ends:  
Sure never yet were strangers entreated worse by friends."

"Sir Rudeger," answered Gernot, "God's blessing wait on you  
For all your gorgeous presents! Your death I sore should rue,  
Should that pure virtue perish, which ill the world can spare.  
Your sword, which late you gave me, here by my side I wear.

"It never once has failed me in all this bloody fray;  
Lifeless beneath its edges many a good champion lay.  
Most perfect is its temper; 'tis sharp and strong as bright:  
Knight sure a gift so goodly will give no more to knight.

"Yet, should you not go backward, but turn our foe to-day,  
If of the friends around me in hostile mood you slay,  
With your own sword, good Rudeger, I needs must take your life,  
Though you (Heaven knows!) I pity, and your good and noble  
wife."

"Ah, would to heaven, Sir Gernot, that it might e'en be so!  
That e'en as you would wish it this matter all might go,  
And your good friends 'scape harmless from this abhorred strife!  
Then sure should trust in Gernot my daughter and my wife."

With that the bold Burgundian, fair Uta's youngest, cried,  
"Why do you thus, Sir Rudeger? My friends here by my side  
All love you, e'en as I do: why kindle strife so wild?  
'Tis ill so soon to widow your late-betrothèd child.

"Should you now and your followers wage war upon me here,  
How cruel and unfriendly 'twill to the world appear!  
For more than on all others on you I still relied,  
And took, through such affiance, your daughter for my bride."

"Fair king! thy troth remember," the blameless knight 'gan say,  
"Should God be pleased in safety to send thee hence away:  
Let not the maiden suffer for aught that I do ill;  
By your own princely virtue vouchsafe her favor still."

"That will I do and gladly," the youthful knight replied:  
"But should my high-born kinsmen who here within abide,



Once die by thee, no longer could I thy friend be styled;  
My constant love 'twould sever from thee and from thy child."

"Then God have mercy on us!" the valiant margrave said.  
At once their shields they lifted, and forward fiercely sped  
In the hall of Kriemhild to force the stranger crowd.  
Thereat down from the stair-head Sir Hagan shouted loud:—

"Tarry yet a little, right noble Rudeger!  
I and my lords a moment would yet with you confer;  
Thereto hard need compels us, and danger gathering nigh:  
What boot were it for Etzel though here forlorn we die?"

"I'm now," pursued Sir Hagan, "beset with grievous care:  
The shield that lady Gotelind gave me late to bear  
Is hewn and all-to broken by many a Hunnish brand.  
I brought it fair and friendly hither to Etzel's land.

"Ah! that to me this favor Heaven would be pleased to yield,  
That I might to defend me bear so well-proved a shield,  
As that, right noble Rudeger, before thee now displayed!  
No more should I in battle need then the hauberk's aid."—

"Fain with the same I'd serve thee to th' height of thy desire,  
But that I fear such proffer might waken Kriemhild's ire.  
Still, take it to thee, Hagan, and wield it well in hand.  
Ah! might'st thou bring it with thee to thy Burgundian land!"

While thus with words so courteous so fair a gift he sped,  
The eyes of many a champion with scalding tears were red.  
'Twas the last gift, that buckler, e'er given to comrade dear  
By the lord of Bechelaren, the blameless Rudeger:

However stern was Hagan, and of unyielding mood,  
Still at the gift he melted, which one so great and good  
Gave in his last few moments, e'en on the eve of fight;  
And with the stubborn warrior mourned many a noble knight.

"Now God in heaven, good Rudeger, thy recompenser be!  
Your like on earth, I'm certain, we never more shall see,  
Who gifts so good and gorgeous to homeless wanderers give.  
May God protect your virtue, that it may ever live!

"Alas! this bloody business!" Sir Hagan then went on,  
"We have had to bear much sorrow, and more shall have anon.  
Must friend with friend do battle, nor Heaven the conflict part?"  
The noble margrave answered, "That wounds my inmost heart."

"Now for thy gift I'll quit thee, right noble Rudeger!  
Whate'er may chance between thee and my bold comrades here,  
My hand shall touch thee never amidst the heady fight,  
Not e'en if thou shouldst slaughter every Burgundian knight."

For that to him bowed courteous the blameless Rudeger.  
Then all around were weeping for grief and doleful drear,  
Since none th' approaching mischief had hope to turn aside.  
The father of all virtue in that good margrave died.

#### HOW KRIEMHILD SLEW HAGAN AND WAS HERSELF SLAIN

To the cell of Hagan eagerly she went;  
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!  
"Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en,  
Back thou mayst go living to Burgundy again."

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, "You throw away your prayer,  
High-descended lady: I took an oath whilere,  
That while my lords were living, or of them only one,  
I'd ne'er point out the treasure: thus 'twill be given to none."

Well knew the subtle Hagan she ne'er would let him 'scape.  
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?  
He feared that soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,  
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

"I'll make an end, and quickly," Kriemhild fiercely spake.  
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.  
Off his head was smitten; she bore it by the hair  
To the lord of Trony: such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;  
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said:—  
"E'en to thy wish this business thou to an end hast brought,—  
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

"Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;  
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with him are sped:  
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,  
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend! to thee."

Said she, "Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scor'd:  
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword;  
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.  
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe."

Forth from the sheath she drew it,—that could not he prevent;  
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.  
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.  
That was seen of King Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

"Ah!" cried the prince impassioned, "harrow and welaway!  
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay  
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!  
Albeit I was his foeman, needs must I sorrow sore."

Then said the aged Hildebrand, "Let not her boast of gain,  
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain;  
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,  
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight."

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;  
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.  
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak:  
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;  
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.  
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;  
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;  
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.  
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.  
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,  
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;  
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting  
all.

So here I end my story. This is THE NIBELUNGERS' FALL.







NIEBUHR

## BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR

(1776-1831)

**T**HE history of belles-lettres could very well be written without the inclusion of Niebuhr's name. He has not left any important masterpiece of artistic form, nor appreciably enriched the imagination of mankind. Indeed, we might rather consider ourselves to have been impoverished, on that happier side of life, by the investigator who forbade us to regard Æneas, Romulus, and Numa, or even the Tarquins and the Horatii, as in any sense realities. Yet certainly the development of a wiser historical method, the study of human institutions, the higher education generally, will always owe him a mighty debt. He was, in the truest sense of a word commoner in its Teutonic than in its Anglo-Saxon form, "epochemachend"—epoch-making. Until his time, students had merely read Livy and Dionysius, accepting all save the super-human elements of early Roman story, or merely doubting and caviling over this and that detail. Niebuhr was the first who relegated the whole mass of traditional tales in Livy's first five books to the realm of the imagination, and showed how the historic institutions of later Rome must be studied for the light they, and they alone, could throw upon their own origin in the age previous to authentic record. Even for the ablest application of this critical method we no longer turn to Niebuhr's fragmentary publications, but rather to the more picturesque and vivid pages of his successor, Mommsen. Yet it may well be questioned whether he who uses the tool deserves higher credit than he who forges it; the man in whom the school culminates rather than its founder. Certainly no one could recognize more loyally than Mommsen himself the man whose lectures on Roman history were the most brilliant work done in the newly founded University of Berlin in 1810 and the next following years.

The story of Niebuhr's life is delightfully told, chiefly by himself, in his 'Life and Letters,' edited by the Chevalier Bunsen. It is full of singular contradictions. Though the son of a famous traveler, he complains that he was brought up in seclusion, fed on words instead of knowing things. But indeed a certain querulousness is a constant weakness of this noble nature. He was certainly a prodigy of learning. When he was barely of age his father reckons up twenty languages which the youth had mastered. His memory seems to have



been both accurate and unlimited in its scope. Along with it went a power of combination and brilliant deduction still more unusual.

Though Niebuhr was a Dane, his education was apparently more than half German. His last student-year, 1798-9, was passed at Edinburgh. To his English and Scotch experience he felt that he owed his insight into business affairs. Perhaps in that epoch of upheaval an ambitious young scholar could hardly keep out of political life. Certainly Niebuhr made his first career as a man of affairs. More difficult still to understand is his acceptance of a call from Denmark to Prussia. He arrived just in time to share the disasters of the Napoleonic invasion in 1806. He was perhaps Stein's most trusted assistant in preparing for the revival of Prussia.

Niebuhr was unable to settle down as a university scholar. His hold on political affairs was indeed never wholly relaxed, and six years after the university was opened he bade farewell to Berlin, being sent as Prussian ambassador to the Pope. Returning to Germany in 1823, Niebuhr passed the last years of his life quietly as a professor, student, and author, at Bonn.

His death was felt to be premature. His varied and crowded life up to his fiftieth year had seemed like a long education, and a gathering of materials for the great constructive work which he might have accomplished. No modern scholar, perhaps, has had so firm a grasp on the records and isolated facts of ancient life. None, surely, ever had firmer confidence in his own ability to redraw the great picture of that life in truthful outlines. Yet his name lives chiefly as the creator of a method, and his disciples' books are more indispensable to us than his own. Perhaps this is after all a cheerful epitaph on a great teacher; and all later students of history, of institutions, of antiquity, are in varying degree his pupils. Lanciani, who would revive our faith even in Romulus, owes to Niebuhr little less than Mommsen, who hardly mentions Livy or Livy's heroes in his chapters on early Rome.

Besides the excellent 'Life and Letters' by Bunsen (Harpers, 1852), Niebuhr's works on ancient history are accessible in English, partly in authentic form, partly in very fragmentary shape pieced out from note-books. The most adequate impression will be gained from his 'History of Rome,' Vols. i., ii., iii., as translated by Hare and Thirlwall, London, 1851.

## PLAN FOR A COMPLETE HISTORY OF ROME

From the Introduction to the 'History of Rome.' Translation of Hare and Thirlwall

I HAVE undertaken to relate the history of Rome. I shall begin in the night of remote antiquity, where the most laborious researches can scarcely discern a few of the chief members of ancient Italy, by the dim light of late and dubious traditions; and I wish to come down to those times when, all that we have seen spring up and grow old in the long course of centuries being buried in ruins or in the grave, a second night envelops it in almost equal obscurity.

This history in its chief outlines is universally known; and by very many, at least in part, immediately from the classical works of Roman authors, so far as their remains supply us with a representation of several of the most brilliant and memorable periods of republican and imperial Rome. If the whole of these works were extant,—if we possessed a continuous narrative in the histories of Livy and Tacitus, extending, with the exception of the last years of Augustus, from the origin of the city down to Nerva,—it would be presumptuous and idle to engage in relating the same events with those historians: presumptuous, because the beauty of their style must ever lie beyond our reach; and idle, because, over and above the historical instruction conveyed, it would be impossible to have a companion through life better fitted to fashion the mind in youth, and to preserve it in after age from the manifold barbarizing influences of our circumstances and relations, than such a copious history of eight hundred and fifty years written by the Romans for themselves. We should only want to correct the misrepresentations during the earlier ages, and to sever the poetical ingredients from what is historically sure and well grounded; and without presumptuously appearing to vie with the old masters, we might draw a simple sketch of the constitution, and of the changes it underwent at particular times, where Livy leaves us without information, or misleads us. But as those works are only preserved in fragments; as they are silent concerning periods perhaps still more prominent in the importance of their events than those which we see living in their pages; as the histories of those periods by moderns are unsatisfactory, and often full of error,—I have deemed it expedient to promote the knowledge of Roman history



by devoting a course of lectures to it. A doubt might be entertained whether it were better to give a connected narrative, or merely to treat of the portions where we are left without the two historians. I have determined in favor of the former plan, trusting that I shall not lead any of my hearers to fancy he may dispense with studying the classical historians of Rome when he has gained a notion of the events which they portray, and hoping that I may render the study easier and more instructive.

Much of what the Roman historians have set down in the annals of their nation must be left out by a modern from that mass of events wherein their history far surpasses that of every other people. Under this necessity of passing over many things, and of laying down a rule for my curtailments, I shall make no mention of such persons and events as have left their names a dead letter behind them, without any intrinsic greatness or important external results; although a complete knowledge of every particular is indispensable to a scholar, and though many a dry waste locks up sources which sooner or later he may succeed in drawing forth. On the other hand, I shall endeavor to examine the history, especially during the first five centuries, not under the guidance of dim feelings, but of searching criticism. Nor shall I merely deliver the results, which could only give birth to blind opinions, but the researches themselves at full length. I shall strive to lay open the groundworks of the ancient Roman nation and State, which have been built over and masked, and about which the old writers preserved to us are often utterly mistaken; to execute justice in awarding praise and blame, love and hatred, where party spirit has given birth to misrepresentations, and thereby to false judgments, after upward of two thousand years; to represent the spreading of the empire, the growth of the constitution, the state of the administration, of manners, and of civility, according as from time to time we are able to survey them. I shall exhibit the characters of the men who were mighty in their generation for good or for evil, or who at least rose above their fellows. I shall relate the history of the wars with accuracy, wherever they do not offer a mere recurring uniformity; and so far as our information will allow, shall draw a faithful and distinct portrait of the nations that gradually came within the widening sphere of the Roman power. Moreover, I shall consider the state of literature at its principal epochs, taking notice of the lost as well as the extant writers.



## EARLY EDUCATION: WORDS AND THINGS

From a Letter to Jacobi, November 21st, 1811, in the 'Life and Letters' by  
Chevalier Bunsen

I WAS born with an inward discord, the existence of which I can trace back to my earliest childhood; though it was afterward much aggravated by an education ill adapted to my nature, or rather by a mixture of such an education with no education at all. I did not conceal this from you in former days. Had I to choose my own endowments for another life on earth, I would not wish to possess greater facility in taking up impressions from the external world, in retaining and combining them into new forms within an inward world of imagination, full of the most various and animated movement, nor a memory more accurate or more at command (a faculty inseparable from the former), than nature has granted me. Much advantage might have been derived from these gifts in childhood; perhaps in some pursuits they might have insured me every success; nay, this result would have arisen spontaneously, had I not been subjected to a kind of education which could only have been useful to a mind of precisely the opposite description.

Our great seclusion from the world, in a quiet little provincial town, the prohibition from our earliest years to pass beyond the house and garden, accustomed me to gather the materials for the insatiable requirements of my childish fancy, not from life and nature, but from books, engravings, and conversation. Thus, my imagination laid no hold on the realities around me, but absorbed into her dominions all that I read,—and I read without limit and without aim,—while the actual world was impenetrable to my gaze; so that I became almost incapable of apprehending anything which had not already been apprehended by another—of forming a mental picture of anything which had not before been shaped into a distinct conception by another. It is true that in this second-hand world I was very learned, and could even, at a very early age, pronounce opinions like a grown-up person; but the truth in me and around me was veiled from my eyes—the genuine truth of objective reason. Even when I grew older, and studied antiquity with intense interest, the chief use I made of my knowledge for a long time was to give fresh variety and brilliancy to my world of dreams. From the delicacy of my health, and my mother's anxiety about it, I was so

much confined to the house that I was like a caged bird, and lost all natural spirit and liveliness, and the true life of childhood, the observations and ideas of which must form the basis of those peculiar to a more developed age, just as the early use of the body is the basis of its after training. No one ever thought of asking what I was doing, and how I did it; and it was not until my thirteenth year that I received any regular instruction. My friends were satisfied with seeing that I was diligently employed, and that though I had at first no teaching, I was equal to boys of my age in things for which they had had regular masters, and soon surpassed them when I had the same advantages; while moreover I was as well acquainted with a thousand matters to be learned from books as a grown-up man. Yet after a time I began to grow uneasy. I became aware that notwithstanding my empire in the air, my life in the actual world was poor and powerless; that the perception of realities alone possesses truth and worth; that on it are founded all imaginative productions which have any value at all; and that there is nothing truly worthy of respect but that depth of mind which makes a man master of truth in its first principle. As soon as I had to enter on the sciences, properly so called, I found myself in a difficulty; and unfortunately I took once more the easiest path, and left on one side whatever cost me some trouble to acquire. I was often on the verge of a mental revolution, but it never actually took place; now and then, indeed, I planted my foot on the firm ground, and when that happened I made some progress.

When I first became acquainted with you, I was happy, and I was perhaps on the way to do what is more difficult than to gain knowledge without help from others,—to restore what was distorted in me to its right place. But at a later period, when I left my quiet and healthful position for a superficial world, which held me with a strong grasp and confused and deadened my mind, where I was dragged along a path which I had no wish to tread, and which led me further and further from that for which I hopelessly longed; where I was forced to endure applause and praise, at a time when my want of knowledge on essential points, and the superfluous matter with which I had loaded my memory on others, my unsettled, disconnected ideas without true basis, my undisciplined powers without adequately firm habits of work, particularly of self-improvement, rendered me a horror to myself,—I was as unhappy as you saw me to be.



However, my eyes were opened to much that had hitherto escaped me, and I was to some degree forced into the actual external world, by my travels beyond the sea and my residence among a nation distinguished by sober thought and resolute activity; where I was obliged to occupy myself with the objects of practical life, and saw this life ennobled by the perfection to which it was carried, and the invariable adaptation of the means to the end. I then starved out the imaginative side of my nature, and placed myself, as it were, under a course of mental diet, according to which I lived for a long time in absolute dependence on the actual world around me. But this did not bring me into the right path of my true inward activity and development. I felt that I was now, on the other hand, poorer than ever as regarded what had always possessed the strongest attraction for me, though I seemed to be excluded from it by an insurmountable barrier. For years I was immersed, as far as my occupations were concerned, in the most prosaic workaday life, with the pain and torment of feeling that I grew more used to it every day; of feeling that I was shut out of Paradise, but that the bread I gained by tilling the earth in the sweat of my brow was not at all distasteful to me,—nay, that perhaps if Paradise were reopened to me, I should feel some longing for the spade.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE IMAGINATION

From an Undated Letter in the 'Life and Letters' by Chevalier Bunsen

I ENVY you the recollections of your Italian journey. It is a hard thought to me, that I shall never see the land that was the theatre of deeds with which I may perhaps claim a closer acquaintance than any of my contemporaries. I have studied the Roman history with all the effort of which my mind has been capable in its happiest moments, and believe that I may assume that acquaintance without vanity. This history will also, if I write, form the subject of most of my works. . . .

The sight of the works of art, particularly the paintings, would have delighted me as it did you. Statues have little effect upon me; my sight is too weak, and cannot be strengthened by glasses for a surface of one color, as it can for pictures. Then too a picture, when I have once seen it, becomes my property;



I never lose it out of my imagination. Music is in general positively disagreeable to me, because I cannot unite it in one point, and everything fragmentary oppresses my mind. Hence also I am no mathematician, but a historian; for from the single features preserved I can form a complete picture, and know where groups are wanting, and how to supply them. I think this is the case with you also; and I wish you would, like me, apply your reflections on past events to fix the images on the canvas, and then employ your imagination, working only with true historical tints, to give them coloring. Take ancient history as your subject: it is an inexhaustible one, and no one would believe how much that appears to be lost, might be restored with the clearest evidence. Modern history *ne vaut pas le diable* [is utterly worthless]. Above all, read Livy again and again. I prefer him infinitely to Tacitus, and am glad to find that Voss is of the same opinion. There is no other author who exercises such a gentle despotism over the eyes and ears of his readers, as Livy among the Romans and Thucydides among the Greeks. Quintilian calls Livy's fullness "sweet as milk," and his eloquence "indescribable"; in my judgment, too, it equals and often even surpasses that of Cicero. The latter . . . possessed infinite acuteness, intellect, wit; . . . but he attempted a richness of style for which he lacked that heavenly repose of the intellect, which Livy like Homer must have possessed, and among the moderns, Fénelon and Garve in no common degree. Very different was Demosthenes, who was always concise like Thucydides. And to rise to conciseness and vigor of style is the highest that we moderns can well attain; for we cannot write from our whole soul: and hence we cannot expect another perfect epic poem. The quicker beats the life-pulse of the world, the more each one is compelled to move in epicycles, the less can calm, mighty repose of the spirit be ours. I am writing to you as if I were actually living in this better world; and nothing is further from the truth.


NOTE.—For fuller treatment of these topics we refer the reader to Niebuhr's letters, and especially to the epistle to a young philologist, 'Life and Letters,' pages 423-430.

# FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

(1844-1900)

BY WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

RIEDRICH NIETZSCHE was born at Röchen in the Prussian province of Saxony on October 15th, 1844. He became insane in January, 1889, and from then to the day of his death, August 25th, 1900, he remained a hopeless mental invalid. His father and both of his grandfathers were clergymen.

Nietzsche received his early education in the schools of Naumburg. At fourteen he was given a scholarship in the famous Landesschule, Pforta, where he remained for six years. After studying philology and theology at the University of Bonn for six months, he went to Leipzig, where he studied philology for two years. He left the university for a brief period of voluntary military service which was terminated by a fall from his horse and a severe illness. In 1868 he was honored by an appointment to the Professorship of Classical Philology at the University of Bâle, and Leipzig, in recognition of this distinction, conferred upon him the doctor's degree without further examination. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he obtained leave of absence to serve with the Prussian army as a hospital attendant. He contracted dysentery and his health became permanently undermined. In 1879 he was forced by his poor health to resign his professorship. The University gave him a pension which added to a small private income enabled him to live comfortably during the ten years preceding his final illness. Much of this last period of his active life was spent in Italy.

Despite Nietzsche's high position in academic circles, his books were not favorably received and he was obliged to publish many of them at his own expense. It was not until 1888 that Taine in Paris and Brandes in Copenhagen proclaimed to the learned world their belief in the greatness of his philosophy.

There was in Nietzsche's life much of loneliness and disappointment as well as ill-health. He was devoted to his sister Elizabeth, who nursed him during his last years and who has given us his biography, but her marriage displeased him and brought about an estrangement. His warm friendship with Wagner ended in a permanent quarrel.

His philosophy was for a long time received either with indifference, misunderstanding, or actual hostility. These causes combined with his



invalidism to increase the harshness and bitterness of his attitude towards the accepted standards of society. It would, however, be a pious and foolish mistake to seek for the key of his teaching in the unhappy circumstances of his life and temperament or to view his doctrines as in any way a precursor of the insanity with which his life ended, for the philosophy of Nietzsche, like all philosophy that is truly great, possesses an intrinsic significance which far transcends the biographical and social conditions under which it originated.

Nietzsche's principal works are as follows: (*The Birth of Tragedy*) (1872); (*Thoughts Out of Season*) (1873-6); (*Human, All-too-Human*) (1878); (*Dawn of Day*) (1881); (*The Joyful Wisdom*) (1882); (*Thus Spake Zarathustra*) (1883-4); (*Beyond Good and Evil*) (1886); (*The Genealogy of Morals*) (1887); (*The Twilight of the Idols*) (1889); (*The Will to Power*) (published posthumously in 1901).

There is an edition of Nietzsche's complete works in English by Oscar Levy. The standard biography is by his sister Frau Elizabeth Förste Nietzsche. It has been translated into English and is entitled (*The Lonely Nietzsche*.)

An enormous number of books and articles have been written on Nietzsche and his philosophy. A brief but very illuminating exposition of his teaching is entitled (*Nietzsche, his Life and Works*), by Anthony M. Ludovici.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE

Nietzsche's philosophy is, in the main, an elaborate, sustained, and passionate attack upon the two great ideals of the present day — the moral ideal of Christianity and the social ideal of democracy. This attempt to overthrow all accepted standards, or, in Nietzsche's own phrase, to «transvaluate all values,» is, however, based more or less directly upon a general metaphysical theory of the nature of evolution and of the origin of human morality. Hence before treating of Nietzsche's more specific criticism of modern ethical ideals, we must consider the broad foundation of his philosophical system.

### I. THE WILL TO POWER AS THE MAINSPRING OF NATURE AND THE GROUND OF ALL VALUES

Our philosopher agrees on the whole with his great predecessor Schopenhauer, in holding that the driving force of all nature is identical with what in our own life we call «will.» According to Schopenhauer, however, the world-will aimed at life and aimed also at contentment and peace. As life is essentially active and restless, it is incompatible with the ideal of peace, and therefore we must recognize the truth of «pessimism» which is the belief that life is evil and that a denial of life and of the will to live is the only way to attain the good.



Nietzsche starting from the same premises as Schopenhauer arrives at an opposite conclusion. The world-will is not merely a *will to live*, it is a *will to power*; and it is in power that it finds its good, and not at all in peace and contentment. Thus the same spectacle that makes of Schopenhauer a pessimist makes Nietzsche an optimist. The spectacle of life as a perpetual war fills Schopenhauer with despair, because he loves peace. The same spectacle fills Nietzsche with courage and happiness, because he loves power rather than peace.

The Nietzschean theory of evolution as a progressive realization of the will to power, brings him into a certain conflict with the Darwinian conception of evolution as a struggle for existence. If life is a struggle for existence it will find its essence and goal in what Herbert Spencer described as the «adjustment of internal to external relations»; and the fitness, value, or success of a living organism will be measured by the extent to which it is adapted to its environment. But for Nietzsche the basic instinct of life is not self-preservation but self-aggrandizement, and the measure of value is not the extent to which life adapts itself to the environment, but the extent to which it conquers the environment and adapts it to its own needs. Had Nietzsche possessed a greater knowledge of natural science or had his main interest been directed to biological problems, he might have developed his theory that life is an aggressive rather than a defensive tendency into a vitalistic theory of evolution very similar to that set forth by the great French philosopher, Henri Bergson. As it was he used it only as a general basis for his theory of the nature and origin of moral values.

The genealogy of morals is explained by Nietzsche in terms of the will to power somewhat as follows: Power being the primary end of every life, whatever serves as a means to that end will possess value. «Good» is a eulogistic name by which any class of individuals denominates the instrumentalities and rules of conduct which favor its own interests. If a class were to appeal to all individuals to follow those rules which it frankly declared to be in its own interest, no one outside the class would feel any impulse to accede to the appeal. It is then of the highest importance that the selfish motive of class-interest which underlies all moral codes should be disguised. And the usual way of accomplishing the disguise is to use words like «goodness,» «righteousness,» «justice,» which have a deceptive flavor of objective validity and universal obligation. In an analogous way and for analogous reasons it has proved expedient for any class seeking to achieve or to preserve power to use such words as «evil,» «criminal,» «unjust,» «immoral» to denominate actions or ideas which are opposed to its own interest. When once we recognize the truth of the foregoing account of the genealogy of morals, we are forced to adopt a standpoint that is «beyond good and evil;» for inasmuch as the interests of different groups conflict with one another, there can be no such thing as an objective and universal good

obligatory upon everyone to pursue. One man's meat is another man's poison and what is «morally good» from the standpoint of one class may be «morally evil» from the standpoint of another. There is no morality; there are only moralities.

This doctrine of ethical relativism was by no means original with Nietzsche. We find it clearly recognized in the days of ancient Greece; Plato imputes it to his contemporary, the sophist, Thrasymachus, when he makes him declare that «justice is the interest of the stronger.» The long line of modern moralists, from Hobbes to the present day, who hold that every man does, must, and should aim only at his own greatest happiness, have naturally tended to view any system of morality as merely a means to this end, and as objectively binding only in so far as the state may in its own interest prescribe it for the citizens.

The same thought will be expressed differently by different groups: To the devout royalist, «The king can do no wrong»; the ardent patriot will say, «My country right or wrong»; the socialist will speak of «bourgeois morals and working-class morals.» These are all but different forms of the doctrine that «might makes right.»

Nietzsche, however, expressed the underlying thought of ethical relativism with more force and clearness than any of its other adherents. For in most of them there was a vague feeling that the interest of the individual could be made to coincide with the interest of society or that what was for the good of one's own class or country would ultimately be for the good of all. Nietzsche alone proclaimed the conflict of interests which takes the form of a conflict of moralities to be irreconcilable. For to Nietzsche it was power rather than prosperity or contentment which was the aim of life; and power cannot be universalized. It can be attained by one class only at the expense of the defeat of another. Were there no conquered, there could be no conquerors; without slaves there would be no masters.

That there is a disconcerting amount of truth in this Nietzschean doctrine of ethical relativism cannot be denied. Of course, we all take our own morality with the greatest seriousness, and yet we frequently discover in our friends a foolish habit of investing with moral dignity a course of action which has nothing to commend it except that it works to their advantage. There is no conscious hypocrisy in this, but rather an unconscious aversion to seeing ourselves spiritually naked and a consequent universal tendency to clothe our subjective interests in the respectable garb of an «objective morality.» So much for the strength of ethical egoism and relativism; its weakness appears as soon as we raise the question from an outsider's standpoint, as to the relative merits of the different moral codes and the different types of ego which are open to us to follow. Let us suppose that we have each of us decided that the highest moral good means *my* highest self-interest, what kind of self shall I become? Shall I make my ego the sort of ego which finds



its attainment of power or life-fulfillment in narrow or physical happiness or in broad spiritual happiness? In domination over others or in co-operation with others? Admitting that the pig at the trough and the martyr at the stake are each actuated by self-interest, which of these self-interests shall I prefer and strive to attain? It is no answer to say «Whichever is to my greatest interest,» for that is like saying that «It is to my interest to seek what is to my interest.» What is required is a criterion or principle for deciding which kind of self-interest is the best. In order to get such a criterion, I must forget the relativistic or egoistic standpoint as being irrelevant or tautologous and go back to the old problem of traditional ethics and consider which of the various and more or less conflicting ideals of life possesses the greatest amount of objective value or goodness.

It is quite amusing to observe how Nietzsche, with a sublime unconsciousness of what he is doing, goes through this same circle of reasoning exactly as all the other defenders of egoism have done before.

Having discredited to his own satisfaction all moral codes and all uses of the terms «good» and «evil» as merely relative, and expressive only of the self-interest of some individual or group of individuals, and thus brought himself to the lofty standpoint of «beyond good and evil,» we find him suddenly indulging in such terms as «noble» and «base,» «heroic» and «contemptible,» «beautiful» and «ugly.» And he uses these words to characterize rules of conduct and types of character which he regards as intrinsically worthy and unworthy respectively. He is a man of deeply moral nature and his moral preferences are far too profound and too passionate to permit him from mere self-consistency to retain an attitude of cynical indifference to the struggle of ideals. But he is naïve enough to suppose that by substituting æsthetic names like «noble» and «beautiful» for the conventional ethical names «good» and «virtuous,» he has got beyond the moral standpoint altogether. What he grandiosely describes as the «transvaluation of all values» is nothing more nor less than a defense of certain values which appear to Nietzsche as supremely and objectively righteous. But though our philosopher reveals himself as after all only a moralist, he is none the less a very original and important moralist. The main significance of his moral code can best be studied by contrasting it as he himself does with the current ideals of Christianity and democracy; but before entering upon that undertaking, there are two principles that serve Nietzsche as the metaphysical foundation of his ethics and which consequently should be mentioned in this introductory section of our exposition.

The first of these metaphysical principles is one that we have already spoken of in connection with the conception of ethical relativism. It expresses Nietzsche's conviction that Nature's Will to Power, which is the ground of all existence, as well as of all value, is a *pluralistic* will that



manifests itself in conflicting tendencies, the realization of some of which would be incompatible with the realization of others. The life-need of the lion cannot be fulfilled save at the expense of the lamb. The needs of the higher men are often in outright opposition to those of the lower. Hence the greatest good cannot be a universal good. The attainment of the best must entail the frustration, or partial frustration, of certain aims which would otherwise be desirable and justifiable. This principle which generates Nietzsche's ethical relativism remains with him throughout and is largely responsible for some of the harsher features of his constructive teaching. Its measure of truth depends upon the meaning which is given to the ideal of «power,» towards which all life must strive. If «power» is taken in the narrow or material sense of forcible dominance by one group over another group — then Nietzsche is right, and the attainment of life's ideal by all would be impossible. If, however, «power» is interpreted more broadly (and Nietzsche himself sometimes so interprets it) as the fulfillment of all one's capacities, an Aristotelian self-realization, there would be no necessary or permanent obstacle to its universal attainment.

The second basic principle of Nietzschean morality concerns the goal of the will to power, when conceived as a process of biological evolution. From every past species has evolved a higher species. Man must realize this trend of the life-force and put himself in harmony with it. He should ever treat himself as a bridge or transition between man and a being higher than man, a «beyond-man» or «superman» into which man may evolve. It is this superman which in Nietzsche's system takes the place of God as the supreme object of devotion. Our dealings with our fellow-men and our own self-fulfillment are to be ruled in the light of this «being that is yet to be.» Most of the traditional religious values are associated with an attitude of looking backward in time and upward. In the Nietzschean substitute for religion they appear in a reversed perspective. The superman, whom we are to reverence, is our creature to whom we are to give being, not our creator, from whom we derive being. We are to look forward into the future for our inspiration, rather than backward into the past. In place of the semi-religious emotion of patriotism which is loyalty for our «fatherland» we must cultivate a new emotion for which there is as yet no name — a loyalty to our «children's-land.» Marriage should possess a new significance; it should be treated as a eugenic sacrament; not to be entered into from motives of passion or friendship, but in the conviction that it may be the means of producing lives that are higher than ours, and that will then contribute to the evolution of the superman.

As Nietzsche's attack upon all morality developed into a new form of morals, so his attack upon religion develops into a new form of religious piety. He is fond of telling us that «God is dead,» but descended as he is from long lines of parsons, he cannot be satisfied with

any ordinary atheism. God's death leaves in his deeply religious nature an emotional void which must be filled by the futuristic apotheosis of our superhuman posterity. Nietzsche's (Zarathustra) is the prophet of the superman and underneath the gay and blustering aphorisms of the new prophet, it is easy to detect the grim earnestness of old-time religion.

The very originality of this doctrine baffles the attempt to evaluate it. Always in the past, theology has been preceded by religion. Religious ceremonies and their attendant emotions have attained to a considerable development before there has been felt any need for their attempted rationalization as theology. We are now asked to reverse the process. A new kind of theology, that of the superman, is presented to us and we are expected to develop an emotional reaction. We can hardly achieve it. Our religious pieties have been so steeped in retrospection that we cannot easily make them prospective and face the future with a worshipful attitude. The Nietzschean demand that we substitute the strange thought of a Divine Posterity for the familiar thought of a Divine Father appeals to us as empty and bizarre. No new technique of religious feeling for dealing with it has as yet been developed, though it may come in time. And as to the truth or falsity of the superman theory, science affords no more determinate answer. There is no evidence that human nature has undergone any intrinsic evolution during the period of recorded history. Our progress has been cultural not biological. We see more than our ancestors only because we can stand upon their shoulders and profit by their mistakes, not because we are ourselves higher or greater than they were. We may indulge a well-founded hope that this cultural progress will continue, and there is a possibility that it may be supplemented by a mutation of a more intrinsic or biological character. But that the degree of such future progress will be comparable to our past progress from the simian to the human, and so justify the expectation of a new race of supermen, has hardly anything to support it, except the blind religious faith of Friedrich Nietzsche.

## II. THE ANTI-CHRISTIANITY OF NIETZSCHE

The men of the present day, so far as their moral ideals are concerned, are divided by Nietzsche into three classes: (1) There are the orthodox Christians who believe both in the theology of the Church and in her ethical teachings. These are the simple folk, numerous but unimportant. They have not even heard that God is dead, and hence their doctrine of life is consistent, though entirely false. They do not greatly matter. (2) There are the majority of educated people who have lost all the supernatural beliefs taught by the Church, but who inconsistently retain the whole system of Christian ideals. They flatter themselves with



being «emancipated,» «anti-clerical,» «secularized,» «humanitarian,» but they are black Christians at heart for all their boasting and differ from the first class only in their possession of superficial culture. (3) There are those few who are really emancipated and disillusioned, who have discarded the morals as well as the theology of the Church, but who have found nothing positive to take the place of what they have lost. They alternate between a despairing attitude of universal denial which is nihilism or pessimism, and the feverish pursuit of frivolous and more or less degenerate doctrinal fads.

As a cure for all this mental and moral sickness, Nietzsche proffers his new gospel of Zarathustra as Anti-Christ. He begins by laying bare the origin of those Christian ideals which, whether they are reluctantly retained or reluctantly abandoned, are in either case the main source of the confusion and distress of the modern age.

The multitude of moral codes, each one of which has arisen as a disguised expression of the self-interest of some individual or group of individuals, can in the main be reduced to two generically opposed types: master-morality and slave-morality. Master-morality expresses the interests and ideals of great and successful men, the leaders of the race. It is summed up in two principles. (1) It is a life-affirming doctrine. All that makes for the fulfillment of impulse, appetite, ambition, power is good. (2) The power of the great man is incompatible with the power of lesser men, hence, hardness, pride, sternness, pitilessness are also good.

Slave-morality, of which Christianity is the most perfect example, is in both respects the opposite of master-morality. It is (1) a life-denying doctrine. All that makes for the fulfillment of impulse, appetite, ambition, power is evil. The obedient, the humble, the poor in spirit, the long suffering, those who turn the other cheek when unjustly smitten and who fight only against their own appetites of hunger and sex, and their own desires for fame and wealth, are blessed. (2) The denial of one's self is associated with the service of others, hence love, gentleness, pity, devotion to all our fellows and particularly to the weak and suffering are also blessed. Christianity, in short, is life-denying and altruistic, while master-morality is life-affirming and egoistic.

To Nietzsche, the set of values embodied in the slave-morality of the Christians is the absolute inversion of the true or natural values embodied in master-morality, and the reason why these negative ideals have come to be generally accepted can only be understood by discovering the manner in which they originated, which is briefly as follows: The weak and unsuccessful man will make a virtue of necessity and imitate the fox in the fable of the sour grapes by eulogizing the irremediable conditions of his failure. What can't be cured can be praised as a good, and what men call good they will end by believing to be good.



Moreover, slaves that enjoy their servitude and regard obedience and non-resistance as virtues will be pleasing in the eyes of their masters. For a slave to cringe is good, but to praise and enjoy cringing is still better. In Nietzsche's view, it is the Christian who says, «Evil be thou my good,» and in the saying he pleases his Master, assures his own safety, and even gains an illusion of self-respect that is a very real though unearthly consolation. It was for this reason that the Christian inversion of moral values made such a tremendous appeal to the weak and down-trodden masses to whom it was preached. Every slave, however, has in him something of the master's nature, hence the inversion of values would, if taken all by itself, be a little too much of a *tour de force*. To meet this residual longing for real values, the Christian supplements his praise of earthly failure with a belief in another world, a paradise or heaven in which he will enjoy the kind of satisfaction that the unregenerate masters enjoy in this world. Thus the meek are blessed because of the intrinsic beauty of their meekness, and also because they will some day inherit the earth. It is small wonder that with this double appeal the Christian religion has carried all before it.

As for the second principle of Christianity — its ideal of service or love, it is explained by Nietzsche as a natural development of weakness. Weak individuals can only defend themselves by banding together, into a herd as do cattle when attacked by a lion. The sympathy and loyalty which Christians enjoin are the necessary manifestations of that spirit of co-operation which is essential to the success of any herd. Slave-morality is thus also herd-morality. Great and strong natures are capable of standing alone and have neither the need nor the obligation of sympathy and co-operation.

Now, if this were the whole story, all would be well. Christianity is a fit and wholesome doctrine for the lower classes, for it keeps them contented and orderly. Unfortunately, however, the diseases of slaves are sometimes caught by their owners; and Christianity has proved diabolically contagious in that it has spread through all ranks of society, so that many of the masters and natural leaders of men have been poisoned by its sophistry, and become self-enslaved. This weakening of the masters combined with the undue increase in the numbers and cohesiveness of the herd threatens humanity with ruin. Great men and their positive ideals are in danger of being absorbed by the crowd of small men and negative ideals. It is to avert this danger to humanity and to the superhumanity that is to come that Nietzsche sends Zarathustra to preach the gospel of Anti-Christ. And Zarathustra is to preach not to all men (for that would be both dangerous and futile), but to the few great men, who are exhorted to rouse themselves from their slumbrous subserviency to the morals and conventions of the herd, and to cast aside Christian law and humanitarian sentiment whenever those ideals operate to restrain the affirmation and development of their will to

power. The positive morality of a life-affirming egoism is thus to replace among the masters the negative or Christian morality of a life-denying altruism, which is fit only for the slave-like herd who constitute the majority of mankind.

We can but indicate the line of thought by which Nietzsche's grave and bitter arraignment of Christian ethics might be met. Of the two essentially Christian ideals, life-denial and altruism, the former deserves most of the condemnation which our philosopher pours out upon it. «Other worldly» asceticism should have no place in the modern occidental world, in which evolutionary progress here on earth is both an established fact and a living faith. The notion that self-abasement, poverty, and bodily misery are either good in themselves or good as preparation for a remote future life, while it has doubtless brought consolation to many downtrodden individuals, has, nevertheless, proved itself a reactionary force of the worst sort and a persistent obstacle to all forms of social progress. It has prevented the oppressed from protesting and has given moral sanction to the cruel indifference and complacency of the oppressors. The inverted ideal of repression and denial should be replaced by Zarathustra's call to a life of affirmation and fulfillment. Whatever makes for the furtherance of life and the attainment of desire is in so far good. The only excuse for denying any of the impulses of nature is when their fulfillment would result in the thwarting of stronger or more numerous impulses on the part of ourselves or others. Moral evil is only the preference of a lesser to a greater good.

With the second of the Christian principles, namely, the ideal of altruism or love, the case is the reverse. If life-fulfillment is good, it is irrational and absurd to limit it to any one person or group, even if the person be one's self and the group be one's own class. The greatest, as well as the most accessible, form of self-realization consists in co-operating with others and helping wherever help is needed. To follow Nietzsche and banish Christian charity by limiting one's ideal of power or life-enhancement to a harsh and narrow dominance over others would not only be irrational, it would deprive the one thus acting of that broadest and most enduring form of happiness, which consists in sympathy with all and more especially with the weak whose need is most urgent. *The problem of modern ethics is to purge Christian altruism of its taint of asceticism, and to purge the life-affirming ideals of Nietzsche of their taint of cruelty and selfishness, and then combine the two ideals into a single system.*

### III. THE ANTI-DEMOCRACY OF NIETZSCHE

Democracy is applied Christianity, and for that reason Nietzsche hates it. The Christians would exalt the humble and humiliate the powerful. The democrats would exalt the commonplace Demos and reduce



to the dead level of mediocrity all men of superior strength and ability. Democracy may call itself anti-clerical and humanitarian and boast of its emancipation from theological superstition, but it retains, nevertheless, the essential error of the religion from which it sprung. Political democracy is the enthronement of herd-morality and herd-mentality in the realm of government. It is bad enough, but the economic democracy or socialism which is the goal of democratic evolution is far worse. For in socialism we have herd-morality supreme not only in government, but in property and industry, and hence in all domains of human affairs.

The strength of the Nietzschean criticism of democracy can be illustrated as follows: Imagine all the individuals of a community to be arranged in a series according to their abilities. Assume that the series runs from zero per cent. at its lowest to 100 per cent. at its highest. If such a community is democratically operated, each member will possess an equal share in directing its affairs and receiving its benefits, with the result that the efficiency of management will be exactly 50 per cent., or just one half what it would be under the aristocratic plan in which the best members or those ranking 100 per cent. in ability are the rulers. Why should we tolerate government by the average when we might have government by the best? In organizing any private enterprise we should, as a matter of course, secure our directors from the expert minority of ability. Why should we make a wasteful exception to the rule of reason in the great enterprise of political and economic government?

Nietzsche's theory of aristocracy differs in two respects from the traditional conception. (1) He does not identify his ideal aristocracy with any of the actually established aristocracies, not even that of his own country. He is not a nationalist, and he would not base the claim to aristocratic privilege on the inheritance of wealth or title. Not the Junkers of Prussia but the best men of Europe should have the power to rule; and they would constitute an aristocracy *de jure* and not merely *de facto*. (2) The second point in which Nietzsche differs from the ordinary Tory is in the thoroughgoingness of his advocacy of aristocracy. The democratic slogan is «Government of the people, for the people, and by the people»; the traditional aristocrat replies: «Government of the people for the benefit of all, but conducted by the few.» Nietzsche, however, would have government of the people, conducted by the few and for the benefit of the few. In other words, he has no patience with the tory pretense of *noblesse oblige*, or the claim that an aristocracy is really in the interest of the majority. The herd will, to be sure, get certain incidental benefits from the rule of great men, just as cattle benefit from the shade of a great tree. But the tree exists for its own sake and not for the sake of the cattle, and analogously your true aristocrats will use and should use the power which they seize for their own



welfare, rather than for the welfare of the people. For, to Nietzsche, true goodness or power is intensive rather than extensive and the real value of any group or race is measured by the greatness of its greatest members and not by the uniformly distributed greatness of its average. A community of groveling slaves which contained a single Napoleon or Shakespeare, would be preferable to a community composed entirely of prosperous and fairly intelligent Philistines.

To what extent and in what manner can we answer Nietzsche's attack upon the ideals of democracy? I believe that we can answer it to the same extent and in the same manner that we answered his attack upon the ideals of Christianity. For Nietzsche is right in maintaining that democracy despite all of its secular formulations is nothing but Christianity applied to the field of government. In each case it is an affair of the dominance of herd-morality over master-morality. It will be remembered that we found the Christian ethics to be summed up in two ideals: (1) asceticism or a denial of one's own will to life; (2) altruism or love of other lives. While Nietzsche's anti-Christianity was similarly reducible to the two principles opposed to the above, namely, (1) the will to power, or the right and duty of affirming one's own life-impulses; (2) egoism or the disregard of other lives. We suggested that the conflict could be solved by a doctrine of life-affirming altruism, which would combine the second of the Christian principles with the first of those of Nietzsche. Now the democratic philosophy of government like Christianity itself can be shown to embody two main principles, one of which is false and subject to the objection brought against it by Nietzsche, while the other is true and capable of being harmonized with what is best in the Nietzschean ideals of aristocracy. These principles are as follows: (1) All men are equal in the sense that they have equal and uniform abilities. Whatever varies from the average should be crushed by the herd and made to conform. (2) All men are equal in the sense that they merit equal opportunities to develop their various and unequal abilities. Freedom to vary from the average is a universal right and the chief source of progress; it should be encouraged by the herd rather than suppressed.

Against the first of these doctrines, Nietzsche's argument is unanswerable, but when we come to the second principle of democracy, in which the equality of all men is interpreted as equality of opportunity, the situation is reversed. The same moral sense which approves your own right to develop your capacities carries with it a recognition of the equal right of your neighbor to develop his capacities. The ground for giving the great man a chance to make himself great is also a ground for giving the little man a chance to make himself as great as he can. The right of each is the right of all; and as long as we are possessed of reason and a social sense we cannot regard the right to a fair start in the race for life as other than universal. Moreover, social

expediency and efficiency reinforces individual justice. For the only way to discover the fastest runners is to allow all to run. So far from being opposed to aristocracy, democracy in the true sense is the least fallible method of finding the genuine aristocrats, and conferring power upon them. Only by an artificially imposed equality of opportunity can we disclose natural inequalities of merit.

If we were to follow Nietzsche in opposing this second principle of democracy, and deny the right to equality of opportunity, we should secure not the superior members of his *de jure* aristocracy but only such artificially and accidentally privileged persons as constitute the *de facto* aristocracies of the present day. And, finally, the same considerations that would dictate the choice of aristocrats by a democracy of equal rights, would operate to prevent the aristocrats when once chosen from ruling exclusively in their own interest as Nietzsche would have them rather than in the interest of all. For the only way to retain either their power or their right to power would be to preserve the fair play for the many on which the discovery of the truly great must depend. In short, Nietzsche was wrong in believing that there is any necessary incompatibility between the intensive excellence and efficiency embodied in great leaders and the extensive excellence or justice embodied in the welfare and prosperity of the entire community. Those who ruled by force over an oppressed people could never be as great as those who owed their rise to victory in honorable competition. In general the fairest race produces as its winners the fastest runners.

Our analysis of Nietzsche's anti-democracy has led us to conclude that the half of his theory of aristocracy in which he emphasises the importance of providing for the inequalities of men and for the freedom of the great from the tyranny of the majority is true, and that the form of democracy opposed to it is false; while the second half of his theory in which he proclaims the right of the few to tyrannize in their own interest over the many we find to be false, and the opposing principle of democracy as equality of opportunity we find to be not only true in itself but actually implied as a corollary of what is justifiable in his own theory of aristocracy. In short, Nietzsche's aristocratic philosophy of politics can supplement our traditional theory of democracy in the same way and to the same extent that his life-affirming philosophy of morals can supplement our traditional theory of Christianity.

Nietzsche's work will endure, for its appeal is to the deepest instincts of human nature, both those of good and those of evil.



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## ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed, — and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

Like thee must I *go down*, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

*I teach you the Superman.* Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves:



and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

Lo, I teach you the Superman!

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth!

### THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

**T**O the despisers of the body will I speak my word. I wish them neither to learn afresh, nor teach anew, but only to bid farewell to their own bodies, — and thus be dumb.

«Body am I, and soul» — so saith the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one, saith: «Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only the name of something in the body.»

The body is a big sagacity, a plurality with one sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

An instrument of thy body is also thy little sagacity, my brother, which thou callest «spirit» — a little instrument and plaything of thy big sagacity.

«Ego,» sayest thou, and art proud of that word. But the greater thing — in which thou art unwilling to believe — is thy body with its big sagacity; it saith not «ego,» but doeth it.

What the sense feeleth, what the spirit discerneth, hath never its end in itself. But sense and spirit would fain persuade thee that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Instruments and playthings are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the Self. The Self seeketh with the eyes of the senses, it hearkeneth also with the ears of the spirit.

Ever hearkeneth the Self, and seeketh; it compareth, mastereth, conquereth, and destroyeth. It ruleth, and is also the ego's ruler.

Still art thou a prisoner — it seemeth to me — who deviseth liberty for himself: ah! sharp becometh the soul of such prisoners, but also deceitful and wicked.

To purify himself, is still necessary for the freedman of the spirit. Much of the prison and the mold still remaineth in him: pure hath his eye still to become.

Yea, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not thy love and hope away!

Noble thou feelest thyself still, and noble others also feel thee still, though they bear thee a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to everybody a noble one standeth in the way.

Also to the good, a noble one standeth in the way: and even when they call him a good man, they want thereby to put him aside.

The new, would the noble man create, and a new virtue. The old, wanteth the good man, and that the old should be conserved.

But it is not the danger of the noble man to turn a good man, but lest he should become a blusterer, a scoffer, or a destroyer.

Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes.

Then lived they shamelessly in temporary pleasures, and beyond the day had hardly an aim.

«Spirit is also voluptuousness,» — said they. Then broke the wings of their spirit; and now it creepeth about, and defileth where it gnaweth.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; but sensualists are they now. A trouble and a terror is the hero to them.

But my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope! —



## WAR AND WARRIORS

YE shall love peace as a means to new wars — and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one hath arrow and bow; otherwise one prateth and quarrelleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: it is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

«What is good?» ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: «To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching.»

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. Ye are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well, then, my brethren, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becometh great, then doth it become haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

Ye shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance — that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior soundeth «thou shalt» pleasanter than «I will.» And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me — and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war! —



## THE NEW IDOL

SOMEWHERE there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: here there are states.

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.

A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: «I, the state, am the people.»

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil: this its neighbor understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death, indicateth this sign! Verily it beckoneth unto the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it enticeth them to it, the many-too-many! How it swalloweth and cheweth and recheweth them!

«On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God»—thus roareth the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, ye great souls, it whispereth its gloomy lies! Ah! it findeth out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth you out too, ye conquerors of the old God! Weary ye became of the conflict, and now your weariness serveth the new idol!

Heroes and honorable ones, it would fain set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basketh in the sunshine of good consciences,—the cold monster!

Everything will it give *you*, if *ye* worship it, the new idol: thus it purchaseth the lustre of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeketh to allure by means of *you*, the many-too-many! Yea, a hellish artifice hath here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honors!

Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death!

The state, I call it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all — is called «life.»

#### OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN *mayo but, yadda yadda*

**E**VERYTHING in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution. — it is called child-bearing.

Man is for woman, a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Too sweet fruits — these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman; — bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden: it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man!

A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: «May I bear the Superman!»

In your love let there be valor! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear!

In your love be your honor! Little doth woman understand otherwise about honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.



## WILL TO POWER

ONLY where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but — so teach I thee — Will to Power!

Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one; but out of the very reckoning speaketh — the Will to Power!

Thus did Life once teach me: and thereby, ye wisest ones, do I solve you the riddle of your hearts.

Verily, I say unto you: good and evil which would be everlasting — it doth not exist! Of its own accord must it ever surpass itself anew.

With your values and formulæ of good and evil, ye exercise power, ye valuing ones: and that is your secret love, and the sparkling, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power groweth out of your values, and a new surpassing: by it breaketh egg and egg-shell.

And he who hath to be a creator in good and evil — verily, he hath first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces.

Thus doth the greatest evil pertain to the greatest good: that, however, is the creating good. —

Let us *speak* thereof, ye wisest ones, even though it be bad. To be silent is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break up which can break up by our truths! Many a house is still to be built! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

Whether they be servile before Gods and divine spurnings, or before men and stupid human opinions: at *all* kinds of slaves doth it spit, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus doth it call all that is spirit-broken, and sordidly-servile — constrained, blinking eyes, depressed hearts, and the false submissive style, which kisseth with broad cowardly lips.

And spurious wisdom: so doth it call all the wit that slaves, and hoary-headed and weary ones affect; and especially all the cunning, spurious-witted, curious-witted foolishness of priests!

The spurious wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of feminine and servile nature — oh, how hath their game all along abused selfishness!

And precisely *that* was to be virtue and was to be called virtue — to abuse selfishness! And «selfless» — so did they wish themselves with good reason, all those world-weary cowards and cross-spiders!



But to all those cometh now the day, the change, the sword of judgment, *the great noontide*: then shall many things be revealed!

And he who proclaimeth the *ego* wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, verily, he, the prognosticator, speaketh also what he knoweth: «Behold, it cometh, it is nigh, *the great noontide*!»

O my brethren! With whom lieth the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just? —

— As those who say and feel in their hearts: «We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!»

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

O my brethren, into the hearts of the good and just looked someone once on a time, who said: «They are the Pharisees.» But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good *must* be Pharisees — they have no choice!

The good *must* crucify him who deviseth his own virtue! That is the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country — the country, heart and soil of the good and just, — it was he who asked: «Whom do they hate most?»

The *creator*, hate they most, him who breaketh the tables and old values, the breaker, — him they call the law-breaker.

For the good — they *cannot* create; they are always the beginning of the end: —

— They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables, they sacrifice *unto themselves* the future — they crucify the whole human future!

The good — they have always been the beginning of the end. —

## THE HIGHER MAN

WHEN I came unto men for the first time, then did I commit the anchorite folly, the great folly: I appeared on the market-place.

And when I spake unto all, I spake unto none. In the evening, however, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

With the new morning, however, there came unto me a new truth: then did I learn to say: «Of what account to me are market-place and populace and populace-noise and long populace-cars!»

Ye higher men, learn *this* from me: On the market-place no one believeth in higher men. But if ye will speak there, very well! The populace, however, blinketh: «We are all equal.»

«Ye higher men,» — so blinketh the populace, — «there are no higher men, we are all equal; man is man, before God — we are all equal!»

Before God! — Now, however, this God hath died. Before the populace, however, we will not be equal. Ye higher men, away from the market-place!

Before God! — Now however this God hath died! Ye higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he lay in the grave have ye again arisen. Now only cometh the great noontide, now only doth the higher man become — master!

Have ye understood this word, O my brethren? Ye are frightened: do your hearts turn giddy? Doth the abyss here yawn for you? Doth the hell-hound here yelp at you?

Well! Take heart! ye higher men! Now only travaileth the mountain of the human future. God hath died: now do *we* desire — the Superman to live.

The most careful ask to-day: «How is man to be maintained?» Zarathustra however asketh, as the first and only one: «How is man to be *surpassed*?»

The Superman, I have at heart; *that* is the first and only thing to me — and *not* man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best.—

O my brethren, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that maketh me love and hope.



In that ye have despised, ye higher men, that maketh me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that ye have despaired there is much to honor. For ye have not learned to submit yourselves, ye have not learned petty policy.

For to-day have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long *et cetera* of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originateth from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash: — *that* wisheth now to be master of all human destiny — O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

*That* asketh and asketh and never tireth. «How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?» Thereby — are they the masters of to-day.

These masters of to-day — surpass them, O my brethren — these petty people: *they* are the Superman's greatest danger!

Surpass, ye higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable comfortableness, the «happiness of the greatest number» — !

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And verily, I love you, because ye know not to-day how to live, ye higher men! For thus do ye live — best!

Do like unto the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain-caves: unto its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which giveth wings to asses, that which milketh the lionesses: — praised be that good, unruly spirit, which cometh like a hurricane unto all the present and unto all the populace, —

— Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds: — praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which danceth upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hateth the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood: — praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which bloweth dust into the eyes of all the melanopie and melancholic!

Ye higher men, the worst thing in you is that ye have none of you learned to dance as ye ought to dance — to dance beyond yourselves! What doth it matter that ye have failed!



How many things are still possible! So *learn* to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, ye good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you my brethren do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; ye higher men, *learn*, I pray you — to laugh!

## NIZĀMĪ

(1141-1203)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

**N**IZĀMĪ's name as a Persian poet is one that is not so well known in the Occident as the name of Firdausī, Hāfiz, or Sa'dī; but Nizāmī is one of the foremost classic writers of Persian literature, and there is authority for regarding his genius as second only to Firdausī in the romantic epic style. He was a native of western Persia, and was born in the year 1141. He is generally spoken of as Nizāmī of Ganjah, and that seems to have been his home during most of his life, and he died there in his sixty-third year (A. D. 1203).<sup>\*</sup> Nizāmī was brought up in an atmosphere of religious asceticism, but his life was brightened by the illumination which came with the divine poetic gift; his talents won him court favor, but his choice was retirement and quiet meditation, and there was a certain halo of sanctity about his person.

It is interesting to the literary student to think of this epic romanticist as writing in Persia at a time when the strain of the romantic epopee was just beginning to be heard among the minstrels of Provence and Normandy, and the music of its notes was awakening English ears. And yet Nizāmī's first poetic production, the 'Makhzan-al-asrār,' or 'Storehouse of Mysteries,' was rather a work of religious didacticism than of romance, and its title shows the Sūfī tinge of mystic speculation. Nizāmī's heart and true poetic bent, however, became evident shortly afterwards in the charming story in verse of the romantic love of 'Khusrau and Shīrīn,' which is one of the most imaginative tales in literature, and it established Nizāmī's claim to renown at the age of forty. The subject is the old Sassanian tradition of King Khusrau's love for the fair Armenian princess Shīrīn, who is alike beloved by the gifted young sculptor Farhād; the latter accomplishes an almost superhuman feat of chiseling through mountains at the royal bidding, in hopes of winning the fair one's hand, but meets his death in fulfilling the task imposed by his kingly rival. In Nizāmī's second romantic poem, 'Lailā and Majnūn,' we grieve at the sorrows of two lovers whose devotion stands in the Orient for the love of Eloisa and Abelard, Petrarch and Laura, Isabella and Lorenzo; while likenesses to Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' have been

suggested. The tragic fate of Lailā and Majnūn, the children of two rival Bedouin tribes, is a love tale of pre-Islamic times; for Nizāmī's subjects were never chosen from truly orthodox Mohammedan themes. His 'Seven Portraits' (Haft Paikar) is a series of romantic love stories of the seven favorite wives of King Bahrām Gōr, and leads back again to Sassanian days. The 'Iskandar Nāmah,' or 'Alexander Book,' is a combination of romantic fiction and of philosophy in epic style, which makes the work one of special interest in connection with the romances which form a cycle, in various literatures, about the name of Alexander the Great. The five works above mentioned are gathered into a collection known as the 'Five Treasures' (Panj Ganj), and in addition to these Nizāmī also produced a 'Dīvān,' or collection of short poems; so that his literary fertility is seen to be considerable.

The selections which are here presented are drawn from Atkinson's 'Lailā and Majnūn,' London, 1836, and from S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed, Glasgow, 1883). Those who are interested will find further bibliographical references in Ethé's contribution in Geiger's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' Vol. ii., page 243.

*A. V. Williams Jackson*

#### FROM NIZAMĪ'S 'LAILĀ AND MAJNŪN'

[Lailā and Majnūn are children of rival tribes.]

**S**HAIKHS of each tribe have children there, and each  
Studies whate'er the bearded sage can teach.

Thence his attainments Kais [Majnūn] assiduous drew,  
And scattered pearls from lips of ruby hue:  
And there, of different tribe and gentle mien,  
A lovely maid of tender years was seen;  
Her mental powers an early bloom displayed;  
Her peaceful form in simple garb arrayed;  
Bright as the morn her cypress shape, and eyes  
Dark as the stag's, were viewed with fond surprise:  
And when her cheek this Arab moon revealed,  
A thousand hearts were won; no pride, no shield,  
Could check her beauty's power, resistless grown,  
Given to enthrall and charm—but chiefly one.



Her richly flowing locks were black as night,  
And Lailā she was called—that heart's delight:  
One single glance the nerves to frenzy wrought,  
One single glance bewildered every thought;  
And when o'er Kais [Majnūn] affection's blushing rose  
Diffused its sweetness, from him fled repose:  
Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow;  
He sought to woo her, but he knew not how.  
He gazed upon her cheek, and as he gazed,  
Love's flaming taper more intensely blazed.

Soon mutual pleasure warmed each other's heart;  
Love conquered both—they never dreamt to part:  
And while the rest were poring o'er their books,  
They pensive mused, and read each other's looks;  
While other schoolmates for distinction strove,  
And thought of fame, they only thought of love;  
While others various climes in books explored,  
Both idly sat—adorer and adored.  
Science for them had now no charms to boast;  
Learning for them had all its virtues lost;  
Their only taste was love, and love's sweet ties,  
And writing ghazels to each other's eyes.

Yes, love triumphant came, engrossing all  
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;  
And whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,  
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.  
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours,  
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fair;  
Their opening path seemed decked with balmiest flowers,  
Their melting words as soft as summer air.  
Immersed in love so deep,  
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,  
And none be conscious of their amorous state;  
They hoped that none with prying eye,  
And gossip tongue invidiously,  
Might to the busy world its truth relate.  
And thus possessed, they anxious thought  
Their passion would be kept unknown;  
Wishing to seem what they were not,  
Though all observed their hearts were one.

[The lovers are separated.]

Lailā had, with her kindred, been removed  
 Among the Nijid mountains, where  
 She cherished still the thoughts of him she loved,  
 And her affection thus more deeply proved  
 Amid that wild retreat. Kais [Majnūn] sought her there;  
 Sought her in rosy bower and silent glade,  
 Where the tall palm-trees flung refreshing shade.  
 He called upon her name again;  
 Again he called,—alas! in vain;  
 His voice unheard, though raised on every side;  
 Echo alone to his lament replied;  
 And Lailā! Lailā! rang around,  
 As if enamored of that magic sound.  
 Dejected and forlorn, fast falling dew  
 Glistened upon his cheeks of pallid hue;  
 Through grove and frowning glen he lonely strayed,  
 And with his griefs the rocks were vocal made.  
 Beautiful Lailā! had she gone for ever?  
 Could he that thought support? oh, never, never!  
 Whilst deep emotion agonized his breast.

[Still Lailā thinks only of her beloved Majnūn.]

The gloomy veil of night withdrawn,  
 How sweetly looks the silvery dawn;  
 Rich blossoms laugh on every tree,  
 Like men of fortunate destiny,  
 Or the shining face of revelry.  
 The crimson tulip and golden rose  
 Their sweets to all the world disclose.  
 I mark the glittering pearly wave  
 The fountain's banks of emerald lave;  
 The birds in every arbor sing,  
 And the very raven hails the spring;  
 The partridge and the ring-dove raise  
 Their joyous notes of songs of praise;  
 But bulbuls, through the mountain-vale,  
 Like Majnūn, chant a mournful tale.

The season of the rose has led  
 Lailā to her favorite bower;  
 Her cheeks the softest vermil-red,  
 Her eyes the modest sumbul flower.

She has left her father's painted hall,  
 She has left the terrace where she kept  
 Her secret watch till evening fall,  
 And where she oft till midnight wept.

A golden fillet sparkling round  
 Her brow, her raven tresses bound;  
 And as she o'er the greensward tripped,  
 A train of damsels ruby-lipped,  
 Blooming like flowers of Samarkand,  
 Obedient bowed to her command.  
 She glittered like a moon among  
 The beauties of the starry throng,  
 With lovely forms as Houris bright,  
 Or Peris glancing in the light;  
 And now they reach an emerald spot,  
 Beside a cool sequestered grot,  
 And soft recline beneath the shade,  
 By a delicious rose-bower made:  
 There, in soft converse, sport, and play,  
 The hours unnoted glide away;  
 But Lailā to the bulbul tells  
 What secret grief her bosom swells,  
 And fancies, through the rustling leaves,  
 She from the garden-breeze receives  
 The breathings of her own true love,  
 Fond as the cooings of the dove.

“O faithful friend, and lover true,  
 Still distant from thy Lailā's view;  
 Still absent, still beyond her power  
 To bring thee to her fragrant bower:  
 O noble youth, still thou art mine,  
 And Lailā, Lailā, still is thine!”

[Majnūn, frenzied and distracted, vainly seeks his Lailā, whom her father has betrothed against her will to a man she can but hate. The unhappy girl is long imprisoned in a closely guarded tower, until unexpectedly one night the word is brought of the death of her enforced and loathed husband. The situation is depicted in an Oriental manner.]

How beautifully blue  
 The firmament! how bright  
 The moon is sailing through  
 The vast expanse to-night!



And at this lovely hour,  
 The lonely Lailā weeps  
 Within her prison tower,  
 And her sad record keeps.

How many days, how many years,  
 Her sorrows she has borne!  
 A lingering age of sighs and tears,—  
 A night that has no morn;  
 Yet in that guarded tower she lays her head,  
 Shut like a gem within its stony bed.  
 And who the warder of that place of sighs?  
 Her husband! he the dragon-watch supplies.

What words are those which meet her anxious ear?  
 Unusual sounds, unusual sights appear;  
 Lamps flickering round, and wailings sad and low,  
 Seem to proclaim some sudden burst of woe.  
 Beneath her casements rings a wild lament;  
 Death-notes disturb the night; the air is rent  
 With clamorous voices; every hope is fled:  
 He breathes no longer—Ibn Salim is dead!  
 The fever's rage had nipped him in his bloom;  
 He sank unloved, unpitied, to the tomb.

And Lailā marks the moon: a cloud  
 Had stained its lucid face;

The mournful token of a shroud,  
 End of the humble and the proud,  
 The grave their resting-place.

And now to her the tale is told,  
 Her husband's hand and heart are cold.  
 And must she mourn the death of one  
 Whom she had loathed to look upon?  
 In customary garb arrayed,  
 Disheveled tresses, streaming eyes,  
 The heart remaining in disguise,—  
 She seemed, distraction in her mien,  
 To feel her loss, if loss had been;  
 But all the burning tears she shed

Were for her own Majnūn, and not the dead!

[In after life the two lovers meet but for a moment of enchanting rapture, and an instant for interchanging mutual vows of devotion; when the woe-worn Majnūn and the unhappy Lailā are separated forever, to be united only in death. Legend tells us how Lailā's faithful page beheld a glorious vision of the beatified lovers joined in Paradise.]

The minstrel's legend chronicle  
Which on their woes delights to dwell,  
Their matchless purity and faith,  
And how their dust was mixed in death,  
Tells how the sorrow-stricken Zeyd  
Saw, in a dream, the beauteous bride,  
With Majnūn seated side by side.  
In meditation deep one night,  
The other world flushed on his sight  
With endless vistas of delight—  
The world of spirits; as he lay,  
Angels appeared in bright array,  
Circles of glory round them gleaming,  
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;  
He saw the ever verdant bowers,  
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;  
The bulbul heard, their sweets among,  
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;  
The ring-dove's murmuring, and the swell  
Of melody from harp and shell;  
He saw within a rosy glade,  
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,  
A throne, amazing to behold,  
Studded with glittering gems and gold;  
Celestial carpets near it spread  
Close where a lucid streamlet strayed:  
Upon that throne, in blissful state,  
The long-divided lovers sate,  
Resplendent with seraphic light;  
They held a cup, with diamonds bright;  
Their lips by turns, with nectar wet,  
In pure ambrosial kisses met;  
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,  
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.

The dreamer who this vision saw  
Demanded, with becoming awe,  
What sacred names the happy pair  
In Irem-bowers were wont to bear.  
A voice replied:—"That sparkling moon  
Is Lailā still—her friend, Majnūn;  
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,  
They reap their great reward in this!"

## CHARLES NODIER

(1780-1844)

**D**URING the French Revolution, the Society of the Friends of the Constitution, an offshoot of the Paris Jacobins, sprang up at Besançon. M. Nodier, ex-mayor, and during the Terror a sad but inexorable public accuser, was one of its leaders. His son Charles, who was born at Besançon, April 28th, 1780, used to accompany his father to the meetings of the society, of which he became a member; and when he was twelve years old made his seniors an eloquent address full of republican principles. These he always retained, whether grumbling wittily at king, consul, or emperor, as was his way. His studies of political events in the 'Souvenirs' are more entertaining than reliable. He was not an active politician; but his youthful expression of opinion, by embroiling him with the authorities, influenced his whole career.



CHARLES NODIER

About 1802 a satiric ode, 'Napoléone,' prompted by the proscription of the consulate, attracted attention. To rescue others from suspicion, Nodier boldly admitted its authorship. What followed is difficult to determine, as he and his friends bewail his sufferings, and others pronounce them a fabrication. He spent several years in exile, wandering through the Vosges mountains. During this time he made the friendship of Benjamin Constant, and also saw much of Madame de Staël, who may have inspired his love of German literature. German mysticism appealed strongly to his fanciful spirit, as did the rich folklore of Germany. Imaginative, a lover of nature, his early works—'Les Méditations du Cloître,' 'Le Peintre de Salzburg,' 'Le Solitaire des Vosges,' 'Stella, ou les Proscrits'—express a quite Byronic self-indulgence in woe, with a tinge of Rousseau-like sentimentality.

His 'Dictionnaire des Onomatopées Françaises' (1808) was an ingenious effort to establish the origin of languages from imitation of natural sounds. This many-sided Charles Nodier was perhaps primarily a scientist. He looked at life with microscopic eyes, and loved minute investigation. As a boy in his native town, his much older



friend Chantras had aroused his interest in natural history; and his first work was a 'Dissertation upon the Functions of Antennæ in Insects.' He is said to have discovered the organ of hearing in insects. Now, just the fascination he found in a butterfly's wing or a beetle's nippers, he found too in the study of language. To find and fit the exact word gave him exquisite pleasure. Of all things he detested easy banality; and whatever he wrote had a piquant novelty of phrase which never seemed forced. This sweet-natured lover of fairies was familiar with the classics and foreign literature, erudite in the structure and usage of his mother tongue. In the mastery of words, which makes his style as "flexible as water," he is a classicist. "Boileau would have admired him," says a critic; and in his respect for form he belongs to the old régime. But he was modern too. His sympathies were not only for world-wide, world-old experience. His fancy wandered off into side tracks; and sought the bizarre, the exceptional, the mysterious. He admitted the personal element in art; wanted to express himself, Charles Nodier; and thus is a forerunner of romanticism. It is a pity that his successors forgot his lesson of moderation in inartistic excesses; for literary instinct kept his own venturesome spontaneity always within the domain of good taste.

The slender white-browed man with his piercing eyes, his childlike enthusiasms, worked his way gradually to fame. In 1823 he was appointed librarian at the library of the Arsenal in Paris; where for more than twenty years, until his death in 1844, his salon was "a little Tuileries for young writers and the new school." Here Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas *fils*, De Musset, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, and many another young man with fame before him, listened respectfully to the Academician, the critic and teller of tales. Sainte-Beuve describes his lovable presence, his fascinating converse in which witty irony was so veiled with tact as never to wound. One day a young friend brought him a manuscript in which he had consciously tried to imitate the master's style. "My dear boy," said Nodier, "what you have brought me cannot be very good, for at first I thought it must be mine."

Nodier was a poet. He loved what he calls "the Muse of the Ideal, the elegant sumptuous daughter of Asia, who long ago took refuge under the fogs of Great Britain." His small volume of lyric verse, published in 1827, has a melody and suggestive freakish grace which make one wish it larger.

His stories are his best-known work, and in fiction his gifts are many. There is a lofty sentiment in his more introspective sketches which suggests Lamartine. In some moods he delights in elfland dream goblins, kindly fays—as in 'Triiby, le Lutin d'Argaile,' 'La

Fée aux Miettes,' 'Trésor des Fèves et Fleur des Pois,' 'Les Quatre Talismans.' Sometimes he is akin to Hoffmann in his expression of psychologic mystery, in his eery enchantment. Of this, 'Smana, or the Demons of Night' is a good example. He is a mocker too; and in stories like 'Les Marionnettes,' 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles,' he satirizes with sparkling irony both himself and the world.

## THE GOLDEN DREAM

### THE KARDOUON

AS ALL the world knows, the Kardouon is the prettiest, the cleverest, and the most courteous of lizards. The Kardouon dresses in gold like a great lord, but he is shy and modest; and from his solitary secluded life people think him a scholar. The Kardouon has never done ill to any one, and every one loves the Kardouon. The young girls are proud when, as they pass, he gazes upon them with love and joy, erecting his neck of iridescent blue and ruby between the fissures of an old wall, or sparkling in the sunshine with countless reflections from the marvelous tissue in which he is clad.

They say to each other: "It was I, not you, whom he looked at to-day. He thought me the prettiest, and I'll be his love."

The Kardouon thinks nothing of the kind. He is looking about for good roots to feast his comrades, and to enjoy with them at his leisure on a sparkling stone in the full noontide heat.

One day the Kardouon found in the desert a treasure composed of bright new coins, so pretty and polished that they seemed to have just bounded out with a groan from under the measure. A fugitive king had left them there so that he could go faster.

"Goodness of God!" said the Kardouon. "Here, if I'm not much mistaken, is a precious provision just right for the winter. It's nothing less than slices of that fresh sugary carrot which always revives my spirits when solitude wearies me, and the most appetizing I ever have seen."

And the Kardouon glided toward the treasure—not directly, for that is not his way, but winding about prudently; now with head raised, nose in the air, his whole body in a straight line, his tail vertical like a stake; then pausing undecided, inclining first one eye then the other toward the ground, to listen with



each of his fine Kardouon's ears; then lifting his gaze, examining right and left, listening to everything, seeing everything, gradually reassuring himself; darting forward like a brave Kardouon; then drawing back, palpitating with terror, like a poor Kardouon far from his hole, who feels himself pursued; and then happy and proud, arching his back, rounding his shoulders, rolling the folds of his rich caparison, lifting the gilded scales of his coat of mail, growing green, undulating, flying forward, flinging to the winds the dust under his feet, and lashing it with his tail. Unquestionably he was the handsomest of Kardouons.

When he had reached the treasure, he pierced it with his glance, grew rigid as a piece of wood, drew himself up on his two front feet and fell upon the first piece of gold which met his teeth.

He broke one of them.

The Kardouon dashed ten feet backward, returned more thoughtfully, and bit more modestly.

"They're abominably dry," he said. "Oh! when Kardouons collect such a store of sliced carrots for their posterity, they make a great mistake not to put them in a damp spot where they would retain their nourishing quality! It must be admitted," he added to himself, "that the Kardouon species is not very advanced. As for me, thank heaven, I dined the other day, and don't need whatever wretched meal I can find, like a common Kardouon. I'll carry this provender under the great tree of the desert, among the grasses moist with the dew of heaven and the freshness of springs. I will sleep beside it on the soft fine sand, which the earliest dawn will warm; and when a clumsy bee, dizzy from the blossom where she has spent the night, buzzing about like a mad thing, awakens me with her humming, I will begin the most regal repast ever made by a Kardouon."

The Kardouon I am describing was a Kardouon of execution. What he said he did, which is much. By evening the whole treasure, transported piece by piece, was getting uselessly refreshed on a fine carpet of long silky moss, which bent beneath its weight. Overhead an enormous tree stretched boughs luxuriant with leaves and flowers, and seemed to invite passers-by to enjoy a pleasant slumber in its shade.

And the tired Kardouon went peacefully to sleep, dreaming of fresh roots.

This is the Kardouon's story.



## XAILOUN

THE next day Xailoun, the poor wood-cutter, came to this same spot, enticed by the melodious gurgle of running water, and by the fresh and laughing rustle of the leaves. He was still far from the forest, and as usual in no hurry to reach it, and this restful place flattered his natural indolence.

As few knew Xailoun during his lifetime, I will say that he was one of the disgraced children of nature, who seem born, merely to exist. As he was dull in mind and deformed in body—although a good simple creature incapable of doing, of thinking, or even of understanding, evil—his family had always looked upon him as a subject of sadness and vexation. Constant humiliations had early inspired Xailoun with a taste for solitude; and this, and the fact that other professions were forbidden by his weakness of mind, were the reasons why he had been made a wood-cutter. In the town he was known only as silly Xailoun. Indeed, the children followed him through the streets with mischievous laughter, calling: "Room, room, for honest Xailoun. Xailoun, the best-natured wood-cutter who ever held hatchet! Behold him on his way to the glades of the wood to talk science with his cousin the Kardouon. Ah! noble Xailoun!"

And his brothers, blushing in proud shame, retreated as he passed.

But Xailoun did not seem to notice them, and he laughed with the children.

Now it is not natural for any man to judge ill of his own intelligence; and Xailoun used to think that the chief cause of this daily disdain and derision was the poverty of his clothes. He had decided that the Kardouon, who in the sunlight is the most beautiful of all the dwellers of earth, was the most favored of all God's creatures; and he secretly promised himself, if he should ever attain his intimate friendship, to deck himself in some cast-off bit of the Kardouon's costume, and stroll proudly about the country to fascinate the eyes of the good folk.

"Moreover," he added, when he had reflected as much as his Xailoun's judgment permitted, "the Kardouon is my cousin, they say; and I feel it is true, from the sympathy which attracts me toward this honorable personage. Since my brothers disdain me, the Kardouon is my nearest of kin; and I want to live with him if he welcomes me, even if I am good for nothing more than to

spread a bed of dried leaves for him every night, and to tuck him in while he sleeps, and to warm his room with a bright and cheerful fire when the weather is bad. The Kardouon may grow old before I do; for he was nimble and beautiful when I was still very young, and when my mother used to point and say, 'See, there is the Kardouon.' I know, thank God, how to render little services to an invalid, and how to divert him with pleasant trifles. It's too bad he's so haughty!"

In truth, the Kardouon did not usually respond cordially to Xailoun's advances, but vanished in the sand like a flash at his approach; and did not pause until safe behind a stone or hillock, to turn on him sidewise two sparkling eyes, which might have made carbuncles envious.

Then clasping his hands, Xailoun would say respectfully, "Alas, cousin! why do you run away from your friend and comrade? I ask only to follow and to serve you instead of my brothers, for whom I would willingly die, but who are less kind and charming than you. If you chance to need a good servant, do not repel, as they do, your faithful Xailoun."

But the Kardouon always went away; and Xailoun returned to his mother, weeping because his cousin the Kardouon would not speak to him.

This day his mother had driven him off, pushing him by the shoulders and striking him in her anger.

"Clear out, good-for-nothing!" she said to him. "Go back to your cousin the Kardouon, for you don't deserve any other kin."

As usual, Xailoun had obeyed; and he was looking for his cousin the Kardouon.

"Oh! oh!" he said, as he reached the tree with the great green boughs, "here's something new. My cousin the Kardouon has gone to sleep in the shade here, where the streams meet. When he wakes, will be a good chance to talk business. But what the deuce is he guarding, and what does he mean to do with all those funny bits of yellow lead? Brighten up his clothes, perhaps. He may be thinking of marriage. Faith, the Kardouon shops have their cheats too; for that metal looks coarse, and one bit of my cousin's old coat is a thousand times better. However, I'll see what he says if he's more talkative than usual: for I can rest here; and as I'm a light sleeper, I am sure to wake as soon as he does."



Just as Xailoun was lying down, he had an idea.

"It's a cool night," he said, "and my cousin the Kardouon is not used like me to sleeping along springs and in forests. The morning air is not healthy."

Xailoun took off his coat and spread it lightly over the Kardouon, careful not to wake him. The Kardouon did not wake.

Then Xailoun slept profoundly, dreaming of friendship with the Kardouon.

This is Xailoun's story.

#### THE FAKIR ABHOC

THE next day there came to this same spot the fakir Abhoc, who had feigned to start on a pilgrimage, but who was really hunting some windfall.

As he approached to rest at the spring he caught sight of the treasure, embraced it in a glance, and quickly reckoned its value on his fingers.

"Unlooked-for luck!" he cried, "which the merciful omnipotent Lord at last vouchsafes my society, after so many years of trial; and which, to render its conquest the easier, he has deigned to place under the simple guard of an innocent lizard and of a poor imbecile boy!"

I must tell you that the fakir Abhoc knew both Xailoun and the Kardouon perfectly by sight.

"Heaven be praised in all things," he added, sitting down a few steps away. "Good-by to the fakir's robe, to the long fasts, to the hard mortifying of the flesh. I mean to change my country and manner of life; and in the first kingdom that takes my fancy, I'll buy some good province, which will yield a fat revenue. Once established in my palace, I will give myself up to enjoyment, among flowers and perfumes, in the midst of pretty slaves, who will rock my spirits gently with their melodious music, while I toss off exquisite wines from the largest of my golden cups. I am growing old, and good wine gladdens the heart of age. But this treasure is heavy, and it would ill become a great territorial lord like myself, with a multitude of servants and countless militia, to turn porter, even if no one saw me. A prince must respect himself if he would win the respect of his people. Besides, this peasant seems to have been sent here expressly to serve me. He is strong as an ox, and



can easily carry my gold to the next village; and once there, I will give him my monkish suit and some common money, such as poor people use."

After this fine soliloquy, the fakir Abhoc, sure that his treasure was in no danger from either the Kardouon or poor Xailoun, who knew its value as little, yielded willingly to sleep, dreaming proudly of his harem, peopled with the rarest beauties of the Orient, and of his Schiraz wine, foaming in golden cups.

This is the fakir Abhoc's story.

#### DOCTOR ABHAC

THE next day there came to the same place, Dr. Abhac, a man versed in all law, who had lost his way while meditating an ambiguous text of which the jurists had already given one hundred and thirty-two different interpretations. He was about to seize the one hundred and thirty-third when the sight of the treasure made him forget it entirely, and transported his thought to the ticklish subject of invention, property, and treasure. It was blotted from his memory so completely that he would not have found it again in a hundred years. It is a great loss.

"It appears," said Dr. Abhac, "as though the Kardouon had discovered the treasure, and I'll guaranty that he will not plead his right of priority to claim his legal portion of the division. Therefore the said Kardouon is excluded from the consideration. As for the treasure and its ownership, I maintain that this is a waste spot, common property of all and any, over which neither State nor individual has rights. A fortunate feature of the actual facts is this junction of running waters, marking, if I am not mistaken, the disputed boundary between two warlike peoples; and long and bloody wars being likely to arise from the possible conflict of two jurisdictions. Therefore I would accomplish an innocent, legitimate, even provident act, if I were to carry the treasure elsewhere, or take what I can. As for these two adventurers, of whom one seems a poor woodcutter and the other a wretched fakir, folks of neither name nor weight, they have probably come here to sleep in order to make an amiable division to-morrow; since they are unacquainted with both text and commentary, and probably esteem themselves equal in force. But they cannot extricate themselves without a lawsuit, upon that I'll stake my reputation. But as I am growing sleepy from the

great perturbation of mind resulting from this business, I will take formal possession by putting some of these pieces in my turban in order to prove publicly and decisively in court, if the case is there evoked, the priority of my claims; since he who possesses the thing by desire of ownership, tradition of ownership, and first possession, is presumably owner, according to the law."

And Dr. Abhac fortified his turban with so many pieces of proof that he spent a good part of the day, poor man, dragging it to the spot where the shadow of the protecting boughs was dying in the low rays of sun. Again and again he returned to add new witnesses, until he finally decided to fill his turban and risk sleeping bareheaded in the evening dew.

"I need not be anxious about waking," he said, leaning his freshly shaven crown on the stuffed turban, which served as a pillow. "These people will begin to dispute by dawn, and will be glad enough to find a lawyer at hand, so I will be assured of my part and parcel."

After which Dr. Abhac slumbered magisterially, dreaming of gold and of legal procedures.

This is the story of Dr. Abhac.

#### THE KING OF THE SANDS

THE next day toward sunset there came to the same spot a famous bandit, whose name history has not preserved; but who was the terror of the caravans throughout the country, and who, from the heavy tributes he exacted, was called the King of the Sands. He had never before come so far into the desert, for this route was little frequented by travelers; and the sight of the spring and the shady boughs so rejoiced his heart, not often awake to the beauties of nature, that he decided to stop for a moment.

"Not a bad idea of mine," he murmured between his teeth when he saw the treasure. "The Kardouon, following the immemorial custom of lizards and dragons, is guarding this heap of gold with which he has no concern, and these three poor parasites have come here together to divide it. If I try to take charge of this booty while they are asleep I shall surely awaken the Kardouon, who is always on the alert, and he will arouse these scamps, and I'll have to deal with the lizard, the woodcutter, the fakir, and the lawyer, who all want the prize, and are able to



fight for it. Prudence admonishes me to feign sleep beside them until the shadows have fallen; and later, I'll profit by the darkness to kill them one after another with a good blow of my dagger. This is such a lonely spot that to-morrow I can easily carry off all this wealth; and I'll not hurry away until I have breakfasted off this Kardouon, whose flesh, my father used to say, is very delicate."

And he went to sleep in his turn, dreaming of pillage, assassinations, and broiled Kardouons.

This is the story of the King of the Sands, who was a robber, and so named to distinguish him from the others.

### THE SAGE LOCKMAN

THE next day there came to the same spot Lockman the Sage, poet and philosopher; Lockman, lover of men, preceptor of peoples, and counselor of kings; Lockman, who often sought remotest solitudes to meditate upon God and nature.

And Lockman walked slowly, enfeebled by age; for that day he had reached the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman paused at the spectacle under the tree of the desert, and reflected a moment.

"The picture offered my eyes by Divine bounty," at last he exclaimed, "contains ineffable instruction, O sublime Creator of all things; and as I contemplate, my soul is overwhelmed with admiration for the lessons resulting from your works, and with compassion for the senseless beings who ignore you.

"Here is a treasure, as men say, which may often have given its owner repose of mind and soul.

"Here is the Kardouon, who has found these gold pieces, and guided only by the feeble instinct you have given him, has mistaken them for slices of sun-dried roots.

"Here is poor Xailoun, whose eyes were dazzled by the Kardouon's splendor, because his mind could not reach you through the shadows which envelop him like an infant's swaddling-clothes, and fails to adore in this glorious apparel the omnipotent hand which thus clad the humblest of creatures.

"Here is the fakir Abhoc, who has trusted in the natural timidity of the Kardouon and the imbecility of Xailoun, in order to possess himself of all this wealth, and to render his old age opulent.



"Here is Dr. Abhiac, who has reckoned on the debate sure to arise upon the division of these deceitful vanities, that he may institute himself mediator and decree himself a double share.

"Here is the King of the Sands, the last comer, revolving fatal ideas and projects of death, in the usual manner of those deplorable men abandoned to earthly passion. Perhaps he promised himself to murder the others during the night, as seems likely from the violence with which his hand grasps his dagger.

"And all five are sleeping forever under the deadly shade of the Upas, whose fatal seeds have been hurled here by some angry gust from the depths of Javan forests."

When he had spoken thus, Lockman bowed down, and worshiped God.

And when he had risen, he passed his hand through his beard and went on:—

"The respect due the dead forbids us to leave their bodies a prey to wild beasts. The living judge the living, but the dead belong to God."

And he loosened the pruning-knife from Xailoun's belt, with which to dig three graves.

In the first grave he placed the fakir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed Doctor Abhac.

In the third grave he buried the King of the Sands.

"As for thee, Xailoun," he soliloquized, "I will bear thee beyond the deadly influence of the tree poison, so that thy friends, if there be any on earth since the Kardouon's death, can weep without danger at the spot of thy repose. And I will do this also, my brother, because thou didst spread thy mantle over the sleeping Kardouon to preserve him from cold."

Then Lockman carried Xailoun far away, and dug him a grave in a little ravine full of blossoms, bathed by springs of the desert, under trees whose fronds floating in the wind spread about them only freshness and fragrance.

And when this was done, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a second time, and after reflection, went to fetch the Kardouon which lay dead under the poison-tree of Java.

Then Lockman dug a fifth grave for the Kardouon, beyond Xailoun's on a slope better exposed to the sun, whose dawning rays arouse the gayety of lizards.

"God guard me from separating in death those who have loved in life," said Lockman.

And when he had thus spoken, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a third time, and after reflecting went back to the foot of the Upas tree.

There he dug a very deep grave, and buried the treasure.

"This precaution may save the life of a man or a Kardouon," he said with an inward smile.

Then Lockman, greatly fatigued, went on his way to rest beside Xailoun's grave.

And he was quite exhausted when he reached it, and falling on the earth commended his soul to God, and died.

This is the story of Lockman the Sage.

#### THE ANGEL

THE next day there came one of the spirits of God which you have seen only in dreams.

He floated, rose, sometimes seemed lost in the eternal azure, then descended again, balanced himself at heights which thought cannot measure, on large blue wings like a giant butterfly.

As he approached, he waved his golden curls and let himself rock on the currents of air, throwing out his ivory arms and abandoning his head to all the little clouds of heaven.

Then he alighted on the slender boughs without bending a leaf or a blossom, and then he flew with caressing wings around the new-made grave of Xailoun.

"What!" he cried, "is Xailoun dead? Xailoun, whom heaven awaits for his innocence and simplicity?"

And from his large blue wings he dropped a little feather, which suddenly took root and grew into the most beautiful plume ever seen over a royal coffin. This he did to mark the spot.

Then he saw the poet asleep in death as in a joyful dream, his features laughing with peace and happiness.

"My Lockman too," said the Angel, "desired to grow young again to resemble us, although he had passed only a few seasons among men,—who, alas! have not had time to profit by his lessons. Yes, come, my brother, come with me; awake from death to follow me. Come to eternal day, come to God."

At the same time he placed a kiss of resurrection on Lockman's brow, raised him lightly from his bed of moss, and hurried

him into a heaven so deep that the eyes of eagles could not follow them.

This is the Angel's story.

#### THE END OF THE GOLDEN DREAM

WHAT I have just told happened infinite ages ago, and the name of the sage Lockman has lingered ever since in the memory of men.

And ever since, the Upas tree has stretched out the branches whose shadow means death between the waters which flow eternally.

This is the story of the World.



## FRANK NORRIS

(1870-1902)

BY CARL VAN DOREN

**T**HE career of Frank Norris opened with so much promise and was cut off so prematurely that his fame has from the first been colored by expectations of what he might have become had he lived to realize them. He seemed, indeed, as the new century opened, to be a singularly authentic and prophetic voice. Of the three great American novelists then living, Mark Twain by most readers was hardly thought of as a novelist at all, William Dean Howells had already come to his subdued later manner, and Henry James had long been separated from his own country by persistent foreign residence and from the world at large by the intricacy of his language and the subtlety of his concerns. American fiction in general had been devoted for thirty years to the recording of sectional singularities and had been gradually worn down to a low tone from which the very recent rage for historical romance had not quite lifted it. Into this staid tradition Frank Norris, barely preceded by Harold Frederic and Stephen Crane, broke with a disturbing voice.

He was one of the least sectional of American novelists. Born in Chicago, where he passed his boyhood, in 1870, a student of art in Paris for two years, student for four years at the University of California and for one graduate year at Harvard, newspaper correspondent in South Africa at the time of the Jameson raid and in Cuba during the Santiago campaign, and journalist in San Francisco, Norris had a vision of his native land which set him with the movement, already feebly under way, to «continentalize» American literature. He was not a victim of that movement, which led some good men to an arid cosmopolitanism, but Zola, his chief teacher, and Kipling had taught Norris how much the strength of realism depends upon facts observed in their native places. And though one of his earliest passions was Froissart, and his first book, (*Yvernelle*) (1892), was a verse romance upon a mediæval French theme, his mature plots were laid almost entirely in settings with which he was familiar. That so many of them are Californian must be ascribed to his early death; he meant later to turn to other regions.

What gave Norris this large «continental» view of his materials was a certain epic disposition which he had. He tended to vast plans and conceived trilogies. His (*Epic of the Wheat*) — (*The Octopus*) (1901), which deals with the production of wheat in California, (*The Pit*)

(1903), which deals with the distribution of wheat in the Chicago Board of Trade, and *(The Wolf)* which was to have dealt with the relieving of a famine in Europe by American wheat — he thought of as three distinct novels, bound together only by the cosmic spirit of the wheat which comes up from the abundant earth and moves irresistibly to its appointed purpose, guided, of course, by men, and fought and played over by them, but always mightier than they and actually their master. Another trilogy to which he meant to give years of work would have centred about the battle of Gettysburg, one part for each day, and would have sought to present what Norris considered the American spirit as his *«Epic of the Wheat»* sought to present an impersonal force of nature. Such conceptions explain the grandiose manner which Norris never lost, and they serve to explain the passion of his realism.

This passion, a kind of fiery zeal for the truth, was the quality which marked Norris and his kind off from the older realists. Zola had had it, and Norris, who called Zola *«the very head of the Romanticists,»* was even willing to name his own form of realism romantic if he could thus argue for the use in fiction of deeper truths than the minute and surface matters which, in his judgment, were the chief stock of realism. Perhaps the most obvious instance in his work of this romantic tendency is the story of Vanamee, the sheep-herder in *(The Octopus)*, who has mystical communings with the spirit of his dead mistress. But equally romantic, in fact, was Norris's constant preoccupation with *«elemental»* emotions. His heroes are nearly all violent men, willful, passionate, combative; his heroines — thick-haired, large-armed women, almost all of a single physical type — are endowed with a rich and deep, if slow, vitality. Love, in Norris's world, is the mating of vikings and valkyries. A plain case of such heroic passions may be found in *(Moran of the Lady Letty)* (1898), the story of Ross Wilbur, a civilized young San Franciscan who is shanghaied upon a Pacific fishing boat and, among many adventures, meets and loves Moran Sternersen, a splendid Norse savage, whom he wins with the valor bred in him by a primitive life. Condy Rivers and Travis Bessemer in *(Blix)* (1899), Ward Bennett and Lloyd Searight in *(A Man's Woman)* (1900), Annixter and Hilma Tree in *(The Octopus)*, Curtis Jadwin and Laura Dearborn in *(The Pit)*, are actually the same pair of lovers repeated, though Rivers is a novelist, Bennett an arctic explorer, Annixter a ranchman, Jadwin a grain speculator, and the women may be daughters of leisure, like Travis, or dairy girls, like Hilma. In *(McTeague)* (1899), the protagonist, married to a woman who is not his match, finally murders her. Love, however, is by no means the chief concern of these novels, which are full of ardently detailed phases of life which had not yet appeared, or at least had not yet become common, in fiction: shark-fishing and beach-combing off the California coast; the minute doings of vulgar people in San Francisco, and the city's Bohemian aspects; the deadly perils of arctic exploration; the



ploughing, planting, harvesting, sheep-herding, merry-making, rabbit-killing of California ranchmen; their struggle with the railroad — the octopus — for the possession of the land they have tilled; the enormous conflicts of trading in the Chicago wheat pit and its effect upon all who come within its reach; the sordid dissipations of undergraduates, as presented in the posthumous but early (*Vandover and the Brute*) (1914). In all these Norris sought to find the basic elements of human nature and to present them with ruthless accuracy. His eagerness to be truthful gave him a large energy, particularly in scenes of action, which not many novelists have equalled, but the same eagerness, along with a journalist's speed and a journalist's vividness, gave him also too often a journalist's lack of body and meaning. That Norris's opinions were never very important is made plain by his volume of essays, (*The Responsibilities of the Novelist*) (1903). And as he died at thirty-two he must remain notable not for the depth which age might have brought but for the fire and strength which he had from his youth.

## THE OCTOPUS

(Book II., Chap. IV.)

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As Presley and Harran trotted on along the county road they continually passed or overtook other horsemen, or buggies, carryalls, buckboards, or even farm wagons, going in the same direction. These were full of the farming people from all the country round about Bonneville, on their way to the rabbit drive — the same people seen at the barn dance — in their Sunday finery, the girls in muslin frocks and garden hats, the men with linen dusters over their black clothes; the older women in prints and dotted calicoes. Many of these latter had already taken off their bonnets — the day was very hot — and pinning them in newspapers, stowed them under the seats. They tucked their handkerchiefs into the collars of their dresses, or knotted them about their fat necks, to keep out the dust. From the axle trees of the vehicles swung carefully covered buckets of galvanized iron, in which the lunch was packed. The younger children, the boys with great frilled collars, the girls with ill-fitting shoes cramping their feet, leaned from the sides of buggy and carryall, eating bananas and «macaroons,» staring about with ox-like stolidity. Tied to the axles the dogs followed the horses' hoofs with lolling tongues coated with dust.

The California summer lay blanketwise and smothering over all



the land. The hills, bone-dry, were browned and parched. The grasses and wild-oats, sear and yellow, snapped like glass filaments under foot. The roads, the bordering fences, even the lower leaves and branches of the trees, were thick and gray with dust. All color had been burned from the landscape, except in the irrigated patches, that in the waste of brown and dull yellow glowed like oases.

The wheat, now close to its maturity, had turned from pale yellow to golden yellow, and from that to brown. Like a gigantic carpet, it spread itself over all the land. There was nothing else to be seen but the limitless sea of wheat as far as the eye could reach, dry, rustling, crisp, and harsh in the rare breaths of hot wind out of the southeast.

As Harran and Presley went along the county road, the number of vehicles and riders increased. They overtook and passed Hooven and his family in the former's farm wagon, a saddled horse tied to the back board. The little Dutchman, wearing the old frock coat of Magnus Derrick, and a new broad-brimmed straw hat, sat on the front seat with Mrs. Hooven. The little girl Hilda, and the older daughter Minna, were behind them on a board laid across the sides of the wagon. Presley and Harran stopped to shake hands.

«Say,» cried Hooven, exhibiting an old, but extremely well kept, rifle, «say, bei Gott, me, I tek some schatz at dose rebbit, you bedt. Ven he hef shtop to run and sit oop soh, bei der hind laigs on, I oop mit der guhn und bing! I cetch um.»

«The marshals won't allow you to shoot, Bismarck,» observed Presley, looking at Minna.

Hooven doubled up with merriment.

«Ho! dot's hell of some fine joak. Me, *I'm one oaf dose mairschell mine-selluf,*» he roared with delight, beating his knee. To his notion, the joke was irresistible. All day long, he could be heard repeating it. «Und Mist'r Praicelie, he say, (Dose mairschell woand led you schoot, Bismarck,) und *me*, ach Gott, *me*, aindt I mine-selluf one oaf dose mairschell?»

As the two friends rode on, Presley had in his mind the image of Minna Hooven, very pretty in a clean gown of pink gingham, a cheap straw sailor hat from a Bonneville store on her blue black hair. He remembered her very pale face, very red lips, and eyes of greenish blue, — a pretty girl certainly, always trailing a group of men behind her. Her love affairs were the talk of all Los Muertos.

«I hope that Hooven girl won't go to the bad,» Presley said to Harran.

«Oh, she's all right,» the other answered. «There's nothing vicious about Minna, and I guess she'll marry that foreman on the ditch gang, right enough.»

«Well, as a matter of course, she's a good girl,» Presley hastened to reply, «only she's too pretty for a poor girl, and too sure of her prettiness besides. That's the kind,» he continued, «who would find it pretty easy to go wrong if they lived in a city.»

Around Caraher's was a veritable throng. Saddle horses and buggies by the score were clustered underneath the shed or hitched to the railings in front of the watering trough. Three of Broderson's Portuguese tenants and a couple of workmen from the Railroad shops in Bonneville were on the porch, already very drunk.

Continually, young men, singly or in groups, came from the doorway, wiping their lips with sidelong gestures of the hand. The whole place exhaled the febrile bustle of the saloon on a holiday morning.

The procession of teams streamed on through Bonneville, reinforced at every street corner. Along the Upper Road from Quien Sabe and Guadalajara came fresh auxiliaries, Spanish-Mexicans from the town itself, — swarthy young men on capering horses, dark-eyed girls and matrons, in red and black and yellow, more Portuguese in brand-new overalls, smoking long thin cigars. Even Father Sarria appeared.

«Look,» said Presley, «there goes Annixter and Hilma. He's got his buckskin back.» The master of Quien Sabe, in top laced boots and campaign hat, a cigar in his teeth, followed along beside the carryall. Hilma and Mrs. Derrick were on the back seat, young Vacca driving. Harran and Presley bowed, taking off their hats.

«Hello, hello, Pres,» cried Annixter, over the heads of the intervening crowd, standing up in his stirrups and waving a hand. «Great day! What a mob, hey? Say, when this thing is over and everybody starts to walk into the barbecue, come and have lunch with us. I'll look for you, you and Harran. Hello, Harran, where's the Governor?»

«He didn't come to-day,» Harran shouted back, as the crowd carried him farther away from Annixter. «Left him and old Broderson at Los Muertos.»

The throng emerged into the open country again, spreading out upon the Osterman ranch. From all directions could be seen horses and buggies driving across the stubble, converging upon the rendezvous. Osterman's Ranch house was left to the eastward; the army of the guests hurrying forward — for it began to be late — to where



around a flagpole, flying a red flag, a vast crowd of buggies and horses was already forming. The marshals began to appear. Hooven, descending from the farm wagon, pinned his white badge to his hat brim and mounted his horse. Osterman, in marvelous riding clothes of English pattern, galloped up and down upon his best thoroughbred, cracking jokes with everybody, chaffing, joshing, his great mouth distended in a perpetual grin of amiability.

«Stop here, stop here,» he vociferated, dashing along in front of Presley and Harran, waving his crop. The procession came to a halt, the horses' heads pointing eastward. The line began to be formed. The marshals, perspiring, shouting, fretting, galloping about, urging this one forward, ordering this one back, ranged the thousands of conveyances and cavaliers in a long line, shaped like a wide open crescent. Its wings, under the command of lieutenants, were slightly advanced. Far out before its centre Osterman took his place, delighted beyond expression at his conspicuousness, posing for the gallery, making his horse dance.

«Wail, aindt dey gowun to gommence den bretty soohn,» exclaimed Mrs. Hooven, who had taken her husband's place on the forward seat of the wagon.

«I never was so warm,» murmured Minna, fanning herself with her hat. All seemed in readiness. For miles over the flat expanse of stubble, curved the interminable lines of horses and vehicles. At a guess, nearly five thousand people were present. The drive was one of the largest ever held. But no start was made; immobilized, the vast crescent stuck motionless under the blazing sun. Here and there could be heard voices uplifted in jocular remonstrance.

«Oh, I say, get a move on, somebody.»

«All aboard.»

«Say, I'll take root here pretty soon.»

Some took malicious pleasure in starting false alarms.

«Ah, *here* we go.»

«Off, at last.»

«We're off.»

Invariably these jokes fooled someone in the line. An old man, or some old woman, nervous, hard of hearing, always gathered up the reins and started off, only to be hustled and ordered back into the line by the nearest marshal. This manœuvre never failed to produce its effect of hilarity upon those near at hand. Everybody laughed at the blunderer, the joker jeering audibly.

«Hey, come back here.»



«Oh, he's easy.»

«Don't be in a hurry, Grandpa.»

«Say, you want to drive all the rabbits yourself.»

Later on, a certain group of these fellows started a huge «josh.»

«Say, that's what we're waiting for, the (do-funny.)»

«The do-funny?»

«Sure, you can't drive rabbits without the (do-funny.)»

«What's the do-funny?»

«Oh, say, she don't know what the do-funny is. We can't start without it, sure. Pete went back to get it.»

«Oh, you're joking me, there's no such thing.»

«Well, aren't we *waiting* for it?»

«Oh, look, look,» cried some women in a covered rig. «See, they are starting already 'way over there.»

In fact, it did appear as if the far extremity of the line was in motion. Dust rose in the air above it.

«They *are* starting. Why don't we start?»

«No, they've stopped. False alarm.»

«They've not, either. Why don't we move?»

But as one or two began to move off, the nearest marshal shouted wrathfully:

«Get back there, get back there.»

«Well, they've started over there.»

«Get back, I tell you.»

«Where's the (do-funny)?»

«Say, we're going to miss it all. They've all started over there.»

A lieutenant came galloping along in front of the line, shouting:

«Here, what's the matter here? Why don't you start?»

There was a great shout. Everybody simultaneously uttered a prolonged «Oh-h».

«We're off.»

«Here we go for sure this time.»

«Remember to keep the alignment,» roared the lieutenant. «Don't go too fast.»

And the marshals, rushing here and there on their sweating horses to points where the line bulged forward, shouted, waving their arms: «Not too fast, not too fast. . . . Keep back here. . . . Here, keep closer together here. Do you want to let all the rabbits run back between you?»

A great confused sound rose into the air, — the creaking of axles, the jolt of iron tires over the dry clods, the click of brittle stubble

under the horses' hoofs, the barking of dogs, the shouts of conversation and laughter.

The entire line, horses, buggies, wagons, gigs, dogs, men and boys on foot and armed with clubs, moved slowly across the fields, sending up a cloud of white dust, that hung above the scene like smoke. A brisk gayety was in the air. Everyone was in the best of humor, calling from team to team, laughing, skylarking, joshing. Garnett, of the Ruby Rancho, and Gethings, of the San Pablo, both on horseback, found themselves side by side. Ignoring the drive and the spirit of the occasion, they kept up a prolonged and serious conversation on an expected rise in the price of wheat. Dabney, also on horseback, followed them, listening attentively to every word, but hazarding no remark.

Mrs. Derrick and Hilma sat in the back seat of the carryall, behind young Vacca. Mrs. Derrick, a little disturbed by such a concourse of people, frightened at the idea of the killing of so many rabbits, drew back in her place, her young-girl eyes troubled and filled with a vague distress. Hilma, very much excited, leaned from the carryall, anxious to see everything, watching for rabbits, asking innumerable questions of Annixter, who rode at her side.

The change that had been progressing in Hilma, ever since the night of the famous barn-dance, now seemed to be approaching its climax; first the girl, then the woman, last of all the Mother. Conscious dignity, a new element in her character, developed. The shrinking, the timidity of the girl just awakening to the consciousness of sex, passed away from her. The confusion, the troublous complexity of the woman, a mystery even to herself, disappeared. Motherhood dawned, the old simplicity of her maiden days came back to her. It was no longer a simplicity of ignorance, but of supreme knowledge, the simplicity of the perfect, the simplicity of greatness. She looked the world fearlessly in the eyes. At last, the confusion of her ideas, like frightened birds, re-settling, adjusted itself, and she emerged from the trouble calm, serene, entering into her divine right, like a queen into the rule of a realm of perpetual peace.

And with this, with the knowledge that the crown hung poised above her head, there came upon Hilma a gentleness infinitely beautiful, infinitely pathetic; a sweetness that touched all who came near her with the softness of a caress. She moved surrounded by an invisible atmosphere of Love. Love was in her wide-opened brown eyes, Love — the dim reflection of that descending crown poised over her head — radiated in a faint lustre from her dark, thick hair.



Around her beautiful neck, sloping to her shoulders with full, graceful curves, Love lay encircled like a necklace — Love that was beyond words, sweet, breathed from her parted lips. From her white, large arms downward to her pink finger-tips — Love, an invisible electric fluid, disengaged itself, subtle, alluring. In the velvety huskiness of her voice, Love vibrated like a note of unknown music.

Annixter, her uncouth, rugged husband, living in this influence of a wife, who was also a mother, at all hours touched to the quick by this sense of nobility, of gentleness, and of love, the instincts of a father already clutching and tugging at his heart, was trembling on the verge of a mighty transformation. The hardness and inhumanity of the man was fast breaking up. One night, returning late to the Ranch house, after a compulsory visit to the city, he had come upon Hilma asleep. He had never forgotten that night. A realization of his boundless happiness in this love he gave and received, the thought that Hilma *trusted* him, a knowledge of his own unworthiness, a vast and humble thankfulness that his God had chosen him of all men for this great joy, had brought him to his knees for the first time in all his troubled, restless life of combat and aggression. He prayed, he knew not what, — vague words, wordless thoughts, resolving fiercely to do right, to make some return for God's gift thus placed within his hands.

Where once Annixter had thought only of himself, he now thought only of Hilma. The time when this thought of another should broaden and widen into thought of *Others*, was yet to come; but already, as in the case of Mrs. Dyke, it had broadened to enfold another child and another mother bound to him by no ties other than those of humanity and pity. In time, starting from this point, it would reach out more and more till it should take in all men and all women, and the intolerant selfish man, while retaining all of his native strength, should become tolerant and generous, kind and forgiving.

For the moment, however, the two natures struggled within him. A fight was to be fought, one more, the last, the fiercest, the attack of the enemy who menaced his very home and hearth, was to be resisted. Then, peace attained, arrested development would once more proceed.

Hilma looked from the carryall, scanning the open plain in front of the advancing line of the drive.

«Where are the rabbits?» she asked of Annixter. «I don't see any at all.»

«They are way ahead of us yet,» he said. «Here, take the glasses.» He passed her his field glasses, and she adjusted them.



«Oh, yes,» she cried, «I see. I can see five or six, but oh, so far off.»

«The beggars run 'way ahead, at first.»

«I should say so. See them run, — little specks. Every now and then they sit up, their ears straight up in the air.»

«Here, look, Hilma, there goes one close by.»

From out of the ground apparently, some twenty yards distant, a great jack sprang into view, bounding away with tremendous leaps, his black-tipped ears erect. He disappeared, his gray body losing itself against the gray of the ground.

«Oh, a big fellow.»

«Hi, yonder's another.»

«Yes, yes, oh, look at him run.»

From off the surface of the ground, at first apparently empty of all life, and seemingly unable to afford hiding place for so much as a field-mouse, jack-rabbits started up at every moment as the line went forward. At first, they appeared singly and at long intervals; then in twos and threes, as the drive continued to advance. They leaped across the plain, and stopped in the distance, sitting up with straight ears, then ran on again, were joined by others; sank down flush to the soil — their ears flattened; started up again, ran to the side, turned back once more, darted away with incredible swiftness, and were lost to view only to be replaced by a score of others.

Gradually, the number of jacks to be seen over the expanse of stubble in front of the line of teams increased. Their antics were infinite. No two acted precisely alike. Some lay stubbornly close in a little depression between two clods, till the horses' hoofs were all but upon them, then sprang out from their hiding-place at the last second. Others ran forward but a few yards at a time, refusing to take flight, scenting a greater danger before them than behind. Still others, forced up at the last moment, doubled with lightning alacrity in their tracks, turning back to scuttle between the teams, taking desperate chances. As often as this occurred, it was the signal for a great uproar.

«Don't let him get through; don't let him get through.»

«Look out for him, there he goes.»

Horns were blown, bells rung, tin pans clamorously beaten. Either the jack escaped, or confused by the noise, darted back again, fleeing away as if his life depended on the issue of the instant. Once even, a bewildered rabbit jumped fair into Mrs. Derrick's lap as she sat in the carryall, and was out again like a flash.

«Poor frightened thing,» she exclaimed; and for a long time afterward, she retained upon her knees the sensation of the four little paws quivering with excitement, and the feel of the trembling furry body, with its wildly beating heart, pressed against her own.

By noon the number of rabbits discernible by Annixter's field glasses on ahead was far into the thousands. What seemed to be ground resolved itself, when seen through the glasses, into a maze of small moving bodies, leaping, ducking, doubling, running back and forth—a wilderness of agitated ears, white tails, and twinkling legs. The outside wings of the curved line of vehicles began to draw in a little; Osterman's ranch was left behind, the drive continued on over Quien Sabe.

As the day advanced, the rabbits, singularly enough, became less wild. When flushed, they no longer ran so far nor so fast, limping off instead a few feet at a time, and crouching down, their ears close upon their backs. Thus it was that by degrees the teams began to close up on the main herd. At every instant the numbers increased. It was no longer thousands, it was tens of thousands. The earth was alive with rabbits.

Denser and denser grew the throng. In all directions nothing was to be seen but the loose mass of the moving jacks. The horns of the crescent of teams began to contract. Far off the corral came into sight. The disintegrated mass of rabbits commenced, as it were, to solidify, to coagulate. At first, each jack was some three feet distant from his nearest neighbor, but this space diminished to two feet, then to one, then to but a few inches. The rabbits began leaping over one another:

Then the strange scene defined itself. It was no longer a herd covering the earth. It was a sea, whipped into confusion, tossing incessantly, leaping, falling, agitated by unseen forces. At times the unexpected tameness of the rabbits all at once vanished. Throughout certain portions of the herd eddies of terror abruptly burst forth. A panic spread; then there would ensue a blind, wild rushing together of thousands of crowded bodies, and a furious scrambling over backs, till the scuffling thud of innumerable feet over the earth rose to a reverberating murmur as of distant thunder, here and there pierced by the strange, wild cry of the rabbit in distress.

The line of vehicles was halted. To go forward now meant to trample the rabbits under foot. The drive came to a standstill while the herd entered the corral. This took time, for the rabbits were by now too crowded to run. However, like an opened sluice-gate,



the extending flanks of the entrance of the corral slowly engulfed the herd. The mass, packed tight as ever, by degrees diminished, precisely as a pool of water when a dam is opened. The last stragglers went in with a rush, and the gate was dropped.

«Come, just have a look in here,» called Annixter.

Hilma, descending from the carryall, and joined by Presley and Harran, approached and looked over the high board fence.

«Oh, did you ever see anything like that?» she exclaimed.

The corral, a really large enclosure, had proved all too small for the number of rabbits collected by the drive. Inside it was a living, moving, leaping, breathing, twisting mass. The rabbits were packed two, three, and four feet deep. They were in constant movement; those beneath struggling to the top, those on top sinking and disappearing below their fellows. All wildness, all fear of man, seemed to have entirely disappeared. Men and boys reaching over the sides of the corral, picked up a jack in each hand, holding them by the ears, while two reporters from San Francisco papers took photographs of the scene. The noise made by the tens of thousands of moving bodies was as the noise of wind in a forest, while from the hot and sweating mass there rose a strange odor, penetrating, ammoniacal, savoring of wild life.

On signal, the killing began. Dogs that had been brought there for that purpose when let into the corral refused, as had been half expected, to do the work. They snuffed curiously at the pile, then backed off, disturbed, perplexed. But the men and boys — Portuguese for the most part — were more eager. Annixter drew Hilma away, and, indeed, most of the people set about the barbecue at once.

In the corral, however, the killing went forward. Armed with a club in each hand, the young fellows from Guadalajara and Bonneville, and the farm boys from the ranches, leaped over the rails of the corral. They walked unsteadily upon the myriad of crowding bodies underfoot, or, as space was cleared, sank almost waist deep into the mass that leaped and squirmed about them. Blindly, furiously, they struck and struck. The Anglo-Saxon spectators round about drew back in disgust, but the hot, degenerated blood of Portuguese, Mexican, and mixed Spaniard boiled up in excitement at this wholesale slaughter.

But only a few of the participants of the drive cared to look on. All the guests betook themselves some quarter of a mile farther on into the hills.

The picnic and barbecue were to be held around the spring where



Broderson Creek took its rise. Already two entire beeves were roasting there; teams were hitched, saddles removed, and men, women, and children, a great throng, spread out under the shade of the live oaks. A vast confused clamor rose in the air, a babel of talk, a clatter of tin plates, of knives and forks. Bottles were uncorked, napkins and oilcloths spread over the ground. The men lit pipes and cigars, the women seized the occasion to nurse their babies.

Osterman, ubiquitous as ever, resplendent in his boots and English riding breeches, moved about between the groups, keeping up an endless flow of talk, cracking jokes, winking, nudging, gesturing, putting his tongue in his cheek, never at a loss for a reply, playing the goat.

«That josh, Osterman, always at his monkey-shines, but a good fellow for all that; brainy too. Nothing stuck up about him either, like Magnus Derrick.»

«Everything all right, Buck?» inquired Osterman, coming up to where Annixter, Hilma, and Mrs. Derrick were sitting down to their lunch.

«Yes, yes, everything right. But we've no corkscrew.»

«No screw-cork — no scare-crow? Here you are,» and he drew from his pocket a silver-plated jack-knife with a corkscrew attachment.

Harran and Presley came up, bearing between them a great smoking, roasted portion of beef just off the fire. Hilma hastened to put forward a huge china platter.

Osterman had a joke to crack with the two boys, a joke that was rather broad, but as he turned about, the words almost on his lips, his glance fell upon Hilma herself, whom he had not seen for more than two months. She had handed Presley the platter, and was now sitting with her back against the tree, between two boles of the roots. The position was a little elevated and the supporting roots on either side of her were like the arms of a great chair — a chair of state. She sat thus, as on a throne, raised above the rest, the radiance of the unseen crown of motherhood glowing from her forehead, the beauty of the perfect woman surrounding her like a glory.

And the josh died away on Osterman's lips, and unconsciously and swiftly he bared his head. Something was passing there in the air about him that he did not understand, something, however, that imposed reverence and profound respect. For the first time in his life, embarrassment seized upon him, upon this joker, this wearer of

clothes, this teller of funny stories, with his large, red ears, bald head, and comic actor's face. He stammered confusedly and took himself away, for the moment abstracted, serious, lost in thought.


By now everyone was eating. It was the feeding of the People, elemental, gross, a great appeasing of appetite, an enormous quenching of thirst. Quarters of beef, roasts, ribs, shoulder, haunches were consumed, loaves of bread by the thousands disappeared, whole barrels of wine went down the dry and dusty throats of the multitude. Conversation lagged while the People ate, while hunger was appeased. Everybody had their fill. One ate for the sake of eating, resolved that there should be nothing left, considering it a matter of pride to exhibit a clean plate.

After dinner, preparations were made for games. On a flat plateau at the top of one of the hills the contestants were to strive. There was to be a footrace of young girls under seventeen, a fat men's race, the younger fellows were to put the shot, to compete in the running broad jump and the standing high jump, in the hop, skip, and step, and in wrestling.

Presley was delighted with it all. It was Homeric, this feasting, this vast consuming of meat and bread and wine, followed now by games of strength. An epic simplicity and directness, an honest Anglo-Saxon mirth and innocence, commended it. Crude it was; coarse it was, but no taint of viciousness was here. These people were good people, kindly, benignant even, always readier to give than to receive, always more willing to help than to be helped. They were good stock. Of such was the backbone of the nation—sturdy Americans every one of them. Where else in the world round were such strong, honest men, such strong, beautiful women?

## WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS

(1847-)

 WILLIAM E. NORRIS'S first novel, 'Heaps of Money' (London, 1877), was published in the Cornhill Magazine as a serial, when he was not quite thirty-one years of age. He was born in London in 1847, the son of Sir W. Norris, chief justice of Ceylon, was educated at Eton, went on the Continent to study foreign languages as a preparation for diplomatic service, changed his plans, and in 1874 came to the bar, but never practised, having already tasted the success of his first book. Since that time Mr. Norris has devoted himself to the profession of literature. His home is at Torquay, alternating during the winter between Algiers and the Riviera. Since 1877 he has written steadily and maintained his place among popular favorites. Among his many novels some of the best known are, (Matrimony) (1881), (My Friend Jim) (1886), (The Widower) (1898), (Nature's Comedian) (1904), and (Pauline) (1908).

Mr. Norris seems to have come into the world like Minerva, full armed. (Heaps of Money) has the maturity of view, the simplicity of diction, the quiet humor, and the minuteness of observation of a veteran in novel-writing. Its author showed that he had not only the power to reflect on life in its hypocrisies and petty social strivings, but he had the half-cynical air of a man of the world defending in tolerant fashion its sins and its shams. Instead of posing as preacher or reformer, the author took the more adroit way of seeming to sneer at himself and his craft, and in ironical self-assertion cleverly disarmed criticism.

He had seen perhaps that the time had gone by for sweeping indictments, and that not the Juvenalian scourge but the Horatian flick drove men to righteousness. Another characteristic of this first book was the air of calm leisure that pervaded its quiet sentences; but the reader, suspecting platitudes, soon found that the irony infused gave them a delicious flavor. Lord Keswick, pressed by his father to marry and extricate himself from his debts, urges plaintively that he is not a domestic man. "Am I a domestic man?" retorts his father. And to tell the truth, he certainly was not. The hypocrisy of Mr. Howard, the heroine's father, is amiably excused. "Some people, knowingly or unknowingly, are perpetually playing parts, from their



cradle to their death-bed. Very likely they can't help themselves, and ought only to be pitied for having an exaggerated idea of the fitness of things."

'Heaps of Money' was followed in 1880 by 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' a story played in Algiers, in which the author created two of the most finished portraits in modern fiction: St. Luc, the blasé cynical man of the world, who falls in love with the fresh young girl Jeanne de Mersac, and serves her with a devotion half paternal, half passionate, and wholly incomprehensible to her; and Jeanne herself, the incarnation of high-minded obstinacy and fierce maidenhood. The plot of 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is not new; but "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary characters and commonplace things interesting," to quote Scott of Miss Austen, of whom Norris may well claim literary descent, is not denied him.

'Matrimony,' which was published the next year, abounds in delicate characterizations and in "character parts," as they are called on the stage: the sage bore Mr. Flemyng, Admiral Bagshawe, and General Blair. Nothing is easier than to moralize in a certain fashion, and truisms about life commend themselves to the ordinary mind. Mr. Flemyng bristles with undisputed facts, retailed in conversations in which the reader is sufficiently disinterested to be an amused listener. Mr. Gervis in the same novel, if not as striking is as finely drawn a portrait as St. Luc,—a cultured cynic who poses as doing his kind deeds to spare himself the trouble of refusing.

In the long list of novels that succeed 'Matrimony,' Norris presents characters that are seldom planned on a higher scale than ourselves; and yet at his will they stimulate our imagination and our affection. As has been said of Thackeray's heroes, they have an ideal of human conduct, and an aspiration, which though far from conventional is yet noble and elevating. Women owe him a debt for his championship of maidenhood. His young girl is as wild and as free, to borrow Mr. Andrew Lang's simile, as Horace's "*latis equa trima campis*." He does not take for granted that a fresh young creature, loving her parents and her brothers and sisters with all her heart, will at her first dance fall headlong in love with the first man who admires her. He endows her, on the contrary, with a girlish perversity, a high-spirited resistance to the intruding element, as her lover appears to her; and the plot often turns on the obstacles she persists in erecting between herself and the man she loves.

We travel with Mr. Norris on level roads: his gentlemen are gentlemen, even when they are villains; his heroes thoroughly good fellows, with a talent for epigram; his heroines sweet English roses, set about with little prickly thorns—till unexpectedly we come upon a scene instinct with tragedy and pathos. The latter he uses sparingly

and with judgment. There is no attempt to touch the feelings when Margaret Stanniforth, most charming of women though neither young nor beautiful, dies; and the short death scene in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is pathetic by the contrast between death and the abundant strength and youth of Jeanne. One is as much affected, perhaps, when M. de Fontvieille consigns Jeanne to Mr. Ashley, whose comic agony lest the Frenchman embrace him heightens the sadness of the simple old man's leave-taking; and again in a less known novel, 'My Friend Jim,' when the old worldling the Marquis of Staines revisits the Eton playing-fields, and spends the summer day in recollections of his boyhood.

In these scenes the effect is so spontaneous, so easily brought about, that a lesser artist would use his gift oftener. But Mr. Norris exercises a wise restraint on this dangerous ground. And if he is conservative in his emotions, of all his generation he is the most conservative in his traditions. His novels, as far as they portray the ideas of the end of the nineteenth century, might have been written a hundred years ago. The New Woman does not appear between the covers of his books; social and economic problems are ignored. Money and the want of it, caste and striving for it, occupy his characters. His sympathies are apparently entirely with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley when she exclaimed pathetically, "How good I could be on £5,000 a year!"

But the lover of Norris is not inclined to find fault with the company he keeps. For very variety, he enjoys the society of Norris's gentlepeople as a contrast to the sordid, the diseased, the poverty-stricken, that crowd the pages of contemporary novelists. With something of cynicism and something of pathos, Norris combines a healthy good-humor and a distaste for the withered side of life. His vigorous character Mrs. Winnington in 'No New Thing' knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that any sincere and conscientious people except herself lived in it; but Kenyon's devotion to Margaret Stanniforth, and Margaret's love for and fidelity to her dead husband, refute all her evil thinking. Virtue rewarded, scapegraces apologized for, human nature regarded with tenderness and pity, are characteristics of Norris's predecessors rather than of writers of his own time; and for a pure, refined, and scholarly style unaffected sentiment, and quiet humor such as his, we must go back to his master, Thackeray.



## FREDDY CROFT: AND THE LYNSHIRE BALL

From 'Matrimony'

THIS history is less the result of personal observation than of information received at various times and from divers trustworthy sources; and if, in writing it, I had to confine myself to the relation of such incidents as I could swear to in a court of justice, I should not only be obliged to cut out many scenes of a most interesting and pathetic nature, but some of the characters who will make their appearance in due course would have to be omitted altogether. As for this yeomanry ball, I saw little more of it than did Lord Courtney, whose august countenance was withdrawn from the assembly after a short quarter of an hour. The truth is, that my dancing days are over; and I was able to retire early, with the happy conviction that nobody would notice my absence.

Before midnight the greater part of the ladies and gentlemen present had done likewise; for it is not, or rather used not to be, considered the thing to linger over-long at these entertainments, which are intended rather for the amusement of the men than of their superiors. Lady Lynchester, a thin, washed-out looking person, who had never been heard to laugh in her life, rose from her seat at the end of the room as soon as her lord signaled to her that she was free to go; and the Beachborough contingent, ever scrupulous in the strict observance of etiquette, hastened to follow her ladyship's lead. The landowners from distant parts of the country, who had a long drive between themselves and home, collected their respective wives and daughters, and trooped off in a body; the departure of some stragglers, loitering near the doorway in hopes of seeing a little of the fun, being hastened by Lord Lynchester, who began to stalk about with his hands behind his back, wondering audibly what the deuce those people were sticking there for.

But when the last of these had disappeared, there still remained a few of what the noble and gallant Colonel called "the right sort,"—privileged persons, who were known to entertain no objection to a romp, and could be relied upon to tell no tales next day. Conspicuous among the latter was Miss Croft, "a downright jolly girl, with no stuck-up nonsense about her," to



use Lord Lynchester's words; "just like her brother, only more so, you know,"—a description so terse and accurate that no further space need be taken up in introducing her to the reader. Miss Lambert, although an outsider, was included in the circle of choice spirits, probably because she carried her credentials in her face; and there were three or four young ladies besides, whose names it is unnecessary to record.

During the early part of the evening, an unspoken convention had divided the ball-room into two halves, the officers and their friends sitting and dancing at the upper end of it, while the larger and humbler portion of the assemblage disported itself at the lower; but now this imaginary barrier was swept away, together with all irksome class distinctions, and the whole floor was at the disposition of the dancers. Now, when we dance in Lynshire, we do it with a will: not skimming languidly and dreamily over the polished surface, nor lurching heavily round and round on the same spot, like humming-tops tottering to their fall, as the fashion of some effeminate citizens is; but taking a firm grip of our partner's waist and hand, putting down our heads, and starting off at a pace as good as we can make it, helter-skelter, every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost. The consequences of this energetic method, when adopted by some seventy couples in a long and narrow room, may be easily imagined. Before the first waltz was at an end, many a stalwart yeoman had measured his length upon the well-waxed floor, and the elbows of more than one fair maiden were scratched and bruised. Every now and then a faint shriek rose from the midst of the *mêlée*, or a manly voice was heard to expostulate for a moment; but the predominant sound was that of laughter, and hard knocks seemed to be distributed pretty evenly all round, upon an amicable give-and-take principle. Fat little Wilkins the butcher, pounding blindly ahead, and sawing the air with outstretched arm, brought his fist down with a thump on the middle of Lord Lynchester's back, and instead of turning pale and trembling, as he would have done at any other time after such a mishap, bobbed off again as merrily as ever with a "Beg pardon, m' lord. Didn't see yer—haw, haw, haw!" For indeed the supper-room had been open for half an hour, and it is not on every day of the year that a man can drink the best of champagne and pay nothing for it.

"All right, Wilkins!" shouted Lord Lynchester after him; "I'll make it hot for you in a minute."

And presently, sure enough, his Lordship, having secured an efficient partner in Miss Croft, darted off in pursuit of the delinquent, and proceeded to waltz round and round him in an ever-contracting circle till he reduced him to such a state of giddiness that he was fain to lean against the wall and gasp. Then with a deft and rapid thrust in the ribs, which caused the luckless butcher to exclaim aloud, "O lord!" he returned to his starting-point, and throwing himself down upon a bench, gave way to a peal of merriment in which Miss Croft joined heartily.

Claud Gervis looked on at all this horse-play with rather wide-opened eyes. Was it in this manner that the aristocracy of Great Britain was accustomed to take its relaxation? he wondered. Of the manners and habits of his native land he was almost entirely ignorant. At Eton he had, of course, associated with many young sprigs of nobility; but rank is not recognized among boys, and Claud's impression of an English lord, which was that commonly current in foreign countries, had received confirmation from such specimens of the race as Lord Courtney and an occasional ambassador or minister plenipotentiary who had come in his way.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired his partner, that pretty Miss Flemying of whom mention has already been made. "You look quite horrified."

"No, I am not horrified," the young man said; "but I am rather surprised, I admit. It is all so very different from what I expected. I did not think we English were ever so—so uproarious. Surely it is not usual at a ball to try and knock down as many people as one can."

"Well, hardly," answered Miss Flemying laughing. "But this is a yeomanry ball, you must remember; and besides, all the quiet, respectable people are supposed to be gone away."

"But Lady Croft is still here, and Miss Lambert—not to mention present company."

"Lady Croft is here because Florry won't go away; and Miss Lambert is here because she is Miss Lambert, I suppose; and I am here because I came with the Crofts. You need not say anything about it when papa comes to call upon you, by the way. He is like you—rather easily shocked."



"I am not easily shocked," returned Claud, resenting such an imputation with the natural fervor of a very young man.

"No? I thought you looked so. I am sure I should be shocked myself, if I had lived abroad all my life, and had made my first acquaintance with English society to-night. But you mustn't suppose that Lynshire always conducts itself like this. We can behave as nicely as any one else in London; only when we find ourselves all together in our own part of the world, we think we may put on our country manners. And we are all rather savages, as you see."

Miss Flemyng did not look at all like a savage. Claud, who was rather more observant of trifles than most men, had noticed that the dress she wore was assuredly not the handiwork of a provincial artist, and that her abundant brown locks were arranged in accordance with the latest mode. She moved and held herself in the indescribable style which only a woman of the world can acquire: her manner was perfectly easy and natural, and she seemed to be upon terms of the friendliest familiarity with the young men who spoke to her, from time to time, as she stood watching the dance; but she was not loud, like her friend Miss Croft, nor did she make use of the schoolboy's slang which formed so large a portion of that young lady's conversation. Her chief claim to beauty, setting aside those of a neat, well-proportioned little figure and a general air of finish, consisted in a pair of dark-gray eyes, which had been turned innocently upon Claud's more than once in the course of the evening, and had not failed to produce a certain impression upon him. He was glad to hear that Miss Flemyng lived within a few miles of Beachborough, for he thought he would decidedly like to see more of her.

"I am not going to dance any more," she said, after she and her partner had completed one perilous circuit of the room: "it's too hot and dusty and disagreeable. Do you think there is a balcony beyond that window, where the ferns are? If there is, we might go and sit there."

"I know there is," answered Claud, "because I was there earlier in the evening. And there is a particularly comfortable sofa there too, where we can sit and watch the sea; which after all is a much pleasanter thing to look at on a hot night than those fat yeomen."



And now an awkward incident took place, which shows how thoughtless it is of people to bounce unexpectedly into dark corners. Claud pushed open the half-closed French window to let Miss Flemyng pass, and following closely upon her heels—"Here is the sofa," said he.

There it was, sure enough; and there also were two persons seated upon it. Moreover, one of these persons happened to be in the very act of kissing the other. And then, as fate would have it, at that precise moment the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and threw a fine flood of silvery light upon the figures of Freddy Croft and Miss Lambert. The situation was a somewhat embarrassing one; and Claud did not mend matters by hastily whisking round and gazing out to the sea, with an utterly unsuccessful pretense of having seen nothing.

Miss Flemyng was less taken aback. She calmly surveyed the luckless couple for a second, which must have seemed to them an age; and then, stooping to pick up the train of her long dress, stepped quietly back into the ball-room.

She was laughing a little when her partner rejoined her.

"How too ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "I shall never forget poor Freddy's face. I hope you are discreet, and can keep a secret, Mr. Gervis."

"Of course I can," answered Claud. "I wish it had not happened, though. Croft will think it so stupid of me; and really it almost looked as if we had done it on purpose."

"Oh, he won't mind," said Miss Flemyng placidly. "Freddy is always kissing people, and always getting caught. I daresay Miss What's-her-name won't mind much either: she looks as if she was quite accustomed to that kind of thing."

"She may be engaged to be married to him; you know," remarked Claud, feeling bound to say a word for the unfortunate lady whom his awkwardness had compromised.

"Oh, I do hope not. Poor dear little fellow! I should be so very sorry if he were to fall into such a trap as that. He and I have known one another since we were children, and he generally tells me about all his love affairs; but I have been away, and have never seen that monstrosity of a girl till this evening. You don't think there is really any danger, do you?"

Without knowing why, Claud felt vaguely annoyed by the anxious ring of Miss Flemyng's voice. "I can't tell anything

about it," he answered rather shortly. "He seems to admire her very much, and they are always together."

"Well, I wish they were not together now; or at least that they were together anywhere except in the one cool place in the building," remarked Miss Flemyng with a laugh. "We shall have to take refuge on the staircase, I suppose."

To the staircase they accordingly betook themselves; and in that pleasant, untrammelled intercourse which is apt to arise between young men and women under such circumstances, and which, remote though it may be from serious love-making, is generally sweetened by some of the charms which attach to the unknown and the possible, Claud soon forgot all about Freddy Croft and his destinies. But when the last dance was over, and Claud was putting on his coat in the hall, his friend joined him with a face preternaturally long, and said in a solemn voice:—

"I say, Gervis, let me walk a bit of the way with you, will you? I want to speak to you."

"Come along," said Claud. "Will you have a cigar?"

"Oh no," Freddy answered, shaking his head lugubriously: "I don't want to smoke."

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:—

"Do you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself."

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least you saw me kissing the girl. But dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean, of course, it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But by George, sir!" continued Freddy impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first; but she wasn't—deuce a bit! She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."



"Well, but, my dear fellow," resumed Freddy impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all; and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very jolly girl, and a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her— Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"Oh no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet earnestly. "I'll stay in bed, if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

#### MRS. WINNINGTON'S EAVESDROPPING

From 'No New Thing'

MRS. WINNINGTON was a person of the fine-lady type, common enough twenty years or so ago, but now rapidly becoming extinct. Of a commanding presence, and with the remains of considerable beauty, she was always dressed handsomely, and in bright, decided colors; she carried a gold-mounted double eye-glass, through which she was accustomed to survey inferior



mortals with amusing impertinence, while in speaking to them, her voice assumed a drawl so exaggerated as to render her valuable remarks almost unintelligible at times. These little graces of manner had doubtless come to her from a study of the best models, for she went a good deal into the fashionable world at that time; but in addition to these, she possessed a complacent density and an unfeigned self-confidence which were all her own, and which would probably have sufficed at any epoch, and under any circumstances, to render her at once as disagreeable and as contented a woman as could have been found under the sun.

Whether because she resented the slight put upon her by the Bruness, in that they had never seen fit to call at the Palace, or because she had an inkling that their pride surpassed her own vainglory, she made up her mind to snub them; and when Mrs. Winnington made up her mind to any course of action, it was usually carried through with a will. The plainness with which these worthy folks were given to understand that, in her opinion, they were no better than country bumpkins, and the mixture of patronage and insolence with which she bore herself towards them, were in their way inimitable. There are some people magnanimous enough, or indifferent enough, to smile at such small discourtesies; and probably the former owner of Longbourne was more amused than angry when he was informed that the house had been a positive pig-sty before it had been put in order, and that Mrs. Winnington really could not imagine how any one had found it possible to live in such a place. . . .

When she reached home she found the drawing-room and library untenanted; Margaret and Edith having, it was to be presumed, gone out for a walk. Now it was a habit of Mrs. Winnington's, whenever she found the house empty, to prowl all over it, peeping into blotting-books, opening drawers, occasionally going so far as to read letters that might be lying handy, and—as Mrs. Prosser, who hated her with a perfect hatred, would say—“poking and rummaging about as any under-housemaid that I caught at such tricks should be dismissed immediate, and no character given.”

It is probable that Mrs. Winnington saw no harm at all in such pokings and rummagings. Her daughters, she would have said, had no secrets from her, or at all events ought not to have any. Nor had she any particular end to serve in entering other people's bedrooms. For some occult reason it gave her

pleasure to do so; and the present occasion being favorable for the gratifying of her tastes, she proceeded to profit by it. First she made a thorough examination of all the reception-rooms; then she went up-stairs, and spent some time in overhauling the contents of Margaret's wardrobe; and then she passed on to the room at that time occupied by Edith, which opened out of a long corridor where the family portraits had hung in the days when the owners of Longbourne had possessed a family to be thus commemorated. This corridor had a peculiarity. It terminated in a small gallery, resembling a theatre box or one of those pews which are still to be met with in a few old-fashioned churches, whence you looked down upon a curious apse-like chamber, tacked on to the house by a seventeenth-century Brune for some purpose unknown. It may have been intended to serve as a theatre, or possibly as a private chapel; of late years it had fallen into disuse, being a gloomy and ill-lighted apartment, and was seldom entered by anybody, except by the housemaids who swept it out from time to time. Some one, however, was in it now. Mrs. Winnington, with her hand on the lock of her daughter's door, was startled by the sound of voices arising from that quarter, and it was a matter of course that she should at once make her way along the passage as stealthily as might be, and peer over the edge of the gallery to see what might be going on below.

She arrived in time to witness a scene so startling that she very nearly put a dramatic finish to it then and there by falling headlong over the balustrade, which was a low one. Upon an ottoman, directly beneath her, her daughter Edith was sitting in a very pretty and graceful attitude: her elbow resting on her knee and her face hidden by her right hand, while her left was held by Walter Brune, who was kneeling at her feet. And this is what that audacious young reprobate was saying, in accents which rose towards the roof with perfect distinctness:—

"Now, my darling girl, you must not allow yourself to be so cowed by that awful old mother of yours. There! I beg your pardon: I didn't intend to speak disrespectfully of her, but it came out before I could stop myself. What I mean is, you mustn't let her bully you to that extent that you daren't call your soul your own. Stand up to her boldly, and depend upon it she'll knock under in the long run. When all's said and done, she can't eat you alive."



The feelings of the astounded listener overhead may be imagined.

"Ah, you don't understand," sighed Edith. "It is easy enough for a man to talk of standing up for himself; but you don't consider how different it is with us."

"But I do understand—I do consider," declared Walter, scrambling up to his feet. "I know it's awfully hard upon you, my dearest; but wouldn't it be harder still to marry some decrepit old lord to please your mother, and to be miserable and ashamed of yourself for the rest of your life?"

At this terrible picture Edith shuddered eloquently.

"So you see it's a choice of evils," continued the young man. "Some people, I know, would think it was a great misfortune for you that you should have come to care for a poor beggar like me; but I am not going to say that because I don't believe it is a real misfortune at all. How can it be a misfortune to love the man who loves you better than any one else in the world can possibly do, and who will always love you just the same as long as he lives?"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Winnington inaudibly.

"Of course," Walter went on, "we shall have troubles, and probably we shall have to wait a good many years; but we are young, and we can afford to wait, if we must. You won't mind waiting?"

"Oh, no; it is not the waiting that I shall mind," said Edith faintly.

"And we know that it won't be for ever, and that nothing can make either of us change. When one thinks of that, all the rest seems almost plain sailing. The first explosion will be the worst part of the business. I shall tell my father to-night."

"Oh, must you? So soon? What *will* he say?"

"He? Oh, he won't say much, dear old man. I dare say he won't exactly approve just at first; but when he sees that I am in earnest, he'll do what he can to help me. And then, you know, my dear, you'll have to tell your mother."

"Walter, I can't. I really *could not* do it. You have really no idea of what a coward I am. I always lie awake shivering all night before I go to the dentist's; and indeed, I would rather have all my teeth pulled out, one by one, than tell mamma that I had engaged myself to you."

At this juncture it was only natural that the young lovers should embrace; and if Mrs. Winnington had not been literally



stunned and paralyzed, she could hardly have maintained her silence any longer in the presence of such a demonstration. As it was, she neither moved nor uttered a word; and presently she heard Edith whisper pleadingly:—

“Walter—dear—don’t you think we could—mightn’t we—keep it secret just a little longer?”

The honest Walter rubbed his ear in perplexity. “Well, of course we *could*; but it would be only a putting off of the evil day, and I should like to feel that we had been perfectly straight with the old—with your mother. Look here: how would it do if I were to break it to her?”

“Oh, that would be a great deal worse! If only there were some means of letting her find it out!”

Hardly had this aspiration been breathed when a hollow groan was heard, proceeding apparently from the upper air. Edith started violently, and clasped her hands.

“Oh!” she shrieked, “what was that? Did you hear it?”

“Yes,” answered Walter, who had himself been somewhat startled: “it was nothing; it was only one of the cows outside. What a timid little goose you are!”

“Oh, it was not a cow! No cow ever made such a dreadful sound as that. I am sure this dismal room is haunted—I can’t stay here any more.” And Edith fled precipitately.

Walter lingered for a moment, looked all around him, looked up at the ceiling, looked everywhere,—except at the gallery just over his head,—and then hurried away after her.

The cause of all this disturbance was reclining in an arm-chair, fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and feeling by no means sure that she was not about to have a fit.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that any pity or sympathy should be felt for Mrs. Winnington, who nevertheless was a human creature very much like the rest of us—better, possibly, than some, and no worse than a good many others. In the course of the present narrative her failings have necessarily been brought much to the front; but she was not one of those depraved persons—if indeed there be any such—who deliberately say to Evil, “Be thou my Good.” She was not a religious woman (though she had always paid due respect to the observances of the Church, as beseemed a Bishop’s wife); but neither was she a woman without clear, albeit perverted, notions of duty. That she was a miserable sinner, she was bound, in a general sort of way, to believe; but she certainly did not suppose

that her sins were any blacker than those of her neighbors. According to her lights, she had done the best that she could for her daughters, whom she really loved after a certain fashion; and according to her lights, she intended to continue doing the best she could for them. It is a fact that she thought a great deal more about them than she did about herself. Thus it was that she was every whit as much astonished and pained by what she had witnessed as the most virtuous mother into whose hands this book may chance to fall, would be, were she to discover her own immaculate daughter in the act of embracing—say the parish doctor or the poverty-stricken parish curate.

"I could not have believed it!" moaned poor Mrs. Winnington, as she sat humped up in her arm-chair, with all her majesty of deportment gone out of her. "I could not have believed it possible! Edith, of all people! If it had been Kate, or even Margaret, I could have understood it better—but Edith! Oh, I am crushed! I shall never get over this."

She really looked and felt as if she might be going to have a serious attack of illness; but as there was nobody there to be alarmed, or to offer her assistance, she picked herself up after a time, and made her way down the corridor with a slow, dragging step.

## AN IDYL IN KABYLIA

From 'Mademoiselle de Mersac'

IN THE first days of June, when the Hôtel d'Orient and the Hôtel de la Régence had bidden adieu to the last of their winter guests; when the Governor-General had migrated from the town to his fairy-like palace on the leafy heights of Mustapha; when the smaller fry of officials were, in imitation of him and in preparation for the hot season, transplanting themselves and their families to the coolest attainable villas; when the aloes were in flower and the air was full of a hundred faint scents, and the corn and barley fields were very nearly ripe for the sickle,—at the time of year, in short, when the luxuriant life and rich beauty of Algeria were at their climax,—it occurred to Léon that it would be a good thing to make a journey into Kabylia. For in the grassy plains of that region, near the first spurs of the great Djurdjura range, dwelt one Señor Lopez, a Spanish colonist and



a breeder of horses, who was generally open to a deal, and who, at this particular time, had a nice lot of foals on hand, out of some of which a discriminating young man might see his way to make honest profit. But as few people, be they never so self-confident, like to rely upon their own judgment alone in so delicate a matter as the purchase of a foal, Léon conceived it to be a *sine quâ non* that his sister should accompany him. And then M. de Saint-Luc, hearing of the projected expedition, must needs declare that he could not possibly leave Algeria without revisiting the scene of his former campaigns, and that the opportunity of doing so in congenial society was one that he would not miss for any imaginable consideration. After which, oddly enough, Mr. Barrington too found out that to make acquaintance with the mountain scenery of Kabylia had always been one of his fondest dreams; and added—Why not push on a little farther, and see some of the hill villages and the famous Fort Napoléon?

Neither Léon nor Jeanne offered any objection to this plan; but when it was communicated to the duchess, she held up her hands in horror and amazement.

"And your chaperon, mademoiselle?" she ejaculated. And the truth is that both the young folks had overlooked this necessary addition to their party.

Now, as the duchess herself would no more have thought of undertaking a weary drive of three or four days' duration over stony places than of ordering a fiery chariot to drive her straight to heaven, and as no other available lady of advanced years could be discovered, it seemed for a time as if either Mademoiselle de Mersac or her two admirers would have to remain in Algiers; but at the last moment a *deus ex machinâ* was found in the person of M. de Fontvieille, who announced his willingness to join the party, and who, as Léon politely remarked when he was out of earshot, was to all intents and purposes as good as any old woman.

Poor old M. de Fontvieille! Nobody thanked him for what was an act of pure good-nature and self-sacrifice—nobody at least except Jeanne, who, by way of testifying her gratitude, spent a long morning with him, examining his collection of gems and listening to the oft-told tale of their several acquisitions, and at the end presented him with an exquisite Marshal Niel rosebud for his button-hole.



"Ah, mademoiselle," said he, as he pinned the flower into his coat, "you do well to reserve your roses for old men, who appreciate such gifts at their right value. Give none to the young fellows: it would only increase their vanity, which is great enough already."

"I never give roses to anybody," said Jeanne.

"So much the better. Continue, my child, to observe that wise rule. And remember that if the Lily of France is a stiffer flower than the Rose of England, it is still our own, and Frenchwomen ought to love it best."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeanne, who objected to insinuations.

"I mean nothing, my dear: lilies, I am aware, are out of fashion; choose violets if you prefer them," answered the old gentleman with a chuckle.

And Jeanne, having no rejoinder ready, took up her sunshade in dignified silence, and went home. . . .

An hour later, she and Barrington were seated opposite to one another in the dilapidated wagonette which Léon used for country journeys. It was an ancient vehicle, with patched cushions and travel-stained leather roof and curtains; but its springs were strong, and it had outlived the jolts and shocks of many an unmetaled road and stony watercourse. Jeanne loved it for association's sake; and Barrington, in his then state of mind, would not have changed it for the car of Aurora.

It is nine years or more since Mr. Barrington was borne swiftly along the dusty road which leads eastward from Algiers in that shabby old shandrydan; and in nine years, the doctors tell us, our whole outer man has been renewed, so that the being which calls itself I to-day inhabits a changed prison from that which it dwelt in a hundred and eight months ago, and will, if it survive, occupy a hundred and eight months hence. Mental statistics are less easy to arrive at, and it may be that our minds are not as subject to the inexorable law of change as our bodies. Barrington, at all events, whose views upon more subjects than one have unquestionably become modified by the lapse of nine years, still asserts, in confidential moments, that he looks back upon that drive into Kabylia as the happiest episode in his existence. "Life," he says, in that melancholy tone which perfectly prosperous men have a trick of assuming, "is a dull enough business, take it all in all; but it has its good days here and

there." And then he sighs, and puffs silently at his cigar for a minute or two. "Old De Fontvieille sat on the box," he goes on presently, "and talked to the driver. Young De Mersac had ridden ahead, and she and I were as completely alone together as if we had been upon a desert island. It was a situation in which human nature instinctively shakes itself free of commonplace conventionality. We did not flirt,—thank Heaven, we were neither of us so *vulgar* as to think of flirting!—but we talked together as freely and naturally as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." And then he generally heaves another sigh, and rhapsodizes on and on, till, patient as one is, one has to remind him that it is long past bedtime.

As (to use a hackneyed illustration) the traveler looks back upon distant purple mountains, forgetting, as he contemplates their soft beauty, the roughness of the track by which he crossed them, so Barrington recalls the happy bygone days of his Kabyl-ian journey, and ignores the petty annoyances which somewhat marred his enjoyment of it while it lasted. To hear him talk you would think that the sun had never been too hot, nor the roads too dusty, during that memorable excursion; that good food was obtainable at every halting-place, and that he had never had cause to complain of the accommodation provided for him for the night. Time has blotted out from his mental vision all retrospect of dirt, bad food, and the virulent attacks of the African flea—a most malignant insect; *impiger*, *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*; an animal who dies as hard as a rhinoceros, and is scarcely less venomous than a mosquito. He dwells not now upon the horrors of his first night at Bon-Douaou, during which he sat up in bed, through long wakeful hours, doggedly scattering insecticide among his savage assailants, and producing about as much effect thereby as a man slinging stones at an iron-clad might do. The place where there was nothing but briny bacon to eat, the place where there was nothing but a broken-down billiard-table and a rug to sleep upon, and the place where there was nothing to drink except bad absinthe,—all these have faded out of his recollection. But in truth, these small discomforts were soon forgotten, even at the time. . . .

When Thomas of Ercildoune took his famous ride with the Queen of the Fairies, and reached a region unknown to man, it will be remembered that the fair lady drew rein for a few minutes, and indicated to her companion the various paths that



lay before them. There was the thorny way of righteousness and the broad road of iniquity,—neither of which have ever been found entirely free from drawbacks by mortals,—but besides these there was a third path:—

“Oh, see ye not that bonny road,  
That winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elfland,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.”

And Thomas seems to have offered no objection to his leader's choice.

Even so Barrington, though capable of distinguishing between broad and narrow paths and their respective goals, capable also—which is perhaps more to the purpose—of forecasting the results of prudence and folly, chose at this time to close his eyes, and wander with Jeanne into that fairy-land of which every man gets a glimpse in his time, though few have the good fortune to linger within its precincts as long as did Thomas the Rhymer.

And so there came to him five days of which he will probably never see the like again. Five days of glowing sunshine; five luminous, starlit nights—eighty hours, more or less (making deductions for sleeping-time) of unreasoning, unthinking, unmixed happiness: such was Barrington's share of Fairyland—and a very fair share too, as the world goes. He would be puzzled now—and indeed, for that matter, he would have been puzzled a week after the excursion—to give any accurate description of the country between Algiers and Fort Napoléon. The sum of his reminiscences was, that in the dewy mornings and the cool evenings he drove through a wooded, hilly country with Jeanne; that he rested in the noonday heat at spacious whitewashed caravanserais or small wayside taverns, and talked to Jeanne; that her tall, graceful figure was the first sight he saw in the morning and the last at night; that he never left her side for more than ten minutes at a time; that he discovered some fresh charm in her with each succeeding hour; and that when he arrived at Fort Napoléon, and the limit of his wanderings, he was as completely and irretrievably in love as ever man was.

In truth, the incidents of the journey were well calculated to enhance the mixture of admiration and reverence with which Barrington had regarded Mademoiselle de Mersac from the moment



of his first meeting with her. Her progress through Kabylia was like that of a gracious queen among her subjects. The swarthy Kabyle women, to whom she spoke in their own language, and for the benefit of whose ragged children she had provided herself with a multitude of toys, broke into shrill cries of welcome when they recognized her; the sparse French colonists at whose farms she stopped came out to greet her with smiles upon their careworn faces; at the caravanseraï of the Issers, where some hundreds of Arabs were assembled for the weekly market, the Caïd of the tribe, a stately gray-bearded patriarch, who wore the star of the Legion of Honor upon his white burnous, stepped out from his tent as she approached, and bowing profoundly, took her hand and raised it to his forehead; even the villainous, low-browed, thin-lipped Spanish countenance of Señor Lopez assumed an expression of deprecating amiability when she addressed him; he faltered in the tremendous lies which from mere force of habit he felt constrained to utter about the pedigree of his colts; his sly little beady eyes dropped before her great grave ones, he listened silently while she pointed out the inconsistencies of his statements, and finally made a far worse bargain with M. Léon than he had expected or intended to do.

And if anything more had been needed to complete Barrington's subjugation, the want would have been supplied by Jeanne's demeanor towards himself. Up to the time of this memorable journey she had treated him with a perceptible measure of caprice, being kind or cold as the humor took her: sometimes receiving him as an old friend, sometimes as a complete stranger, and even snubbing him without mercy upon one or two occasions. It was her way to behave so towards all men, and she had not seen fit to exempt Mr. Barrington altogether from the common lot of his fellows. But now—perhaps because she had escaped from the petty trammels and irritations of every-day life, perhaps because the free air of the mountains which she loved disposed her to cast aside formality, or perhaps from causes unacknowledged by herself—her intercourse with the Englishman assumed a wholly new character. She wandered willingly with him into those quaint Kabyle villages which stand each perched upon the apex of a conical hill—villages which took a deal of fighting to capture, and might have to be taken all over again, so Léon predicted, one fine day; she stood behind him

and looked over his shoulder while he dashed off hasty likenesses of such of the natives as he could induce, by means of bribes, to overcome their strong natural aversion to having their portraits taken; she never seemed to weary of his company; and if there was still an occasional touch of condescension in her manner, it is probable that Barrington, feeling as he then did, held such manifestations to be only fitting and natural as coming from her to him.

And then, by degrees, there sprang up between them a kind of natural understanding, an intuitive perception of each other's thoughts and wishes, and a habit of covertly alluding to small matters and small jokes unknown to either of their companions. And sometimes their eyes met for a second, and often an unintelligible smile appeared upon the lips of the one, to be instantaneously reflected upon those of the other. All of which things were perceived by the observant M. de Fontvieille, and caused him to remark aloud every night, in the solitude of his own chamber, before going to bed: "Madame, I was not the instigator of this expedition; on the contrary, I warned you against it. I had no power and no authority to prevent its consequences, and I wash my hands of them."

The truth is that the poor old gentleman was looking forward with some trepidation to an interview with the duchess, which his prophetic soul saw looming in the future.

Fort Napoléon, frowning down from its rocky eminence upon subjugated Kabylia, is the most important fortress of that once turbulent country, and is rather a military post than a town or village. It has however a modicum of civilian inhabitants, dwelling in neat little white houses on either side of a broad street, and at the eastern end of the street a small church has been erected. Thither Jeanne betook herself one evening at the hour of the Ave Maria, as her custom was.

The door swung back on its hinges, and Jeanne emerged from the gloom of the church and met the dazzling blaze of the sunset, which streamed full upon her, making her cast her eyes upon the ground.

She paused for a moment upon the threshold; and as she stood there with her pale face, her drooped eyelids, and a sweet grave smile upon her lips—Barrington, whose imagination was for ever playing him tricks, mentally likened her to one of Fra Angelico's angels. She did not in reality resemble one of those



ethereal beings much more than she did the heathen goddess to whom he had once before compared her; but something of the sanctity of the church seemed to cling about her, and that, together with the tranquillity of the hour, kept Barrington silent for a few minutes after they had walked away side by side. It was not until they had reached the western ramparts, and leaning over them, were gazing down into purple valleys lying in deep shade beneath the glowing hill-tops, that he opened his lips.

"So we really go back again to-morrow," he sighed.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered absently.

"Back to civilization—back to the dull, monotonous world. What a bore it all is! I wish I could stay here for ever!"

"What! You would like to spend the rest of your life at Fort Napoléon?" said Jeanne with a smile. "How long would it take you to tire of Kabylia? A week—two weeks? Not perhaps so much."

"Of what does not one tire in time?" he answered. "I have tried most things, and have found them all tolerably wearisome in the end. But there is one thing of which I could never tire."

"And that—?" inquired Jeanne, facing him with raised eyebrows of calm interrogation.

He had been going to say "Your society"; but somehow he felt ashamed to utter so feeble a commonplace, and substituted for it, rather tamely, "My friends."

"Ah! there are many people who tire of them also, after a time," remarked Jeanne. "As for me, I have so few friends," she added a little sadly.

"I hope you will always think of me as one of those few," said Barrington.

"You? Oh yes, if you wish it," she answered rather hurriedly. Then, as if desiring to change the subject, "How quiet everything is!" she exclaimed. "Quite in the distance I can hear that there is somebody riding up the hill from Tizi-Ouzou; listen!"

Barrington bent his ear forward, and managed just to distinguish the faint ringing of a horse's hoofs upon the road far below. Presently even this scarcely perceptible sound died away, and a universal hush brooded over the earth and air. Then for a long time neither of them spoke again,—Jeanne because her thoughts were wandering; Barrington because he was half afraid of what he might say if he trusted himself to open his lips.



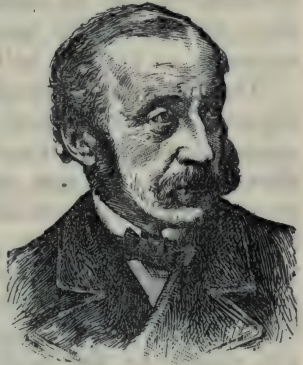
## CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

(1827-1908)



R. LOWELL and Colonel Higginson have given us vivid pictures of the quiet suburban village of Cambridge, in which stood the Harvard College of the early nineteenth century. Here Charles Eliot Norton was born. By eight years the junior of Lowell and by four of Higginson, Professor Norton was the youngest member of a notable group, and will pass into the history of American letters at the close of the little file which includes the Autocrat,—and by all rights save that of birth, Longfellow as well.

In the great rush to ever-changing Western habitations, Mr. Norton throughout his threescore years and ten associated the word "home" with the ample roof and ancient elms of "Shady Hill," where he was born November 16th, 1827. The years 1849-50, 1855-57, 1868-73, indeed, were spent in contented exile, beginning with a business voyage to India. From 1874 to 1898 he taught faithfully at Harvard; not, like his father, a pillar of orthodoxy in the Divinity School, but filling a collegiate chair as professor of the history of art.



C. E. NORTON

In one of the most impressive of his numerous essays on social questions, Mr. Norton deplors the lack of permanency, of the deep-struck local root, in our domestic and social life. The happiest illustration of his thesis stood close at hand. In all the land there were few homes so restful, so refined, so hospitable, as "Shady Hill."

This was, however, by no means a spot secluded from the busy world of men. More perhaps than any other American in our generation, Mr. Norton was ever a stern and fearless critic of everything in our social and intellectual life that fell short of his own highest ideals. This is one of the best uses to which brave and generous patriotism can devote itself. It is always easier to praise, or be silent, than to blame; to swim with the current than to stem the popular tide.

The rapid material growth of our country, the successful strife with savage nature, the rush of immigration from every land, the fierce friction through which alone those motley forms of humanity

can be merged in the new national type,—all these conditions have aided to mold many a heroic active career in America; but have made difficult, if not impossible, the “life contemplative.” Perhaps it is not desirable that the scholastic recluse should ever find it easy to live out his selfish existence among us. The most self-centred dreamer of the dream divine we have yet known—Emerson—declared that he did but

“Go to the god of the wood  
To fetch his word to men.”

Our danger is rather that we shall neglect altogether those periods of solitude and meditation which are as necessary to the mind and soul as slumber for the body. Yet those who best realize this truth—strong-winged spirits like Ruskin, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold—are oftenest tempted to disdain the contented average man or woman of their time, precisely because their own eyes are fixed on an ideal existence as yet but half attainable even by themselves.

There is a wide-spread tradition that each of the three great Englishmen just mentioned has regarded Mr. Norton as the foremost among American thinkers, scholars, or men of culture. In this last class, indeed, he was without doubt generally accorded the most prominent place, especially after the death of his two dearest friends, Lowell and Curtis. Mr. Norton had always seemed less optimistic than either of these two. He did not apparently share their buoyant confidence in the future of the race, and of our nation in particular. Nevertheless, remembering all that Hosea Biglow did to uplift and strengthen our patriotism, recalling how wisely, eloquently, and genially the Easy Chair pleaded for every social and political reform, we shall find decisive evidence of highest worth and general character even in this alone,—that Mr. Norton was the closest lifelong friend of each, the literary executor of both.

Mr. Norton had not the technical training of an architect, sculptor, or painter. Indeed, though he preached sincerely the superior ethical value and expressiveness of the material arts, he was himself a man of books, a critic of thought and style. Far though he had journeyed from the Calvinistic creed of an earlier generation, he retained all the moral fibre of his Puritan ancestors.

Professor Norton's pathetic, almost despondent mental attitude toward the conditions of our day had perhaps been confirmed by his long devotion to the grim master-poet of Tuscany. For Italy his heartiest affection is expressed in his ‘Notes of Travel’ (1859). It is half a century since he published a translation of the ‘Vita Nuova,’ wherein Dante's love poems were duly rendered in English rhymed verse. Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell were the most faithful collaborators also upon the poet Longfellow's careful rendering of Dante in



blank verse. Nevertheless, when Professor Norton's own translation of the 'Divine Comedy,' which he had interpreted to many successive classes of students, was finally printed (1891-2), it was wholly in prose. Of the faithful, lucid, somewhat calm and terse style employed in this rendering, an extended example has been offered already to readers of the 'Library.' Of course a prose version of a poem, itself a highly elaborated masterpiece of rhythmical form, will not satisfy every reader; but all the thoughts of Dante are here transferred. It is earnestly to be hoped that the 'Convito' also will be given to the public in completed form. As originator, president, and soul of the Dante Society, Mr. Norton must be credited with most of the modest sum total thus far accomplished on American soil in Dantesque research and publication.

In the direction of his professional teaching, Mr. Norton's chief public volume is his 'Church Building in the Middle Ages.' Here by three noble examples—the cathedrals of Venice, Siena, and Florence—the author illustrates his favorite thesis. A poem, more perhaps than a picture or a statue, may be in large part the miracle of a moment, the fruit of creative genius manifested in a single man: into a supreme masterpiece of architecture the physical and moral character of a whole race is built, and therefore finds therein its fullest expression.

Mr. Norton might also have counted as a great service to art the foundation of an "Archæological Institute of America," which he served for many years as president and most active member. This society sent out the first American archæological expedition,—to Assos in Asia Minor, 1881-3,—founded the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and it later shared in the creation of the sister school in Rome. This movement has already gone far toward revolutionizing and giving fresh life to the study of classical antiquity in America. For a series of years also Mr. Norton shared with his friend Lowell the editorial work of the scholarly old North American Review: a publication which is still painfully missed, for it has no real successor.

Amid all these heavy cares, shared by comparatively few helpers, Mr. Norton ever answered cheerfully in every crisis to the call of civic and patriotic duty. (The remarkable reappearance of the "scholar in politics" during the last two decades has indeed nowhere been more striking than at Harvard.) Lastly, this busy student, teacher, and author has responded no less patiently to every call, however unreasonable, on his personal sympathy. Many an old Harvard man will recall, with sincere remorse, how often his crude intellectual ambitions or moral perplexities were suffered to encroach on crowded hours and limited physical strength. Toward his chosen



friends, death itself did not interrupt his devotion. Not only Lowell's poetry and letters and Curtis's speeches, but Emerson's and Carlyle's correspondence, found in Charles Eliot Norton a judicious and laborious editor.

Altogether, it would be difficult to find a better example than this to illustrate the happy use of moderate wealth and of inherited scholarly tastes, for lifelong self-improvement and many-sided usefulness. Mr. Norton continued his literary activities up to a short time before his death, which occurred in 1908.

### THE BUILDING OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL

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THE best Gothic architecture, wherever it may be found, affords evidence that the men who executed it were moved by a true fervor of religious faith. In building a church, they did not forget that it was to be the house of God. No portion of their building was too minute, no portion too obscure, to be perfected with thorough and careful labor. The work was not let out by contract, or taken up as a profitable job. The architect of a cathedral might live all his life within the shadow of its rising walls, and die no richer than when he gave the sketch; but he was well repaid by the delight of seeing his design grow from an imagination to a reality, and by spending his days in the accepted service of the Lord.

For the building of a cathedral, however, there needs not only a spirit of religious zeal among the workmen, but a faith no less ardent among the people for whom the church is designed. The enormous expense of construction—an expense which for generations must be continued without intermission—is not to be met except by liberal and willing general contributions. Papal indulgences and the offerings of pilgrims may add something to the revenues; but the main cost of building must be borne by the community over whose house-tops the cathedral is to rise and to extend its benign protection.

Cathedrals were essentially expressions of the popular will and the popular faith. They were the work neither of ecclesiastics nor of feudal barons. They represent in a measure

the decline of feudalism, and the prevalence of the democratic element in society. No sooner did a city achieve its freedom than its people began to take thought for a cathedral. Of all the arts, architecture is the most quickly responsive to the instincts and the desires of a people. And in the cathedrals, the popular beliefs, hopes, fears, fancies, and aspirations found expression, and were perpetuated in a language intelligible to all. The life of the Middle Ages is recorded on their walls. When the democratic element was subdued, as in Cologne by a Prince Bishop, or in Milan by a succession of tyrants, the cathedral was left unfinished. When in the fifteenth century, all over Europe, the turbulent but energetic liberties of the people were suppressed, the building of cathedrals ceased.

The grandeur, beauty, and lavish costliness of the Duomo at Orvieto, or of any other of the greater cathedrals, implies a persistency and strength of purpose which could be the result only of the influence over the souls of men of a deep and abiding emotion. Minor motives may often have borne a part in the excitement of feeling,—motives of personal ambition, civic pride, boastfulness, and rivalry; but a work that requires the combined and voluntary offerings and labor of successive generations presupposes a condition of the higher spiritual nature which no motives but those connected with religion are sufficient to support. It becomes then a question of more than merely historic interest, a question indeed touching the very foundation of the spiritual development and civilization of modern Europe, to investigate the nature and origin of that wide-spread impulse which for two centuries led the people of different races, and widely diverse habits of life and thought, to the construction of cathedrals,—buildings such as our own age, no less than those which have immediately preceded it, seems incompetent to execute, and indifferent to attempt.

It is impossible to fix a precise date for the first signs of vigorous and vital consciousness which gave token of the birth of a new life out of the dead remains of the ancient world. The tenth century is often spoken of as the darkest period of the Dark Ages; but even in its dull sky there were some breaks of light, and very soon after it had passed the dawn began to brighten. The epoch of the completion of a thousand years from the birth of Christ, which had, almost from the first preaching of Christianity, been looked forward to as the time for the destruction



of the world and the advent of the Lord to judge the earth, had passed without the fulfillment of these ecclesiastical prophecies and popular anticipations. There can be little doubt that among the mass of men there was a sense of relief, naturally followed by a certain invigoration of spirit. The eleventh century was one of comparative intellectual vigor. The twelfth was still more marked by mental activity and force. The world was fairly awake. Civilization was taking the first steps of its modern course. The relations of the various classes of society were changing. A wider liberty of thought and action was established; and while this led to a fresh exercise of individual power and character, it conduced also to combine men together in new forms of united effort for the attainment of common objects and in the pursuit of common interests.

Corresponding with, but perhaps subsequent by a short interval to, the pervading intellectual movement, was a strong and quickening development of the moral sense among men. The periods distinguished in modern history by a condition of intellectual excitement and fervor have been usually, perhaps always, followed at a short interval by epochs of more or less intense moral energy, which has borne a near relation to the nature of the moral elements in the previous intellectual movement. The Renaissance, an intellectual period of pure immorality, was followed close by the Reformation, whose first characteristic was that of protest. The Elizabethan age, in which the minds of men were full of large thoughts, and their imaginations rose to the highest flights, led in the noble sacrifices, the great achievements, the wild vagaries of Puritanism. The age of Voltaire and the infidels was followed by the fierce energy, the infidel morality of the French Revolution. And so at this earlier period, the general intellectual awakening, characterized as it was by simple impulses, and regulated in great measure by the teachings of the Church, produced a strong outbreak of moral earnestness which exhibited itself in curiously similar forms through the whole of Europe. . . .

The immense amount of labor employed in the construction,—and of labor of the most diverse description, from the highest efforts of the inventive imagination to the simplest mechanical hammering of blocks of stone,—led to a careful organization of the whole body of workmen, and to the setting aside of a special building, the *Loggia*, on the Cathedral square, for the use of the



masters in the different arts. Each art had its chief, and over all presided "the Master of the Masters," skilled no less in painting, mosaic, and sculpture, than in architecture. The larger number of the most accomplished artists came at this time from Siena and Pisa, where the growth of the arts had a little earlier spring than in Florence. Whatever designs and models were required for any portion of the work were first submitted for approval to the head of the special art to which they belonged; and if approved by him, were then laid before the Master of the Masters, and the Board of Superintendents of the work. These officers occupied a house opposite the front of the Duomo, in which they assembled for deliberation, and where the records of their proceedings were kept in due form by a notary, who every week registered the works accomplished, the cost of materials, and the wages of those employed on the building.

Beside the masters and men at work at Orvieto, many others were distributed in various parts of Italy, employed in obtaining materials, and especially in quarrying and cutting marble for the Cathedral. Black marble was got from the quarries near Siena, alabaster from Sant' Antimo, near Radicofani, and white marble from the mountains of Carrara. But the supply of the richest and rarest marbles came from Rome, the ruins of whose ancient magnificence afforded ample stores of costliest material to the builders not only of the Papal city itself, but of Naples, of Orvieto, and of many another Italian town. The Greek statuary marble which had once formed part of some ancient temple was transferred to the hands of the new sculptors, to be worked into forms far different in character and in execution from those of Grecian art. The accumulated riches of pagan Rome were distributed for the adornment of Christian churches.

To destroy the remains of paganism was regarded as a scarcely less acceptable service than to erect new buildings for Christian worship. Petrarch had not yet begun to lament the barbarism of such destruction. The beauty of the ancient world was recognized as yet only by a few artists, powerless to save its vanishing remains. Not yet had the intoxicating sense of this beauty begun to recorrupt and re-effeminate Italy. A century later, Rome began to preserve in part the few remaining memorials of her ancient splendor; and not many years after, the Renaissance, with its degraded taste and debasing principles, set in, and the influence of ancient art on modern morals was displayed.

The workmen who labored in quarrying at Rome during the winter retired in summer to the healthy heights of the Alban mountains; and there, among the ruins of ancient villas, continued their work, and thence dispatched the blocks, on wagons drawn by buffaloes, to their distant destination. The entries in the book of the records of the *Fabbrica* show with what a network of laborers, in the service of the Cathedral, the neighboring provinces were overspread. Thus, under date of the 13th of September, 1321, there is an entry of the expense of the transport of marbles, and of travertine for coarse work, from Valle del Cero, from Barontoli, from Tivoli, and from Rigo on the Tiber; and on the 11th of the same month, sixty florins of gold and fourteen *lire* in silver were paid for the transport, with sixteen pairs of buffaloes, from the forest of Aspretolo, of sixteen loads of fir timber for the soffit of the Cathedral, and one beam of the largest size. Again, there is an entry of the payment for bringing four great pieces of marble, of the weight of 8,100 pounds, from the quarter of St. Paul at Rome; and a little later another for 14,250 pounds of marble, also from Rome. On the 21st of June, nine *lire* and eleven *soldi* had been spent in the purchase of an ass,—“quem somarium Mag. Laurentius caput Magistrorum operis et Camerarius emerunt pro portandis ferris et rebus Magistrorum operis Romam.” From the quarry of Montepisi came loads of marble for the main portal and for the side-doors; and from Arezzo, famous of old for its red vases, was brought clay for the glass furnace for the making of mosaics. On the 3d of August, a messenger was dispatched with letters from the architect to the workmen at Albano, “Magistris operis qui laborant marmora apud Castrum Albani, prope Urbem.” Such entries as these extend over many years; and show not only the activity displayed in the building, but also its enormous costliness, and the long foresight and wide knowledge of means required in its architect.

Trains of wagons, loaded with material for the Cathedral, made their slow progress toward the city from the north and the south, from the shores of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean. The heavy carts which had creaked under their burdens along the solitudes of the Campagna of the Maremma, which had toiled up the forest-covered heights that overhang Viterbo, through the wild passes of Monte Cimino, or whose shouting teamsters had held back their straining buffaloes down the bare sides of the mountains of Radicofani, arrived in unending succession in the



valley of the Paglia. The worst part of the way, however, still lay before them in the steep ascent to the uplifted city. But here the zeal of voluntary labor came in to lighten the work of the tugging buffaloes. Bands of citizens enrolled themselves to drag the carts up the rise of the mountain; and on feast days the people of the neighboring towns flocked in to take their share in the work, and to gain the indulgences offered to those who should give a helping hand. We may imagine these processions of laborers in the service of the house of the Lord advancing to the sound of the singing of hymns or the chanting of penitential psalms; but of these scenes no formal description has been left. The enthusiasm which was displayed was of the same order as that which, a century before, had been shown at the building of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres, but probably less intense in its expression, owing to the change in the spirit of the times. Then men and women, sometimes to the number of a thousand, of all ranks and conditions, harnessed themselves to the wagons loaded with materials for building, or with supplies for the workmen. No one was admitted into the company who did not first make confession of his sins, "and lay down at the foot of the altar all hatred and anger." As cart after cart was dragged in by its band of devotees, it was set in its place in a circle of wagons around the church. Candles were lighted upon them all, as upon so many altars. At night the people watched, singing hymns and songs of praise, or inflicting discipline upon themselves, with prayers for the forgiveness of their sins.

Processions of Juggernaut, camp-meetings, the excitements of a revival, are exhibitions under another form of the spirit shown in these enrollments of the people as beasts of burden. Such excitements rarely leave any noble or permanent result. But it was the distinctive characteristic of this period of religious enthusiasm that there were men honestly partaking in the general emotion, yet of such strong individuality of genius that instead of being carried away by the wasteful current of feeling, they were able to guide and control to great and noble purposes the impulsive activity and bursting energies of the time. Religious excitements so called, of whatever kind, imply one of two things: either a morbid state of the physical or mental system, or a low and materialistic conception of the truths of the spiritual life. They belong as much to the body as to the soul, and they seek vent for the energies they arouse, in physical manifestations.



Between the groaning of a set of miserable sinners on the anxious seats, and the toiling of men and women at the ropes of carts laden with stone for a church, there is a close relation. The cause and nature of the emotion which influences them are the same. The difference of its mode of exhibition arises from original differences of character, from changes in religious creeds, from the varied circumstances of different ages. It is a difference exhibited in the contrast between the bare boards of a Methodist meeting-house and the carved walls of a Catholic cathedral

### THE DOME OF BRUNELLESCHI

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IN THE chapter-house—the so-called Spanish chapel—of Santa Maria Novella, is one of the most interesting pictures of the fourteenth century. It has been ascribed, rightly or wrongly is of little consequence, to the great Sienese master Simone Memmi. It represents, in a varied and crowded composition of many scenes, the services and the exaltation of St. Dominic and his order. The artist may well have had in his mind the splendid eulogy of the saint which Dante heard from St. Bonaventura in Paradise. As the type and image of the visible Church, the painter had depicted the Duomo of Florence—not unfinished, as it was at the time, but completed, and representing, we may believe, in its general features, the original project of Arnolfo, although the details are rather in the spirit of the delicate Gothic work of Orcagna's school than in that of an earlier time. The central area of the church is covered by an octagonal dome that rises from a cornice on a level with a roof of the nave, and is adorned at each angle with the figure of an angel.

When the church now, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, was approaching completion, this original project of an octagonal dome still seemed the only plan practicable for the covering of the intersection of nave and transept; but the construction of such a work had been rendered vastly more difficult by the immense increase in the original dimensions. The area to be spanned was enormous, for the diameter of the octagon was now about one hundred and thirty-five feet. The difficulty was

the greater from the height of the walls from which the dome must spring. No Gothic builder had vaulted such an area as this. Since the Pantheon was built, no architect had attempted a dome with such a span; and the dome of the Pantheon itself, with a diameter of one hundred and forty-three feet, rose from a wall that was but seventy-two feet in height. The dome of St. Sophia, the supreme work of the Byzantine builders, with the resources of the Empire at their command, had a diameter of but one hundred and four feet, and the height from the ground to its very summit was but one hundred and seventy-nine feet. The records of architecture could not show such a dome as this must be. Where was the architect to be found who would venture to undertake its construction? What were the means he could employ for its execution? Such were the questions that pressed upon those who had the work in charge, and which busied the thoughts of the builders of the time. . . .

It cannot now be determined, and it is of little importance, whether Brunelleschi's object in going to Rome was as distinctly defined beforehand in his own mind as Vasari declares in the statement that he had two most grand designs: one to bring to light again good architecture; the other to find the means, if he could, of vaulting the cupola of St. Mary of the Flower, "an intention of which he said nothing to Donatello or any living soul;"—or whether, as the anonymous biographer implies, this object gradually took shape in his thought as he studied the remains of Roman antiquity, acquainting himself with the forms and proportions of classic buildings, and with the unsurpassed methods of Roman construction. But this journey of Brunelleschi and Donatello, that they might learn, and learning revive, "the good ancient art," is one of the capital incidents in the modern Renaissance. These were the two men in all Florence, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, of deepest nature, of most various and original genius. They were in little sympathy with the temper of the Middle Ages. For them the charm of its finest moods was lost. The spirit that had given form to Gothic art had always been foreign to Tuscan artists. The traditions of an earlier time had never wholly failed to influence their work. And now the worth and significance of ancient art, first recognized by Niccola Pisano a century and a half earlier, were felt as never before. The work of the scholars of the fourteenth century, in the collection and study of the fragments of ancient



culture, was bearing fruit. For a hundred years the progress in letters and the arts in Italy had been quickened by the increasing knowledge of the past; and with each step of advance men had not only felt deeper and more inspiring delight in the ideals of the classic world, but had found more and more instruction in the models which its works presented. Through the creations of the art of former days nature herself was revealed to them in new aspects. Their reverence for the teachings of the ancients was often uncritical and indiscriminate, but the zeal with which they sought them was sincere and invigorating. It was not till a later time, when the first eagerness of enthusiasm had given place to a dry pedantry of investigation, that the study of classic models allured a weaker generation from the paths of nature and independence into those of artificiality and imitation.

Brunelleschi was the first artist to visit Rome with fully open modern eyes. From morning till night, day after day, he and Donatello were at work unearthing half-buried ruins, measuring columns and entablatures, digging up hidden fragments, searching for whatever might reveal the secrets of ancient time. The common people fancied them to be seekers for buried treasure; but the treasure for which they sought was visible only to one who had, like Brunelleschi, as his biographer says, "*buono occhio mentale*,"—a clear mental eye.

For many years the greater part of Brunelleschi's life was spent in Rome. He had sold a little farm that he owned at Settignano, near Florence, to obtain the means of living; but falling short of money after a while, he turned to the art in which he had served his apprenticeship, and gained his livelihood by work as a goldsmith. The condition of Rome at this time was wretched in the extreme. Nothing was left of the dignity of the ancient city but its ruins. There was no settled civic order, no regular administration of law or justice. Life and property were insecure. The people were poor, suffering, and turbulent. Rome was the least civilized city of Italy. Its aspect was as wretched as its condition. Large tracts within its walls were vacant. Its inhabited portions were a labyrinth of filthy lanes. Many churches, built in earlier centuries, were neglected and falling to ruin. There was no respect for the monuments of former times. Many were buried under heaps of the foulest rubbish; many were used as quarries of stone for common walls; many were cumbered by mean buildings, or occupied as



strongholds. The portico of the Pantheon was filled with stalls and booths; the arcades of the Colosseum were blocked up with rude structures used for the most various purposes; the Forum was crowded with a confused mass of low dwellings. Ancient marbles, fragments of splendid sculpture, were often calcined for lime. The reawakening interest in antiquity which was inspiring the scholars and artists of Florence, and which was beginning to modify profoundly the culture and the life of Europe, was not yet shared by those who dwelt within the city which was its chief source, and reverence for Rome was nowhere less felt than in Rome itself.

But the example and the labors of Brunelleschi were opening the way to change. He was the pioneer along a path leading to modern times. In the midst of conditions that must have weighed heavily upon him, he continued the diligent study of the remains of ancient art, investigating especially such structures as the Pantheon and the Baths, for the purpose of learning the methods adopted in their construction.

Meantime his reputation was slowly advancing at home; and when at intervals he visited Florence, he was consulted in respect to the public and private buildings with which the flourishing city was adorning herself. The work on the Duomo was steadily proceeding. The eastern tribune was finished in 1407; the others were approaching completion. The original plan of a dome springing from the level of the roof of the nave had been recognized as unfit for the larger church. Such a dome would have had too heavy and too low a look. It had been decided that the dome must be lifted above the level of the roof upon a massive octagonal drum; and already in 1417 the *occhi*, or round lights, of the drum were constructing, and the time was close at hand when the structure would be ready for the beginning of the dome itself. The overseers of the work were embarrassed by the difficulty of the task by which they were confronted, and knew not how to proceed. If a framework for the centring of the dome were to be built up from the ground, they stood aghast at the quantity of timber required for it, and at the enormous cost; so that it seemed to them well-nigh an impossibility, or to speak more truly, absolutely impossible.

The Board of Works sought advice from Brunelleschi. "But if the master builders had seen difficulties, Philip showed them far more. And some one asking, Is there, then, no mode of

erecting it? Philip, who was ingenious also in discourse, replied that if the thing were really impossible, it could not be done; but that if it were not so, there ought to be some one in the world who could do the work; and seeing that it was a religious edifice, the Lord God, to whom nothing was impossible, would surely not abandon it." Further consultations were held; and on May 19th, 1417, the *Opera* voted to give Philip di Ser Brunellesco "pro bona gratuitate"—for his labors in making drawings and employing himself concerning the cupola—ten golden florins.

. . . . No more characteristic or remarkable design was produced during the whole period of the Renaissance than this with which its great architectural achievements began. It was the manifesto of a revolution in architecture. It marks an epoch in the art. Such a dome as Brunelleschi proposed to erect had never been built. The great domes of former times—the dome of the Pantheon, the dome of Santa Sophia—had been designed solely for their interior effect: they were not impressive or noble structures from without. But Brunelleschi had conceived a dome which, grand in its interior aspect, should be even more superb from without than from within, and which in its stately dimensions and proportions, in its magnificent lift above all the other edifices of the city of which it formed the centre, should give the fullest satisfaction to the desire common in the Italian cities for a monumental expression of the political unity and the religious faith of their people. His work fulfilled the highest aim of architecture as a civic art, in being a political symbol, an image of the life of the State itself. As such no other of the ultimate forms of architecture was so appropriate as the dome. Its absolute unity and symmetry, the beautiful shape and proportions of its broad divisions, the strong and simple energy of its upwardly converging lines, all satisfied the sentiment of Florence, compounded as it was of the most varied elements,—civic, political, religious, and æsthetic. . . .

At last, in 1420, all these masters from beyond the mountains were assembled in Florence, together with those of Tuscany, and all the ingenious architects of the city, among them Brunelleschi himself. On a certain day they all met at the works of S. Maria del Fiore, together with the consuls and the Board of Works and a choice of the most intelligent citizens; and then one after another spoke his mind as to the mode in which the dome might be built. "It was a fine thing to hear the strange and diverse



opinions on the matter." Some advised to build up a structure from the ground to support the cupola while it was in process of building. Others, for the same end, proposed heaping up a high mound of earth, in which pieces of money should be buried, so that when the work was done the common people would carry away the earth for the sake of what they might find in it. Others again urged that the cupola be built of pumice-stone, for the sake of lightness. Only Philip said that the dome could be built without any such support of timber or masonry or earth, and was laughed at by all for such a wild and impracticable notion; and growing hot in the explanation and defense of his plan of construction, and being told to go but not consenting, he was at last carried by main force from the assembly, "*fu portato di peso fuori*,"—all men holding him stark mad. And Philip was accustomed to say afterwards that he was ashamed at this time to go about Florence, for fear of hearing it said, "See that fool there, who talks so wildly." The overseers of the work were distracted by the bewildering diversity of counsels; and "Philip, who had spent so many years in studies for the sake of having this work, knew not what to do, and was oftentimes tempted to depart from Florence. Yet, wishing to win his object, he armed himself with patience, as was needful, having so much to endure; for he knew the brains of that city never stood long fixed on one resolve. Philip might have shown a little model which he had below, but he did not wish to show it; being aware of the small understanding of the consuls, the envy of the workmen, and the little stability of the citizens, who favored now this, now that, according to their pleasure. What, then, Philip had not been able to do in the assembly he began to try with individuals; and speaking now to this consul, now to this member of the Board of Works, and in like wise to many citizens, showing them part of his design, he brought them to determine to assign the work either to him or to one of the foreigners. Whereby the consuls and the Board of Works and the citizens being encouraged, they caused a new assembly to be held, and the architects disputed of the matter; but they were all beaten down and overcome by Philip with abundant reasons. And here it is said that the dispute about the egg arose in this manner." The other architects urged him to explain his scheme in detail, and to show them the model he had made of the structure; but this he refused, and finally proposed to them that



the man who could prove his capacity by making an egg stand on end on a smooth bit of marble should build the cupola. To this they assented. All tried in vain; and then Philip, taking the egg and striking it upon the marble, made it stand. The others, offended, declared they could have done as much. "Ay," said Philip, "and so, after seeing my model, you could build the cupola."

It was accordingly resolved that he should have charge of the conduct of the work; and he was directed to give fuller information concerning his plans to the consuls and Board of Works.

Towards the end of the year 1425, in January (it is to be remembered that the Florentine year began in March), Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, together with one of the Officials of the Cupola and the head-master of the works, united in an important report to the Board, as to the work in progress and that which was to be next undertaken. It is plain from it that the difficulties of building such a vault without centring were increasing as the curve ascended. On the inner side of the vault a parapet of planks was to be made, to protect the scaffolding and to cut off the sight of the masters from the void beneath them, for their greater security. "We say nothing of centring," say the builders: "not that it might not have given greater strength and beauty to the work," which may well be doubted; "but not having been started with, a centring would now be undesirable, and could hardly be made without armature, for the sake of avoiding which the centring was dispensed with at the beginning." Brunelleschi's genius was sufficient to overcome all the difficulties met with in accomplishing the bold experiment which he had devised, and which in its kind still remains without parallel.

Many entries in the records afford a lively impression of scenes and incidents connected with the building. With all the precautions that could be taken, the exposure of the workmen to the risk of falling was great. Two men were thus killed in the first year of the work. As the dome rose, the danger increased; and a provision was made that any of the masters or laborers who preferred to work below might do so, but at wages one quarter less. Brunelleschi, finding that owing to the vast height of the edifice, the builders lost much time in going down for food and drink, arranged a cook-shop and stalls for the sale of bread and wine, in the cupola itself. Thenceforth no one was

allowed to go down from his work oftener than once a day. But the supply of wine in the cupola caused a new danger; and an order was issued by the Board, that "considering the risks which may daily threaten the master masons who are employed on the wall of the cupola, on account of the wine that is necessarily kept in the cupola, from this time forth the clerk of the works shall not allow any wine to be brought up which has not been diluted with at least one third of water." But the workmen were reckless; and amused themselves, among other ways, in letting themselves and each other down on the outside of the dome in mere sport, or to take young birds from their nests, till at length the practice was forbidden by an order of the Board.

So year by year the work went on; the walls slowly rounding upwards. . . .

The work on the Duomo was now actively pushed forward. The second chain to resist the thrust of the inner cupola was constructed; and in 1432 the dome had reached such a height that Brunelleschi was ordered to make a model of the closing of its summit, and also a model of the lantern that was to stand on it, in order that full consideration might be given to the work, and due provision for it made in advance. Two years more passed, years in which the city was busied with public affairs of great concern both at home and abroad; when at length, on the 12th of June, 1434, just fourteen years from its beginning, the cupola closed over the central space of the Duomo. It had grown slowly, marvelous in the eyes of all beholders, who saw its walls rise, curving over the void without apparent support, held suspended in the air as if by miracle. Brunelleschi's fame was secure; henceforth his work was chief part of Florence.



## NOVALIS

(FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG)

(1772-1801)



FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, better known under the pseudonym of Novalis, was born upon the family estate of Wiederstedt, Mansfeld, Germany, May 2d, 1772. His early education and environment were conducive to the development of the best that was in him. His father, the Baron von Hardenberg, was in every respect an exemplary man and a wise father; his mother was loving and pious: and the family circle, which included seven sons and four daughters, was bound together by the closest ties of affection and congeniality.



NOVALIS

As a lad, Novalis was delicate and retiring, and of a dreamy disposition. He withdrew from the rough sports of his companions, and amused himself by reading and composing poetry. He wrote poetical plays, in which he and his brothers enacted the characters of the spirits of the earth and air and water. His parents were Moravians; and the strict, religious character of his training had a deep effect upon his sensitive nature. His thoughts

dwelt constantly upon the unseen. His eyes burned with the light of an inward fire, and he wandered about in a kind of day-dream, in which the intangible was more real than his material surroundings. A more healthful change took place during his ninth year. A severe attack of illness seems to have aroused his dormant powers of resistance; and after his recovery he was not only better physically, but brighter and more cheerful, and far more awake to temporalities. His education now began in earnest. He applied himself diligently to his studies, and entered the University of Jena in 1789. Here he met Fichte and Friedrich Schlegel; an acquaintance that was fruitful of results, for with Novalis a friendship was an epoch, and his ardent spirit readily yielded itself to affinitive influences. His passionate friendship for Schiller, whom he also met at Jena, and later



for Goethe, were molds for his plastic nature. He remained at Jena until 1792, when he went to the University of Leipsic with his brother Erasmus; and the following year he finished his studies at Wittenberg.

The future character of his pursuits indicates his intention of following a business career. He went to Arnstadt, where, under the instruction of Just, the principal judiciary of the district, he applied himself to practical affairs. In 1795 he was appointed to a position in the Saxony salt works, of which his father was director. In the mean time, early in the spring of 1795, he had made the acquaintance of Sophie von Kuhn, a beautiful child of thirteen, for whom he at once conceived a poetic passion. In spite of her youth, they were betrothed; but Sophie died just after her fifteenth birthday, and Novalis entered upon a period of darkness and despair that threatened to engulf him. Shortly after her death, his brother Erasmus died at Weissenfels; and this double grief seemed to transfigure Novalis. For him the boundary line between the seen and the unseen disappeared. He longed for death, and yet was in a state of exaltation. He wrote to his brother Charles: "Be comforted. Erasmus has conquered. The flowers of the beloved wreath here drop off one by one, in order that there they may be reunited into one more beautiful and eternal."

It was during this time and a little later that he wrote some of the most beautiful and spirituel of his compositions, notably 'Hymnen an die Nacht' (Hymns to the Night). These fragmentary pieces of prose are the breathings of a poet's soul. "I turn aside to the holy, ineffable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world submerged in the deep vault of heaven. Waste and lonely is her place. The chords of the bosom are stirred by deep sadness. I will descend in dew-drops and mix myself with the ashes. Distances of memory, wishes of youth, dreams of childhood, the short joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, come in gray apparel, like the evening mist after the sunset. In other spaces Light has pitched its joyful tents. Will it never return to its children who await it with the faith of innocence?"

With the intention of diverting his mind from his sorrow, his parents persuaded him to carry out a plan of his younger days, and undertake a course of study in the Mining School of Freiburg. Here, amid congenial friends and in the interests of his pursuits, he gradually recovered health and cheerfulness. He loved again, and shortly became engaged to Julie, the daughter of the famous mineralogist Charpentier. Novalis remained in Freiburg until the summer of 1799, when he returned to Weissenfels, where he was made assessor and was appointed under his father chief judiciary of the Thuringian district. He now visited often at Jena, where he established

the warmest relations with Ritter, Schelling, Wilhelm Schlegel, and Tieck; of whom the last, in connection with Friedrich Schlegel, became his biographer and literary executor.

Always delicate, always spiritually toying with death, at last the invincible forces that had so long held aloof descended upon him. In August of the year 1800 he became very ill; and though he still attended to the duties of his office, and wrote constantly, his weakness increased, and on the 25th of March, 1801, he died at the house of his parents in Weissenfels, not quite twenty-nine years of age.

The influence of Novalis was due more to the time of his appearance than to his power as a writer; and it is as a factor in the evolution of German literature, rather than by the amount or even the quality of his work, that he is to be judged. His entire writings are comprised within two or three small volumes, and the years of his literary activity were but six, included in the period between the close of his student days and his death; and yet the name of Novalis is the brightest of the old Romantic school. Although his early death precluded the possibility of his fulfilling the expectations of his friends, who regarded him as the torch-bearer in the struggle against the materialism of the "Enlighteners," yet his union of religion and poetry, his philosophy, and his deep faith in Christianity, made him a power quite unique in the world of letters. 'Geistliche Lieder' (Spiritual Songs) are matchless of their kind; and all his poems have an illusive beauty and fragrance quite impossible to translate.

A great part of the works of Novalis are made up of miscellaneous fragments, philosophical reflections, aphorisms, and irrelevant thoughts set down in disconnected sentences. Many of these were published in the *Athenæum* under the title of 'Blumenstaub' (Flower-Dust), and many more were collected from his papers after the death of the author. 'Die Lehrlinge zu Sais' (The Disciples at Sais) is a fragment of an unfinished psychological romance, which in its vagueness and philosophical speculation has many points of resemblance to his later and also unfinished work, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen.'

A new art, before its limitations have been reached, and before it has definitely assumed its ultimate shape, may develop many extravagances. Novalis was a leader in the new school of Romanticism, and 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' was a protest against rationalism. This allegorical romance, if indeed what is pure allegory may be called a romance, was written during the last months of Novalis's life. It was intended to be an apotheosis of poetry, and in this phenomenal piece of literature there existed no law either human or divine. The poet's fancy is all supreme. Dreams and allegories may transcend all laws of mind and matter; nothing astonishes, nothing is impossible. Heinrich von Ofterdingen in his search for the Blue



Flower, the absolute ideal, represents the struggle of the spirit of poesy against the environment of the material. Part first, 'Expectation,' which is completed, describes the gradual preparation of the hero for the reception of this ethereal essence. Part second, 'The Fulfillment,' has been completed in outline by Tieck, the author's intimate friend and literary confidant, and is supposed to represent the full blossoming of the poet's soul. "To the poet who comprehends the nature of his art to its centre, nothing appears contradictory and strange. To him all riddles are solved. By the magic of the imagination he can unite all ages and all worlds. Miracles disappear, and everything transforms itself into miracles." And so throughout the tale the marvels advance by gigantic strides, until at the end it only dimly stirs us to learn that "Heinrich plucks the Blue Flower and releases Matilda from her enchantment, but she is again lost to him. He becomes insensible through pain, and turns into a stone. Edda (the Blue Flower, the Eastern Maiden, Matilda) sacrifices herself upon the stone, which is then transformed into a melodious tree. Cyane hews down the tree and burns it, and herself with it. He now becomes a golden ram which Edda—that is, Matilda—must sacrifice, when he again becomes man," etc.

'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' as a romance is unworthy of the place assigned it by contemporary critics. Although full of passages of rare beauties, and ideas which outstrip their time, it is nevertheless vague, obscure, and chaotic. Its importance lies in its effect as the leaven of the new literature just springing into being. It embodies all the beauties, as well as all the faults and extravagances, of the old Romantic school, before time had pruned its growth and developed it into a fruitful maturity.

#### HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

WHAT living, feeling being loves not the gorgeous hues which proclaim the dawn of day?

The ever-moving stars, as they whirl in boundless ether, hail the dawn-bright herald of the day, the glistening rocks hail its rays, the tender growing plants raise their pure eyes rejoicing, and the wild animal joins in the happy chorus which welcomes another day.

More than all these rejoices the glorious Being, the Monarch of the Earth. His deep, thoughtful eyes survey his creation. His melodious voice summons nature to resume her magic works. He binds or looses a million ties, and stamps all earthly life with



some impress of his power. His presence reveals the marvels of the Kingdom of Earth.

But sacred Night, with her unspoken mysteries, draws me to her. The world is far, far away, buried in a deep and lonely grave. My heart is full of sadness. Let me dissolve in drops of dew, and join the beloved dust. Long past memories, youthful ambitions, childhood's dreams, a long life of brief joys and blighted hopes, pass before me—dusky forms, like evening mist.

In another region merry day returns triumphant. Will it never return to us, its children, who await its coming in child-like trust?

What stirs this weary heart, and banishes my sorrow? Dost thou feel pity for us, O holy Night?

What soothing influence pervades my being? What hand sheds costly opiate on my throbbing heart? The wings of fancy no longer droop, fresh energy arises within me. In joyful surprise I see a calm, grave face bend lovingly over me; the face of a tender mother, beaming with eternal youth. How poor and childish in comparison are the joys of day, how blessed and consoling the return of night!

The active work of day is over; the boundless ocean of space, with its lustrous spheres, proclaims Night's eternal power and presence.

The eyes of the Night are countless hosts of glittering orbs, a glory far exceeding that of Day. They see far beyond the most distant of those countless hosts; they need no light to perceive the unfathomable depth of that loving Spirit who fills boundless space with happiness.

All hail, Queen of the Earth! thou herald of holier worlds, thou revealer of holy love! Much-loved sun of the night, thou art her gift.

My whole being awakes. I am thine, and thou art mine. Night has aroused me to life and manhood. Consume my earthly frame, draw me into deeper and closer union, and may our bridal night endure for ever.

Must Day return again? Will earthly influences never cease? Unholy toil desecrates the heavenly calm of Night. When shall the mystic sacrifice of love burn for ever? Light has its own fixed limits, but Night has a boundless unfathomable dominion; the reign of Sleep has no end. Holy Sleep! shed thy blest balm

on the hallowed Night of this earthly sphere. Only fools fail to understand thee, and know of no other sleep than the shades which the actual night casts over us in kindly pity. They see thee not in the purple blood of the grape, in the golden oil of the almond, in the dusty sap of the poppy. They guess not that it is thou who hoverest around the tender maiden, making her heart the temple of Heaven; nor dream that it is thou, heavenly messenger, who bearest the key which opens the dwellings of the Blessed.

I KNOW when the last day shall come — when Light no longer shall be scared by Night and Love: then slumber shall not cease, and existence shall become an endless dream. Heavenly weariness oppresses me, long and dreamy was my pilgrimage to the Holy Grave, crushing was the cross I bore. He who has drunk of the crystal wave which wells forth from the gloomy grave on which earth's billows break, he who has stood on earth's border-land and perceived that new country, the dwelling of Night, returns not to the tumult of life, to the land where light reigns amid ceaseless unrest.

He builds himself a refuge far from the tumult—a peaceful home, and awaits the welcome hour when he too shall be drawn into the crystal wave. All that savors of earth floats on the surface, and is driven back by tempests; but what love has hallowed flows in hidden channels, to another region where it mingles—a fragrant essence—with those loved ones who have fallen asleep.

Ah! merry Light, thou still arousest the weary to their task, and strivest to inspire me too with cheerful life; but thou hast no charm to tempt me from my cherished memories. With joy I watch the busy hands, and look around to fulfill my own duty; I praise thy glorious works, admire the matchless blending of thy cunning designs, watch the varied workings of the busy hours, and seek to discover the symmetry and laws which rule the marvels of endless space and measureless ages.

But my heart remains ever true to Night and her daughter, creative Love. Canst thou show me one ever-faithful heart? Has thy sun a friendly glance for me? Do thy stars hold out a welcoming hand? Do they return the gentle pressure and the caressing word? Hast thou clothed them in color and beauty? What joys or pleasure can life offer to outweigh the charm of



death? Does not all that inspires us bear the colors of Night? Night bears thee gently like a mother; to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst have sunk into endless space had not Night upheld thee, and bound thee, till earth arose. Truly I existed long ere thou wert: I and my sisters were sent to dwell in thy world, and hallow it with love, to make it an enduring memorial; to plant it with unfading flowers. Not yet have these blossoms opened, few are the traces which mark our way. But the end of time is at hand; then thou wilt rejoin us, and gently fade away, full of longing and fervent desire. All thy busy restlessness will end in heavenly freedom, a blessed home-coming. With bitter grief I acknowledge thy forsaking of our home, thine unconquered hatred to the old glorious heaven.

But in vain is thy wrath and fury. The Cross stands firm for ever, the banner of our race.

THE many scattered races of mankind lay bound for ages in the grasp of an iron fate. Light was hidden from their weary souls. The eternal world was the home and dwelling of the Gods. Its mysterious form had existed from eternity. Over the glowing mountains of the East abode the Sun, with its all-pervading heat and light. An aged Giant bore the Earth on his shoulders. The Titans, the first children of Mother Earth,—who had waged impious war against the new glorious race of Gods and their kinsfolk, the merry race of men,—lay fast bound under the mountains. The dark green depths of Ocean was the lap of a Goddess. A gay, luxurious race dwelt in the crystal grottoes. Beasts, trees, flowers, and animals had the gift of speech. Richer was the flavor of the grapes, for a God dwelt in the luxuriant vine; the golden sheaves took their birth from a loving motherly Goddess; and love was the sweet service rendered to the deities. Age followed age, a ceaseless spring; and the happy life of Earth's children was ever enlivened by celestial presences. All races honored the flashing, many-hued flame, as the highest manifestation in life.

Only one shadow obscured the common joy—the cruel spectre of Death. This mysterious decree—separation from all that was loved and lovely—weighed heavy on the hearts of all; even the Gods could find no remedy for this evil. Unable to overcome the menacing fate, man strove to cast a glamour of beauty over the ghastly phantom, and pictured him as a lovely youth



extinguishing a torch, and sinking to rest. Still the cruel enigma remained unsolved, and spoke of the irresistible might of some unknown power.

The old world waned; the flowers of the first Paradise faded away; and the race of men, casting off their early innocence, strayed into a wild, uncultivated desert. The Gods and their retinues vanished from earth. Nature stood lonely and lifeless, bound in the iron chains of custom and laws. The bloom was brushed from life. Faith took flight from the dreary scene; and with her fled her heavenly companion Fancy, who could cast over all things her magic vesture. A cruel north wind swept over the barren waste, and the devastated wonder-home was blown into space. Heaven's blue ocean showed new dazzling spheres, and the Spirit of the World withdrew to higher regions to await the dawn of a renewed earth. Light ceased to be the abode and the symbol of the Gods; they covered themselves with the veil of Night. Night was the cradle of the coming age; in it the Gods took refuge, and sleep came upon them, until a new era should call them forth in new and more glorious forms.

The new era arose at last amidst a nation scorned and despised, a people who had cast off their native innocence. In poverty was born the son of the first Virgin Mother, mysterious offspring of heavenly origin. The wise sons of the East were first to acknowledge the commencement of the strange new epoch, and humbly bent their way to worship the King in his lowly cradle; a mystic star guided their wandering steps. They did him homage, offering him the sweetness and brightness of the earth, the gold and the perfume, both miracles of nature. The Heavenly Heart unfolded slowly—a flower chalice of Almighty love, with eyes upturned to a Divine Father, while his head rested on the tender bosom of a loving earthly mother. With prophetic eye and godlike zeal, the blooming Child, despising the cruel days of earthly conflict before him, looked far ahead to the future of his beloved race, the offshoots of a divine root. Soon he gathered around him a loving band of childlike hearts. A strange new life arose, like that of the flowers of the field; unceasing words of wisdom and utterances of deepest love fell from his lips, like sparks of divine fire.

From the far shores of Hellas and her sunny skies, a poet came to Palestine, and laid his heart at the feet of the Wonder-Child.

Oh! thou art he who from unending years  
Hast looked with pity on our earthly tomb;  
Thou gav'st a sign of life in deepest night,  
And thou wilt bring our higher manhood home.  
Thou hast upheld us here, mid grief and tears,—  
Lead thou our nobler longings up to heaven:  
In death alone eternal life is found,  
For thou art death, and thou our life hast given.

Full of joy, his heart beating with new love and hope, the singer bent his way to Hindustan, pouring out under its cloudless sky such burning songs that myriads of hearts turned to him, and the joyful news spread far and near. Soon after the poet left, the precious Life fell a sacrifice to fallen man: he died young, torn away from the much-loved earth, his weeping mother, and his faint-hearted friends. The moment of anguish, the birth of the new world was at hand. He fought with the old dreaded form of death; struggled hard to shake off the clutch of the old world; his sweet lips drained the bitter chalice of unspeakable anguish. Once more he cast a loving glance at his mother; then came the delivering hand of Mighty Love, and he fell asleep. For many days a thick mist lay on the raging waters and the quaking earth; countless were the tears shed by those who loved him; the secret of the grave was made clear, and heavenly spirits rolled away the heavy stone from the tomb. Angels watched by the slumbering Form: rising in new godlike glory, he soared to the heights of the newly made world, buried the old earthly shape in the depths of a cavern, and laid his mighty hand on it, so that no power might ever move it.


The loving ones still wept by his grave, but they wept tears of emotion and gratitude. Again they see thee and rejoice at thy resurrection; they see thee weeping on thy mother's sacred bosom; they walk once more as friends, listening to words like leaves fluttering from the Tree of Life; they behold thee hasten with untold longing to the Father's arms, bearing aloft the new manhood and the victorious chalice. The mother soon hastened to join thy triumph; she was the first to enter the New Home. Long years have passed since *then*, and thy new creation soars to higher powers; thousands and thousands drawn by thee from bitter grief and pain now roam with thee and the heavenly Virgin in the Kingdom of Love, serve in the Temple of Divine Death, and are thine eternally.



## ALFRED NOYES

(1880-)

BY BROOKS HENDERSON

N his (Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,) Mr. Noyes pictures himself as pot-boy to those worthies of the spacious days who frequented the famous hostelry of his title. He is overmodest in his picture: but not otherwise untrue. For he has consorted with the Elizabethans joyously, and his youth, exuberance, simplicity of emotion and faith have made one with whatever in them was youthful, buoyant, adventurous, and full of wonder at a world deliriously young. He has developed in their company a rich sense of situation, if not of constructive drama; a sense of melody which, vigorously tutored also by most modern masters, Swinburne and Kipling first among them, retains at best something of the springtime clearness of the earlier time. Further, being only in imagination an Elizabethan, he is untroubled by most of their troubles (though not unmindful of them) and remains with their joys permanently content.

Most obvious of these last in him, perhaps, is the joy of England. One might almost say that Drayton's mantle has fallen upon him (for scarcely since (Polyolbion) fell on sleep has England been for a poet so full a theme); and in falling something of Marlowe's glowing thread has caught in it, some spirited design of Nashe or Greene — to speak no higher names. Mr. Noyes's songs never fail of some beauty: he is too skillful a metrist for that to happen. But there is a special fervor and appeal to them when this is their theme — either the England of legend and romance, of political and social history, or of natural loveliness. He has indeed made vocal that unsung song that only her lovers know. (A Song of England,) (The Song of Sherwood,) (The World's May Queen,) (Earth Bound,) (The Home Born,) are but a few among many memorable examples of his doing it. In addition there are also the Mermaid tales and the epic (Drake) which are only completer realizations of the same ideal. Ideal is precisely the word: for intense as is his patriotism, and his delight in all her intimate beauty, he loves England not as a circumscribed geographical point but as an outlook on the stars: a port of departure. And in the two last named poems he has most strongly realized this in that same perennial dawn of his Elizabethan world where horizons grow constantly into the infinite and every voyage is a spiritual adventure.

He had aimed at the same effect in the earliest of his poems — at



giving to all things a spiritual setting: at making manifest the relationship between every honest human activity, child's play or artist's dream, and God. In (Drake) he has done it for a man's voyage, losing sight meanwhile of none of the virilities and values of his actual story. In (The Forest of Wild Thyme) and (The Flower of Old Japan) he did it for children who voyage in fanciful fairy countries where Mother Goose and the psalmist are at peace together, fairies and the Christ Child, and return to find the mystic flower in a common daisy at home. Here perhaps, attuned as the poems are to the child mind, the serious, the Christian purpose, is a little too pressing (as it occasionally is elsewhere in his early work), the combinations a little hazardous. But if it is so, accidentals of manner, not essentials of aim are to blame. Elsewhere the poet shows himself capable of construing his religious function more broadly — and of showing the spiritual relationships in ways more subtle and more potent.

To pay attention to this religious determination of his work, is to discover its unifying principle. It is not seldom obvious whether the work be philosophical and deliberately concerned to sense the oneness of things, or to defend their spiritual source against agnosticism and science, or to deliver his creed of art and his creed of peace and love; or whether it be purely literary, given to celebrate a tramp by the wayside, or the poet's masters, or his university, or to tell a tale. Understanding it (either in its orthodox or its romance form) the work itself becomes the thing. But this speaks for itself and its qualities — opulence of rhythm and color, sturdy humanness and blitheness of emotion, narrative skill and ballad vividness — are for open observance in every example.

## FLOS MERCATORUM

From (Tales of the Mermaid Tavern.) Collected Poems, Vol. ii. Copyright by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., and reprinted by their permission.

«The peal,»

Quoth Clopton, «is not ended, but the pause  
In ringing, chimes to a deep inward ear  
And tells its own deep tale. Silence and sound,  
Darkness and light, mourning and mirth, — no tale,  
No painting, and no music, nay, no world,  
If God should cut their fruitful marriage-knot.  
A shallow sort to-day would fain deny  
A hell, sirs, to this boundless universe.  
To such I say (no hell, no Paradise!)  
Others would fain deny the topless towers  
Of heaven, and make this earth a hell indeed.  
To such I say, (the unplumbed gulfs of grief  
Are only theirs for whom the blissful chimes  
Ring from those unseen heights.) This earth, midway,  
Hangs like a belfry where the ringers grasp  
Their ropes in darkness, each in his own place,  
Each knowing, by the tune in his own heart,  
Never by sight, when he must toss through heaven  
The tone of his own bell. Those bounded souls  
Have never heard our chimes! Why, sirs, myself  
Simply by running up and down the scale  
Descend to hell or soar to heaven. My bells  
Height above height, deep below deep, respond!  
Their scale is infinite. Dare I, for one breath,  
Dream that one note hath crowned and ended all,  
Sudden I hear, far, far above those clouds,  
Like laughing angels, peal on golden peal,  
Innumerable as drops of April rain,  
Yet every note distinct, round as a pearl,  
And perfect in its place, a chime of law,  
Whose pure and boundless mere arithmetic  
Climbs with my soul to God.»

Ben looked at him,

Gently. «Resume, old moralist,» he said.

«On to thy marriage-bells!»

«The fairy-tales

Are wiser than they know, sirs. All our woes  
Lead on to those celestial marriage-bells.  
The world's a-wooing; and the pure City of God  
Pears for the wedding of our joy and pain!»

## SONG, «MARCHAUNT ADVENTURERS»

**M**ARCHAUNT Adventurers, O, what shall it profit you  
 Thus to seek your kingdom in the dream-destroying sun?  
 Ask us why the hawthorn brightens on the sky-line:  
 Even so our sails break out when Spring is well begun!  
*Flos Mercatorum!* Blossom wide, ye sail of Englande,  
 Hasten ye the kingdom, now the bitter days are done!  
 Ay, for we be members, one of another,  
 «Each for all and all for each,» quoth Richard Whittington!

*Chorus:* Marchaunt Adventurers,  
 Marchaunt Adventurers,  
 Marchaunt Adventurers, the Spring is well begun!  
 Break, break out on every sea, O, fair white sails of Englande!  
 «Each for all, and all for each,» quoth Richard Whittington.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O what 'ull ye bring home again?  
 Woonders and works and the thunder of the sea!  
 Whom will ye traffic with? The King of the sunset! —  
 What shall be your pilot, then? — A wind from Galilee!  
 — Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come back empty-handed? —  
 Ay, we be marchaunts, though our gain we ne'er shall see!  
 Cast we now our bread upon the waste wild waters;  
 After many days it shall return with usury.

*Chorus:* Marchaunt Adventurers,  
 Marchaunt Adventurers,  
 What shall be your profit in the mighty days to be?  
 Englande! Englande! Englande! Englande!  
 Glory everlasting and the lordship of the sea.



## SONG FROM (DRAKE.) ((N'OSEREZ VOUS))

## I

QUEEN VENUS wandered away with a cry, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —*  
 For the purple wound in Adon's thigh;  
*Je vous en prie, pity me;*  
 With a bitter farewell from sky to sky,  
 And a moan, a moan, from sea to sea;  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## II

The soft Ægean heard her sigh, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —*  
 Heard the Spartan hills reply,  
*Je vous en prie, pity me;*  
 Spain was aware of her drawing nigh  
 Foot-gilt from the blossoms of Italy;  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## III

In France they heard her voice go by, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —*  
 And on the May-wind droop and die,  
*Je vous en prie, pity me;*  
 Your maidens choose their loves, but I —  
 White as I came from the foam-white sea,  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —*

## IV

The warm red-meal-winged butterfly, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami? —*  
 Beat on her breast in the golden rye, —  
*Je vous en prie, pity me, —*  
 Stained her breast with a dusty dye  
 Red as the print of a kiss might be!  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## V

Is there no land, afar or nigh —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?* —  
 But dreads the kiss o' the sea? Ah, why —  
*Je vous en prie, pity me!* —  
 Why will ye cling to the loves that die?  
 Is earth all Adon to my plea?  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## VI

Under the warm blue summer sky, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*  
 With outstretched arms and a low long sigh, —  
*Je vous en prie, pity me;* —  
 Over the Channel they saw her fly  
 To the white-cliffed island that crowns the sea,  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## VII

England laughed as her queen drew nigh, —  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*  
 To the white-walled cottages gleaming high,  
*Je vous en prie, pity me!*  
 They drew her in with a joyful cry  
 To the hearth where she sits with a babe on her knee,  
 She has turned her moan to a lullaby,  
 She is nursing a son to the kings of the sea,  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?*

## CREATION

**I**n the beginning, there was nought  
But heaven, one Majesty of Light,  
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,  
Beyond all depth, beyond all height,  
Consummate heaven, the first and last,  
Enfolding in its perfect prime  
No future rushing to the past,  
But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,  
And void — but with that complete Life  
Where music could no wings unfold  
Till lo, God smote the strings of strife!  
«Myself unto Myself am Throne,  
Myself unto Myself am Thrall  
I that am All am all alone,»  
He said, «Yea, I have nothing, having all.»

And, gathering round His mount of bliss  
The angel-squadrons of His will,  
He said, «One battle yet there is  
To win, one vision to fulfil!  
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,  
And power that knows no strife or cry,  
Weakness shall bind and pierce My hands  
And make a world for Me wherein to die.

«All might, all vastness and all glory  
Being Mine, I must descend and make  
Out of My heart a song, a story  
Of little hearts that burn and break;  
Out of My passion without end  
I will make little azure seas,  
And into small sad fields descend  
And make green grass, white daisies, rustling trees.»

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust  
His arms out East and West and gave  
For every little dream of dust  
Part of His life as to a grave!



«*Enough, O Father, for Thy words  
Have pierced Thy hands!*» But, low and sweet,  
He said, «Sunsets and streams and birds,  
And drifting clouds!» — The purple stained His feet. —

«*Enough!*» His angels moaned in fear,  
«*Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!*  
He whispered, «Roses shall grow there,  
And there must be a hawthorn-tide,  
And ferns, dewy at dawn,» and still  
They moaned — «*Enough, the red drops bleed!*»  
«And,» sweet and low, «on every hill,»  
He said, «I will have flocks and lambs to lead.»

His angels bowed their heads beneath  
Their wings till that great pang was gone:  
«*Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!*»  
They moaned, and still His Love flowed on,  
«There shall be small white wings to stray  
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom;  
And blue flowers in the wheat; and —» «*Stay!*  
*Speak not,*» they cried, «*the word that seals Thy tomb!*»

He spake — «I have thought of a little child  
That I will have there to embark  
On small adventures in the wild,  
And front slight perils in the dark;  
And I will hide from him and lure  
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,  
And rainbows that shall not endure;  
And — when he is weary, sing him drowsy tunes.

His angels fell before him weeping  
«*Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!*  
He said, «His soul is in his keeping  
That we may love each other well,  
And lest the dark too much affright him,  
I will strow countless little stars  
Across his childish skies to light him  
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars;

«And oft forget Me as he plays  
With swords and childish merchandize,  
Or with his elfin balance weighs,  
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies;

Or builds his castles by the deep,  
 Or tunnels through the rocks, and then —  
 Turn to Me as he falls asleep,  
 And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

«And when he is older he shall be  
 My friend and walk here at My side;  
 Or — when he wills — grow young with Me,  
 And, to that happy world where once we died  
 Descending through the calm blue weather,  
 Buy life once more with our immortal breath,  
 And wander through the little fields together,  
 And taste of Love and Death.»

#### EARTH-BOUND

GHOSTS? Love would fain believe,  
 Earth being so fair, the dead might wish to return!  
 Is it so strange if, even in heaven, they yearn  
 For the May-time and the dreams it used to give?

Through dark abysms of Space,  
 From strange new spheres where Death has called them now  
 May they not, with a crown on every brow,  
 Still cry to the loved earth's lost familiar face,

We two, love, we should come  
 Seeking a little refuge from the light  
 Of the blinding terrible star-sown Infinite,  
 Seeking some sheltering roof, some four-walled home,

From that too high, too wide  
 Communion with the universe and God,  
 How glad to creep back to some lane we trod  
 Hemmed in with a hawthorn hedge on either side.

How strange would be the sight  
 Of the little towns and twisted streets again,  
 Where all the hurrying works and ways of men  
 Would seem a children's game for our delight.

No more with fevered brain  
 Plunging across the gulfs of Space and Time  
 Would we revisit this our earthly clime  
 We two, if we could ever come again;

So we should wander nigh  
Our mortal home, and see its little roof  
Keeping the deep eternal night aloof  
And yielding us a refuge from the sky.

We should steal in, once more,  
Under the cloudy lilac at the gate,  
Up the walled garden, then with hearts elate  
Forget the stars and close our cottage door.

Oh then, as children use  
To make themselves a little hiding-place,  
We should rejoice in narrowness of space,  
And God should give us nothing more to lose.



## FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

(1828-1862)



THAT company of brilliant if not always prosperous fellows who kept the echoes of "Bohemia" busy with the laughter and the sighs of spendthrift wit in the New York of the decade of '50, Fitz-James O'Brien was a fascinating and admired comrade. This restless Gaelic spirit was like the Irish river beside which he was born: sometimes turbulent in flashing cascades, beating and bullying the stolid rocks; again spreading under the sun through bright and placid lakes, or dancing gayly by the low and rose-perfumed meadows. In the power of this lad from Shannon side, Thomond's bardic birthright infused its bold and tender soul into a facile pen, and with drama, song, and story lifted up the weary soul of the workaday world.

O'Brien was of that strangely endowed race which furnished Lever with the heroes of his military novels,—the Englished Irishmen. He was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, about the year 1828. Educated at Dublin University, he went to London, where he amused himself for a time with the easy task of making "ducks and drakes" of a comfortable patrimony. About 1851 he sought relief from the importunities of declining fortune in a sea voyage, which landed him in New York with a few purse-burning shillings and some letters of introduction to distinguished Americans in his pocket. He soon became a favorite with the gay and gifted autocrats of the New World Grub Street, and strolled along the fashionable side of Broadway, and about the nooks of Printing-House Square, with the confidence of vested rights. From 1853 to 1858 O'Brien was one of the most valued contributors to Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly. He wrote for the stage several pretty comediettas, which are numbered in that exclusive list called the Standard Drama. With his story 'The Diamond Lens,' published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1858-9, a new and dashing pace was set in the fiction of the period.

O'Brien was neither prosperous nor thrifty, and lived with splendid and careless irregularity, sometimes in great want and hardship; but keeping always a seemingly exhaustless buoyancy of heart. The Civil War sent him, in April 1861, with the ranks of the New York Seventh Regiment, to the defense of Washington. The war spirit took possession of him; and after his term of enlistment with that

regiment had expired, he sought eagerly for a chance to return to the army. He was appointed to the staff of General Lander in January 1862, and immediately thereafter went through a gallant action at Bloomery Gap. In a skirmish on the morning of February 16th, 1862, he was in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the Confederate Colonel Ashley, and received a shot in the left shoulder. He rode twenty-four miles with a shattered scapular, and lay two months in battle for life at the house of George A. Thurston, in Cumberland, Maryland. Unskillful surgery, rather than the original wound, was the cause of his death. It was not until the 20th of March, too late, that he came into the charge of an able surgeon. In spite of a successful operation, by which the arm was removed at the shoulder, he succumbed to lockjaw, and died suddenly on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. His ashes were laid in the earth of Greenwood in November 1874. O'Brien's only real monument is a limited edition, now scarce, of his collected works, edited by William Winter, and published in 1881 at Boston.

#### THE GREAT DIAMOND IS OBTAINED AND USED

From 'The Diamond Lens, with other Stories.' Copyright 1881, by James R. Osgood & Co.; 1885, by Charles Scribner's Sons

WITH an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, Simon drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are



conveyed away safely. He added that in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws: why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise



of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window: that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself; but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed

his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

THE three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates, —a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine, I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand



fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens; and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued; but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that



floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape: When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June

day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees—as I must call them—unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What



caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.



## THE LOST STEAMSHIP

"H O, THERE! Fisherman, hold your hand!  
Tell me, what is that far away,—  
There, where over the isle of sand  
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?  
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,  
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,  
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife:  
Tell me what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout  
As ever paddled around Cape Race;  
And many's the wild and stormy bout  
She had with the winds in that selfsame place:  
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock  
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;  
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,  
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,  
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,  
Tell me about her all that you can;  
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.  
Tell me how many she had aboard,—  
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true,—  
How did it fare with her human hoard?  
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,  
Already too moist I feel my lip;  
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,  
And spin you my yarn about the ship:  
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,  
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;  
And scarce had broken the morning's light  
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,  
And the captain called all hands to prayer;  
And solemnly over the ocean's boom  
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.  
And round about the vessel there rose  
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,

Like angels in their ascension clothes,  
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung  
As well as they could to spar and rope;  
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,  
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.  
But there was no blubbering weak and wild,—  
Of tearful faces I saw but one:  
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,  
And not for himself, but the captain's son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;  
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,  
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.  
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—  
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—  
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;  
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,  
Standing amidships upon the wreck;  
His face was white as the boiling tide,  
And she was clinging about his neck.  
And I saw them try to say good-by,  
But neither could hear the other speak;  
So they floated away through the sea to die—  
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,  
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;  
All the while holding upon his breast  
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.  
And as the boy and the bird went by,  
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,  
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,  
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,  
Some with gladness, and few with fear;  
Cold and hardship such work had done,  
That few seemed frightened when death was near.  
Thus every soul on board went down,—  
Sailor and passenger, little and great;

The last that sank was a man of my town,  
A capital swimmer,—the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you  
That say you saw this terrible wreck?  
How do I know what you say is true,  
When every mortal was swept from the deck?  
Where were you in that hour of death?  
How did you learn what you relate?"  
His answer came in an under-breath,—  
"Master, I was the second mate!"



# ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLenschLÄGER

(1779-1850)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

**T**HE greatest of Danish poets was born in Copenhagen, November 14th, 1779, just a quarter of a century after the death of Holberg. His ancestry was more German than Danish, and his descent from four generations of organists may fairly be reckoned as having some influence in the determination of his artistic bent. His youth was careless and singularly happy; he applied himself indifferently to his studies, read a good many books, and wrote boyish verses, tales, and dramatic sketches. His interest in the drama even impelled him to study for the actor's profession, and during a year or two he played minor parts on the stage of the Royal Theatre. His youthful literary efforts were of insignificant value, and there was little that was stimulating in the literary surroundings of his early years. Holberg had left nothing that could be called a school, and the classical tradition that he had maintained was carried on feebly enough by a few third-rate poets. This tradition received its death-blow at the hands of Wessel, the one poet contemporary with Ewald who was a real literary force, and whose satirical play 'Kjærlighed uden Strømper' (Love without Stockings) had killed classical tragedy in Denmark as effectively as 'Don Quijote' killed chivalrous romance in Spain. The exquisite talent of Ewald had blossomed and passed away, its seed to all seeming having fallen upon stony ground. Jens Baggesen, a graceful poet and a master of both pathos and humor, a typical transition figure, striving to escape from a past which he felt to be outworn, but lacking the discernment of the pioneer, was the most conspicuous writer of the closing years of the century; but it was quite evident that no word of his was to be the "open sesame" of the new treasure-house of the spirit.



OEHLenschLÄGER

That word was soon to be spoken by the young Oehlenschläger, who had tired of the play-actor's calling, and entered the University

as a law student. But he found jurisprudence less tempting than the opportunity—offered soon after his entrance—of competing for a prize by writing an essay on the subject of the desirability of substituting the Norse for the Greek mythology in Scandinavian literature. It is hardly necessary to say which side of the argument he took; and although his essay failed to win the prize, it shows us to what extent the ideals that were to control his future creative activity were already shaping themselves in his mind. Meanwhile, the events were hastening that were to give his genius the needed impulse, and help him to the discovery of his true self. After eighty years of peace his country got a taste of warfare in the first year of the present century. The French revolutionary movement and the Napoleonic wars suddenly drew Denmark within their vortex, and a wave of passionate patriotism swept over the land when an English fleet under Nelson attacked the Danes in the harbor of Copenhagen. This event and its attendant surge of national feeling stimulated the young law student to renewed poetical exertions; and although his work was still amateurish and tentative, it struck a new note and gave evidence of a new energy. But the influence that was to operate most powerfully in shaping his poetical destiny was intellectual rather than political. It was the great revolution in taste and sentiment that had been creating a new literature in Germany, and that is called, somewhat vaguely, the Romantic Movement.

Oehlenschläger's mental condition at this time was like that of a bud ready to burst open with the first hour of sunlight; almost that of a powder magazine needing but a spark for the liberation of its imprisoned force. The sunlight hour or the spark—to leave the reader his choice of metaphors—was provided by a young Norwegian, Henrik Steffens by name, who came to Copenhagen in the summer of 1802, after having spent four years in Germany in the Jena-Weimar circle of Schelling, Fichte, A. W. Schlegel, Schiller, and Goethe. During the first year of his stay in Denmark, Steffens gave courses of lectures in which philosophy and literature and art received fresh and suggestive discussion, just as they were receiving similar discussion by Coleridge in England at almost exactly the same time. Oehlenschläger was introduced to Steffens soon after the arrival of the latter, and lost no time in improving the acquaintance. His first call upon his new friend was at eleven o'clock one morning, and the conversation that began between them was kept up for sixteen hours without a break. At three the next morning, Steffens offered his guest a bed, and the young poet snatched a few hours of restless sleep. Returning to his lodgings, he took pen and ink, and straightway composed 'Guldhornene' (The Golden Horns); with which work, says the historian Hansen, "the romantic period of



Danish literature begins." The horns in question were two relics of antiquity that had been unearthed not long before and placed on exhibition. Their history "becomes a symbol for the newly awakened poet: the golden horns, with their strange carvings, and mysterious runic inscriptions, are gifts of the gods bestowed upon men to remind them of their divine origin; of the ties, half forgotten, that bind them to the distant past." Once started upon his new career, Oehlenschläger went forward with all the impetuosity of youth. Abandoning the works upon which he had been engaged, and which were almost ready for the press, he so gave himself up to the new impulse that by Christmas of this memorable year a fresh volume of 'Poems' was ready for publication. These 'Poems,' bearing the date of the next year (1803), included lyrics, ballads, and a dramatic piece, and proved nothing less than a revelation of the hitherto unknown possibilities of Danish song. Nothing like them had ever before been written in the language, and nothing save the lyrical impulse of Ewald had even remotely foreshadowed such a production. In the words of P. L. Möller, the book became "the corner-stone of nineteenth-century Danish poetry. No other Danish book has so wonderful a fragrance of culture-history, breathes forth such a wealth of glowing memories, of fiery ardor, of the joy of life, and of impossible hopes for the future."

The years immediately following were the richest of Oehlenschläger's life. He produced in rapid succession 'Förste Sang af Edda' (First Song of the Edda); the prose 'Vaulundurs Saga'; the cycle of lyrical *impressions de voyage* called 'Langelands-Rejsen' (A Journey to Langeland); the awkwardly named 'Jesu Christi Gjentagne Liv i den Aarlige Natur' (The Life of Christ Annually Repeated in Nature), which was a series of poems with the pantheistic inspiration of Novalis and Schelling; and most important of all, the dramatic fairy tale 'Aladdin,' wherein the rich free fantasy of the poet's youthful imagination found its most complete and adequate expression. This poem, based upon the familiar Eastern tale, became deeply significant for Danish culture. It is the gospel of genius, the glorification of the magic power that commands the deepest secrets of existence, the song of the joy of life and the new birth of the spirit after an age of prosaic and uninspired "enlightenment." The works above mentioned, together with a few others,—all the product of a little over two years of activity,—were collected into the two volumes of 'Poetiske Skrifter' (Poetical Writings), published in 1805, just before the author left Denmark for Germany. The poet Hauch, writing of these volumes, spoke as follows: "Nearly everything I had previously read of poetry seemed to give me only momentary glimpses of the temple of the gods, as in the distance it now and then revealed itself to my



vision; but Oehlenschläger, next to Shakespeare, was the one who threw the temple wide open for me, so that the fullness of its divine splendor streamed upon me."

Oehlenschläger's foreign journey, begun in 1805, extended over four years. For a time he lived in Halle with Steffens and Schleiermacher, and then visited other German cities. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of Fichte, and in Weimar read a German translation of his 'Aladdin' to Goethe. A long stay in Paris followed; then a winter in Coppet, as the guest of Madame de Staël; finally a spring and summer in Rome, where he contracted a warm friendship for Thorvaldsen. Six important poetical works resulted from these four years of rich experience and broadening ideals. 'Hakon Jarl' (Earl Hakon), 'Baldur hin Gode' (Balder the Good), and 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunheim' (Thor's Journey to Jötunheim), were written in Germany, 'Palnatoke' and 'Axel og Valborg' in Paris, and 'Correggio' in Rome. As these are the greatest of Oehlenschläger's works, they call for more than a mere designation. It had long been an article of his literary creed, that the most important work to be done for Danish poetry was that of giving a new life to the literature of Edda and Saga, and that he was himself the man best fitted for the task. 'Hakon Jarl,' a tragedy in five acts and in blank iambic verse, was the first result of this impulse. It deals with the deeply interesting period of the introduction of Christianity into Norway. "The day was come," we read in the 'Heimskringla,' "when foredoomed was blood-offering and the men of blood-offerings, and the holy faith come in their stead, and the true worship." The day was near the close of the tenth century, when Olaf Trygvesson fared from Dublin to Norway, and overthrew Earl Hakon, the great heathen chieftain. Oehlenschläger's treatment of this splendid theme is well-balanced and impressive. He makes us feel the tremendous significance of the struggle, and views the issue with the impartial eye of the artist. 'Palnatoke' deals with the same period, taking us to Denmark soon after the forced introduction of Christianity under Harald Blaatand. The tragedy is a worthy counterpart to 'Hakon Jarl,' and is distinguished by a similar strength, directness, and fine dramatic workmanship. It is a curious fact that the interest of 'Palnatoke' is created and sustained without the introduction of a single female character, and with hardly an allusion to the part played by woman in human life. 'Axel og Valborg' atones for this deficiency—if such it be—in the fullest measure; for it is a love tragedy in a sense almost as exclusive as 'Romeo and Juliet,' and is steeped from beginning to end in the purest romantic sentiment. It is difficult to speak in measured terms of this beautiful work; the other tragedies of Oehlenschläger compel admiration in various degrees and forms,

but this commands affection rather than admiration, and has a place all by itself in the heart. This sweet and tender story of the two cousins, forbidden to marry by the canon law, but at last united in death, is dramatized with such simplicity, pathos, and depth of poetic feeling, that the effect upon either spectator or reader is simply overwhelming. It occupies the highest place in Danish literature, and is equaled by but few tragedies in any other modern literature. 'Baldur hin Gode,' written under the influence of Sophocles, as expounded by Schleiermacher, is a tragedy in the older poetic form of iambic hexameter, and seeks to deal with the fascinating myth of Balder's death after the manner of the Greeks. 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunheim' is an epic in five songs, and is interesting as furnishing the prologue to 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the poet's greatest work in the non-dramatic field, produced many years later. 'Correggio,' the chief result of his Italian sojourn, was first written in German, of which language Oehlenschläger thought himself a master, which he distinctly was not. The character of the painter in this play is conceived rather passively than actively, and the balance inclines too far toward the side of pure emotion to make the work as effective as it might otherwise have been.

Oehlenschläger had left Denmark in the flush of youthful success; when he returned in 1809, he was acclaimed with but few dissenting voices as the greatest of Danish poets, and all sorts of honors were heaped upon him. The following year he married, and was made professor of æsthetics in the University. "Comedies and novels end with the wedding of the hero," he says in his autobiography; "for only the struggle, not the acquired position, lends itself to their treatment." Although an account of Oehlenschläger's career may hardly end with his marriage and settlement in life, it must be said that the remaining forty years of his existence, although they added many volumes to the series of his writings, brought but little increase to his fame. In a certain sense indeed they diminished that fame; for when the first outburst of enthusiasm had died away the voice of the detractor began to be heard, and for many years the poet was compelled to defend himself in a critical warfare that enlisted among his opponents some of the strongest and acutest minds among his contemporaries. Grundtvig, Baggesen, and Heiberg were the leaders in this onslaught. Grundtvig, the strongest of the three, claimed that Oehlenschläger was lacking in the historical sense, and charged him with a lack of religious seriousness. Baggesen's attack was chiefly concerned with minute questions of philology and æsthetics. It was reserved for Heiberg, a calmer writer, to review Oehlenschläger's work in the spirit of an enlightened and impersonal æsthetic criticism, and to pass upon it the judgment that has been substantially accepted by posterity.



For twenty years after his return to Denmark in 1809, Oehlenschläger kept hard at work, lecturing at the University, defending himself against his critics, and producing a great amount of original work of various sorts, from the occasional set of verses to the tragedy and the epic-cycle. One year of this period (1816-17) was spent abroad, in what the poet called "a voluntary ostracism," the journey being undertaken in a moment of petulance resulting from Baggesen's persistent critical onslaughts. The list of works produced during this score of years is so lengthy, and the greater number of them so unmistakably inferior to their predecessors, that only a few need be named at all. 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the great epic-cycle of the Scandinavian Pantheon, is the consummation of Oehlenschläger's efforts to utilize the Norse mythology for the purposes of modern poetry. 'Den Lille Hyrdedreng' (The Little Shepherd Boy) was a dramatic idyl so beautiful as almost to silence for a time the critics of the poet. 'Hrolf Krake,' another considerable poem, deals with the epic material previously handled by Ewald. 'Øen i Sydhavet' (The Isle in the Southern Sea) is a prose romance of great length, the only important work of the sort attempted by Oehlenschläger. The principal tragedies of these twenty years are 'Stærkodder,' 'Hagbarth og Signe,' 'Erik og Abel,' 'Væringerne i Miklagaard' (The Varangians in Micklegarth), 'Karl den Store' (Karl the Great), and 'Langbarderne' (The Lombards).

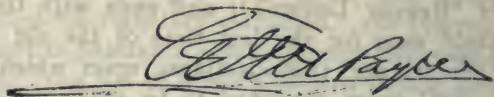
In the summer of 1829, the poet, just completing his fiftieth year, made a holiday trip to Sweden, and was received with great enthusiasm. He took part in the annual celebration of the University of Lund, presided over by Tegnér, the greatest of Swedish poets. Here, he was crowned in the Cathedral of Lund as "the Adam of skalds, the king of Northern singers." Immediately after the ceremony he returned to Copenhagen, and a few days later had the pleasure of receiving Tegnér upon Danish soil, where the festivities of Lund were echoed. When his fiftieth birthday fell, he received a striking demonstration from the students of his own University. The remaining twenty years of his life (for he rounded out the full Scriptural tale) were no less active than the twenty just preceding. They were marked by the same uninterrupted succession of new productions; few of which, however, proved worthy of his genius, although the old fire and deep poetic feeling flashed out now and then, to the surprise of both critics and friends. Among the tragedies of this closing period the following may be named: 'Tordenskjold,' 'Sokrates' (the poet's only dramatic handling of a Greek theme), 'Olaf den Hellige' (Olaf the Holy), 'Dina,' and 'Amleth.' The latter of these tragedies is particularly interesting as an attempt to reconstruct the historical Hamlet of Saxo's chronicle, in contrast with Shakespeare's purely imaginative creation. Other works of this period were 'Norgesrejsen' (The



Journey to Norway), 'Digtekunsten' (The Art of Poetry), 'Örvarodds Saga,' and 'Landet Fundet og Forsvundet' (The Found and Vanished Land), the latter a dramatic handling of the Norse discovery of Vinland. His last production was a hero-poem upon the subject of 'Regnar Lodbrok'; and ends with the pathetic words, "The old skald sang for the last time of the old Norse heroes." The poet's 'Erindringer' (Recollections), upon which he had been engaged for several years, remained to be published after his death. The series of works thus completed fills, in the standard edition, no less than forty volumes, of which four contain the 'Erindringer,' ten the tragedies, and twenty-six the miscellaneous productions in verse and prose. They stand as a lasting monument to the genius of the greatest poet of Denmark; as the living memorial of their author's singularly rich, fruitful, and fortunate career.

Outwardly, the score of years that crowned Oehlenschläger's life were comparatively uneventful. A trip to Norway in 1833, and a second visit to Sweden in 1847, were the most noteworthy episodes. Meanwhile, in face of the broadening fame of the poet, and his strengthened hold upon the minds and hearts of his fellow-countrymen, the wave of adverse criticism that had at one time risen so high was steadily subsiding; and even his most determined opponents came to recognize the indebtedness of the nation to the man who, whatever his lapses from a high standard of production, had nevertheless created a new literature for Denmark, and awakened the creative spirit that was now displaying itself on every hand. It was during these last years of Oehlenschläger's life that most of the men arose who have shaped nineteenth-century Danish literature. These were the years of the early successes of the novelists Ingemann, Blicher, Goldschmidt, and St. Aubain; of the poets Hertz, Paludan-Müller, Winther, and Ploug; of the philosopher Kierkegaard, and the story-teller Hans Christian Andersen. Widely divergent as were the paths of these men, Oehlenschläger justly felt that they were all in some sense his successors, and that he had given the impulse which was resulting in so marked an expansion of the national literature. And nearly all of these men joined to do him honor in the celebration of his seventieth birthday; an occasion which evoked tributes of heartfelt admiration even from Heiberg and Grundtvig, his most inveterate critics. A few weeks later, he lay upon his death-bed. At his request, his son read to him a scene from his own 'Sokrates'; and he also expressed the wish that this tragedy should be presented at the theatre as a memorial performance after his death. A few hours later, towards midnight, January 20th, 1850, he passed quietly away, retaining full consciousness almost to the last moment. He was buried in the Frederiksberg church-yard, where a massive block

of stone marks his grave. Hans Christian Andersen tells us that when a short time after the entombment, fresh wreaths were brought to replace the old ones upon the grave, it was found that a song-bird had made its nest in the withered leaves.



# THE DEDICATION OF 'ALADDIN'

TO GOETHE

BORN in far northern clime,  
 Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime  
 From fairy-land;  
 Where flowers eternal blow,  
 Where power and beauty go,  
 Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore  
 In rapture on the ancient saga lore;  
 When on the wold  
 The snow was falling white,  
 I, shuddering with delight,  
 Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill  
 The winter smote the castle on the hill,  
 It fanned my hair;  
 I sat in my small room,  
 And through the lamp-lit gloom  
 Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth  
 Was all for Northern energy and truth,  
 And Northern feats,  
 Yet for my fancy's feast  
 The flower-appareled East  
 Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,  
 From North to South, from South to North, I flew;  
 I was possessed  
 By yearnings to give voice in song  
 To all that had been struggling long  
 Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,  
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;  
Dim, colorless, became  
My childhood's visions grand;  
Their tameness only fanned  
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?  
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,  
That he the child  
Amor beheld, astride  
The lion, far off ride,  
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays  
Did the enchanted curtain raise  
From fairy-land,  
Where flowers eternal blow,  
Where power and beauty go,  
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long  
Within thy halls the stranger-minstrel's song;  
Taught to aspire  
By thee, my spirit leapt  
To bolder heights, and swept  
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;  
And many a hero of our Northern shore,  
With grave stern mien,  
By sad Melpomene  
Called from his grave, we see  
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send  
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend:  
The oak's thick gloom  
Prevails not wholly where  
Warbles the nightingale, and fair  
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe  
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?  
Naught has the bard



Save his own song! And this  
 Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,  
 With scorn regard.

From Sir Theodore Martin's translation of 'Aladdin.'

# SONG

From 'Aladdin'

THE moon shines bright aloft  
 O'er wood and dingle,  
 The birds in cadence soft  
 Their warblings mingle;  
 The breezes from the hill  
 Come sighing, sighing,  
 And to their voice the rill  
 Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold  
 Droops wan and sickly;  
 Death at its heart is cold—  
 'Twill perish quickly.  
 But yonder, chaplets twine  
 Forever vernal,  
 And in God's presence shine  
 Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays  
 Soon, softly creeping,  
 Shall paint my paler face  
 In death-trance sleeping.  
 Smile then on Death, that he  
 May gently take me,  
 And where no sorrows be,  
 Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:  
 Come, sweetly stealing,  
 Angel of death, and shower  
 Soft dews of healing!  
 Oh, come! Beneath thy blight  
 My soul shall quail not!  
 Yonder is endless light,  
 And joys that fail not!

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

## FROM 'AXEL AND VALBORG'

*Axel enters with King Hakon, who is wounded in the right arm.*

**A**XEL—Here are we safe awhile, my lord and king!  
 Here in God's holy house. Come, sit you down,  
 And let me bind for you your wounded arm;  
 A warrior ought to know the art of healing;  
 One has not always help at hand. The wound  
 Is deep, but yet not dangerous. Now, had we  
 A piece of linen only!

*Hakon*—This your kindness  
 Wounds me more deep than Erling Skakke's sword.

*Axel*—Be thou not wounded by my faithfulness,—  
 Far other was its purpose.

*[He feels in his bosom, draws out a cloth, and starts; but instantly composes himself, and says:—]*

Here is linen.

*Hakon*—Axel, why startest thou? Almighty God!  
 I know that cloth too well.

*Axel*—Nay, calm yourself.

*Hakon*—And with this cloth you wish to bind my arm?

*Axel*—So that you may not die from loss of blood.

*Hakon*—You wish to bind it with this very cloth  
 Wherewith I've rent your life in twain?

*Axel*—My lord!  
 It is another cloth.

*Hakon*—Nay, nay! It is  
 The very cloth which that malicious Knud  
 Cut with my sword 'twixt you and Valborg, Axel!  
 I know it. Oh, swathe not my arm with this:  
 It burns me—tortures me with double pain.

*Axel*—Nay, it is natural a wound should burn,  
 And bandaging a sore is always painful.  
 Be calm, and rest yourself a moment, King!  
 Then in your left hand take your sword, and come  
 Once more with Axel 'gainst your haughty foe:  
 The presence of their king supports his people,  
 And I will serve instead of your right hand.

*Hakon*—Is it contempt,—a lurking, proud revenge?  
 Or is it natural high-mindedness?  
 How shall I understand you, Axel? Think you  
 To heap up coals of fire on Hakon's head?

*Axel*— By God and man! I will be true to you;  
I will not harm you; I will ne'er forsake you.

*Hakon*— This generosity but hurts me more.

O most unhappy Hakon Herdebred!

Thy bravest warrior despises thee.

*Axel*— By God in heaven, and by my Valborg, Hakon!

I do respect you.

*Hakon*— I believe you, kinsman:

That was a solemn oath,—well is it so;

For Hakon acted like an ardent lover

Upon the throne—not like a coward, Axel!

*Axel*— Who feels the power of love, and does not know

Its mighty workings?

*Hakon*— Now your words are drawn

Out of my very heart, my gallant hero;

Your faithfulness and kindness move me so.

[*With sudden wildness*]

And yet, did I perceive that you believed

This were but woman's weakness, only caused

By this my pain of body, Axel Thordson,

With my left hand I would draw forth my sword,

And challenge you to fight for life and death.

*Axel*— I swore by Valborg that I do respect you.

*Hakon*— You swear it. Then you shall esteem me too;

For I will make to you a sacrifice.

The sacrifice is great;—'tis needful, Axel,

That you should know its costliness!

*Axel*— My King!

*Hakon*— I well know what I hazard by the offer

Of such a gift at such a time as this:

"Now has the proud and foolish youth at last

Opened his eyes; and now he can perceive

How his throne stands in need of brave defense.

Now does he need his warriors' faithfulness;

And therefore does he purchase friend with maid,

In the despair and anguish of his heart."

Ha,—I would hate you, Axel! I would call you

A cold and cruel and barbarian foe,

If you could dream of such a motive.

*Axel*— Sire!

*Hakon*— For Valborg loses Hakon Norway's realm,

But Valborg—loses he for Valborg's sake.

Think of the value of my gift! Gives one

The greater for the less, to satisfy

One's selfishness?



*Axel*— O Hakon! noble kinsman!

*Hakon*— Yes, I have blindly erred, and your pure soul,  
Your noble mind, have opened now mine eyes;  
And of free-will, because I wish the good,  
Do I subdue the passion of my breast,  
And give you back your Valborg—give you back  
That which to me is dearest in the world.  
Misjudge me not,—oh, see my sacrifice!

*Axel*— I see it,—and God sees it, noble King!

*Hakon*— And now embrace me!

*Axel*— Hold—your wounded arm!

*Hakon*— The wound no longer burns: this linen cloth  
Hurts me no more; it cools me, like the juice  
Of healing herbs fresh gathered.

*Axel*— O my King!

*Hakon*— And now let Erling overcome me. Hakon  
Has overcome himself: his victory  
Is greatest.

*Axel*— But it shall not be the last:  
The other victory must now be gained.

[*Noise is heard outside the church.*]

Be calm, my King! Rest yet a moment longer!  
Your golden helm is heavy, and your head  
Needs some relief; give me your helmet. Here—  
Take mine instead; it is a lighter one.

[*The noise increases; Axel throws the King's purple mantle, which has  
been unloosed during the bandaging, over his own shoulders.*]

*Hakon*— What do you, Axel?

*Axel*— Nay, be still, my lord!  
I hear men coming—possibly our foes:  
Let Axel be a shield to you!

[*A troop of the enemy rushes in.*]

*The Captain*— There stands he!  
There stands he! See you? with the golden helmet  
And purple robe. It is the King. Rush in—  
Rush in on him; and cut him down!

*Hakon*— O Axel!  
Now do I understand your strange behavior.  
Give me my helmet back!

*Axel*— Nay, draw your sword:  
Place yourself so that your right arm may be

Protected by my body. When you see  
An opening, strike—and then draw back again.  
[*He cries*]—

Come on, ye paltry wretches! Here stands Hakon.  
His sword is drawn, you see; he does not fear  
Your coward onslaught in the house of God.  
Come on, ye murderers! who do not dare  
To stand up man 'gainst man in honest fight,  
But think to win base gold by Hakon's murder.  
My fiery lion's-tongue is gleaming bright;  
Come, let it slake its thirst in traitors' blood!

*Hakon* [*drawing his sword*]—

He would befool you! Here stands Norway's chief,  
And with his left hand will he punish you.

*Axel*— Peace, Axel Thordson! you are wounded. Hakon  
Can well defend himself.

*The Enemy*— Down with him! down!

[*A fight. Noise is heard outside, of other warriors; there is a cry—*]

To help! to help! the King has been attacked.

*The Hostile Warrior* [*to Axel*]—

Aha! help comes too late! [*He wounds him.*]

Haste! flee away.

Hakon is slain! Come on, and cut your way  
To Erling through the Biarkebeiners' ranks.  
Hakon is slain;—away!

Sigurd of Reine and Wilhelm rush in with a number of Biarkebeiners

*Sigurd*— Ha, cut and thrust!

Pursue the murderers!

[*The enemy is put to flight.*]

*Sigurd* [*to the King*]— Your life is saved!

[*He becomes aware of Axel.*]

What! Axel in the royal robe and helmet?  
All bleeding, too?

*Axel* [*to the King*]— Now take your helm again!

It is too heavy now for me. Go, Sire!

And leave me with my comrade here alone.

*Hakon*— My brother! is your wound—

*Axel*— Nay,—leave me, King!

Charge boldly on the foe; revenge this treachery;  
Follow with Sigurd and his bark-clad warriors!

*Sigurd*— Yes, Hakon! even Norway's forests  
 Have armed themselves to fight for Throndhjem's lord.  
 Look at these warriors! Gotha-dwellers! Bears!  
 Stems of the forest pines, all gathered here  
 From many a mountain ridge. For want of armor,  
 This rugged bark protects their gallant hearts.  
 These stems of alder, with their sharpened points  
 Hardened by fire, supply the place of spears.  
 In such wise fight they for their humble hearths,  
 And the king's honor. Head thou them, my lord,  
 And by a storm avenge we Axel's slaying.  
 You die a noble death, my Northern brother!  
 Fallen for your King. We, too, shall follow you  
 Ere long, perhaps, and greet you before God.  
 Come, Hakon! Leave him with his friend alone!  
 Come on! Life calls for strife, but Death for peace.

*Hakon* [*to his warriors—pointing at Axel*]—

Ye Norsemen! for the King he gave his life.

*The Biarkebeiners* [*impatiently striking their wooden spears against the ground*]—

We, we will also give our lives for thee!

Lead us to death! Lead us against the foe!

*Hakon* [*embracing Axel*]—

Farewell! ere sunset we shall meet again.

[*He follows the warriors.*]

*Wilhelm* [*approaching Axel*]—

My brother! is your wound a mortal one?

*Axel*— Yes, Wilhelm. Loose my shoulder scarf, I pray you!

Draw out the scabbard, and give me the scarf,

That I may stanch the blood a little while,

And respite life. Thanks! Lead me over now

To yonder pillar that bears Valborg's name;

Here shall I rest more easily. So! Let me lean

Against the wall, so that I may not fall

In dying.

*Wilhelm*— Brother, do you suffer pain?

*Axel*— No! Light and calm and peaceful is my heart.

*Wilhelm*— Axel, would you not wish to see your Valborg

Once more before you die?

*Axel*— Ah, Wilhelm, yes!

*Wilhelm*— Then will I hasten up and fetch her straightway.

*Axel*— Stay yet a moment! It might happen, Wilhelm,

That Axel were no more when Valborg comes.

Then tell the chosen of my heart I died

With Valborg's name upon my lips.



*Wilhelm* — That will I.

*Axel* — Tell her that Hakon is a noble hero;  
That Axel's confidence was not misplaced  
In trusting to his royal heart.

*Wilhelm* — I will.

*Axel* — Greet Helfred,—greet my darling sister, Wilhelm!  
At Immersborg; and thank her lovingly  
For all the thoughts and feelings, joys and sorrows,  
She ever shared from childhood with her brother.  
Ah, Helfred understood me, knew me well!  
Tell her that I have not forgot my sister  
In e'en mine hour of death.

*Wilhelm* — Good! I will greet her.

*Axel* — But Valborg first and last! my earnest wish  
Is, that whene'er her days on earth are ended,  
Axel may slumber by her side.

*Wilhelm* — Your wish  
Shall be fulfilled. Hast more to tell me?

*Axel* — Nay.

*Wilhelm* — Well then,—I go!

*Axel* [*grasping his hand*]—

My noble, faithful comrade!

Thanks for your friendship and your true devotion.  
In deeds you showed it, though in words but seldom.  
Take from this feeble hand my life's farewell!

*Wilhelm* — Farewell, farewell!

*Axel* — Wilhelm, was I your friend?

*Wilhelm* — My only friend! Now have I none remaining.

[*He goes.*]

*Axel* [*alone*]—

I die for land and lord, as did my sires.  
What honorable Norseman more desires?  
O God! with joy my soul doth fly to Thee;  
For thou wilt give the chosen of my heart  
To be my bride in thine eternity,  
Where Axel from his Valborg ne'er shall part.

[*The sun shines through the choir window.*]

All hail to thee, thou new-born morning light!  
Thou comest to enlighten my dim sight,  
And tinge my pallid cheek with thy warm ray.  
Soon, soon a morning glow upon me shines,  
That never waxes into glaring day;  
An evening glow that ne'er to night declines.

My youthful hopes! ye were no shadows vain;—  
 'Twas mine to love, and to be loved again;  
 A friend was mine; a noble king God gave,  
 Whom I have fitted for his station high,  
 Whom by my death it is my lot to save.  
 Well, Axel! thou hast lived, so thou canst die.

And see, my Valborg! yonder angels twine  
 A wreath of blue forget-me-nots like thine.  
 Then thou shalt never from thine Axel part,  
 When thou shalt meet him in those realms above,  
 More worthy of thy beauty and thine heart,  
 Where 'tis no sin to nourish sacred love.  
 Farewell, my Valborg! [He dies.

*Wilhelm* [coming with Valborg]—

He is still alive!

He is alive! Heard you?—he spoke of Valborg!

*Valborg*—I took his life's farewell. [She gazes on him.

He is no more.

Mine Axel! dost thou live? If thou dost live,  
 Lift upon me thine eye for the last time,  
 Thou noble soul! and let thy blessing shine  
 On Valborg in thy fixed and dying gaze.  
 He is no more. Ah, he is dead! He died  
 With Valborg's name upon his lips. Well, thou  
 Hast fought thy fight, brave youth! Fell he not for  
 His king?

*Wilhelm*—Ay, as a hero.

*Valborg*—Glorious death!

Far better this than fly to foreign lands,  
 To spend thy days in barren banishment,  
 And waste away with grief of heart, my Axel!  
 Thou sufferest now no longer, heart-loved youth!  
 Now hast thou won thyself eternal honor.  
 Thy Fatherland, thy noble mother Norway,  
 Is proud of Axel—of her gallant son.  
 For many an age shall thy beloved name  
 Be heard fresh-sounding on her grateful lips;  
 At Thing-motes men shall often high extol  
 Thy hero-deed; while in the ladies' bower,  
 At eventide old ballads shall be sung,  
 Recounting Axel's love and faithfulness.

[To Wilhelm]—

How fair he is in death!

[*To the dead Axel*] — Thy golden locks  
Are wildly scattered round thy pallid brow.

[*She arranges his hair with her hand.*]

So should it be! This brow must not be covered:  
'Tis arched so high and noble, like the heavens.  
See how he smiles in death!

[*She kisses him.*] Farewell, my Axel!  
Thy Valborg follows soon.

[*She rises up, and lays her hand upon her breast, whilst she draws her  
breath deeply and heavily.*]

Ay, soon! ay, soon!

Wilhelm—My noble Valborg, you are pale.

Valborg—

My Axel

Is paler still. Peace, my kind Wilhelm! peace!  
Disturb not Valborg in her loneliness.

[*With enthusiasm*]—

How pleasant seems it here within the church!  
How brightly beams the sunshine through the windows,  
As at this very hour, my Axel! yesterday,  
When first thou pressedst Valborg to thy heart.  
How homelike 'tis, how cheerful, in the church!  
Here shall we live right happily together,  
Peacefully dwelling opposite each other,—  
Thou with thy father, Valborg with her mother.  
And when the clock strikes twelve, and in yon birch  
Outside our window sings each night the thrush,  
The wall and marble stones will open wide,  
And we shall meet at Harold Gille's grave,  
And thence go hand in hand up to the altar,  
And sit us down within the moonlit choir  
And let the moon with pale and silv'ry light  
Beam on our pallid cheeks, and listen to  
The thrush's spring song, whilst we call to mind  
The memories of our faithful love in life;  
Then, when the moonlight passes from the choir,  
Go back with slow and melancholy steps,  
And walk three times round Harold Gille's tomb;  
There shall we pause and take our loving leave  
Until the next night comes. Deep in our graves  
Then shall we slumber sweetly, whilst the living  
Are rioting without.

Wilhelm—

And Axel's wish

Was to be buried in one grave with Valborg.



*Valborg*—In one same grave? Ah, that were glorious, but  
 It may not be, my noble knight! Alas!  
 Axel and Valborg never were betrothed.  
 It may not be; yet how much would I give,  
 That the same coffin might contain both Valborg's  
 And Axel's bones!

[*She gazes down before her.*]

But, noble Wilhelm, tell me  
 What glistens in the dust, in yonder crevice  
 Of Harold's tombstone?

*Wilhelm*— See I right, it is  
 A ring.

*Valborg*— A ring?

*Wilhelm* [*takes it up*].— Yes,—it is Axel's ring.

*Valborg*—Axel's? Did it not roll into the grave?  
 O our forefather! now I understand thee;—  
 I understood thee then. Give me my ring!

[*She places it upon her finger.*]

Now am I truly thy betrothed, my Axel!  
 Now am I Axel's bride! Now may we be  
 Buried together in one grave.

*Wilhelm*— Poor girl!

*Valborg*—“Poor girl”? Nay, Wilhelm! happy, happy girl.  
 Is it not true, my noble friend,—I call you  
 My friend, for you were Axel Thordson's friend,—  
 Is it not true, my friend, you know the ballad  
 Of Knight Sir Aage and of Lady Else?

*Wilhelm*—The Danish bishop taught it to my mother;  
 And she, in early childhood, taught it me.

*Valborg*—And you remember it?

*Wilhelm*— Yes, perfectly.

*Valborg*—Oh, that is well! My Axel told me that  
 You have a noble voice; not delicate  
 And soft, like that which pleases men in life,  
 But deep, and strong, and solemn,—as a voice  
 From out the grave. Well, noble Wilhelm, will  
 You show me now the kindness, for the sake  
 Of him who was your friend, to sing this ballad  
 For Valborg,—whilst in recompense she places  
 Her ring upon his cold and lifeless hand?

*Wilhelm*—Yes, I will do it, if it comforts you.

*Valborg*—My Axel too has told me that you are  
 A skilled musician on the harp.

Wilhelm—

Its tones

Full oft have lulled my troubled soul to rest.

Valborg— Well, see in yonder corner, dearest Wilhelm,  
Close by my mother's grave, there stands a harp.  
How many a sleepless night has Valborg's voice  
Risen to its tuneful notes among the tombs!  
How many a time has she to it begun  
Aage's and Else's ballad! Never yet  
I sang it to the end; for hot tears choked  
My feeble voice. To you, my noble knight,  
To you a stronger nature God has given;  
So take the tuned harp, and sit you down  
By yonder pillar, opposite my Axel,  
And sing the mournful ballad to the end,  
Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's corpse;  
And do not rise, I pray, till all is o'er,  
And Else is to Aage joined in death.

Wilhelm—I sing thee comfort in the morning dawn.

[*Valborg kneels down beside Axel's corpse; Wilhelm takes the harp, sits down, and sings.*]

\*"It was the fair knight Aagen:

To an isle he went his way,

And plighted troth to Else,

Who was so fair a may.

He plighted troth to Else

All with the ruddy gold;

But or ere that day's moon came again,

Low he lay in the black, black mold.

"It was the maiden Else:

She was fulfilled of woe

When she heard how the fair knight Aagen

In the black mold lay alow.

Uprose the fair knight Aagen,

Coffin on back took he,

And he's away to her bower

Sore hard as the work might be.

"With that same chest on door he smote,

For the lack of flesh and skin;

'O hearken, maiden Else,

And let thy true love in.'

\*Mr. Butler's version of this famous ballad is a creditable one; but the translation made by William Morris far surpasses it in beauty, and is here substituted.

Then answered maiden Else,  
 'Never open I my door,  
 But and if thou namest Jesu's name  
 As thou hadst might before!—

"Oh, whenso thou art joyous,  
 And the heart is glad in thee,  
 Then fares it with my coffin  
 That red roses are with me;  
 But whenso thou art sorrowful,  
 And weary is thy mood,  
 Then all within my coffin  
 Is it dreadful with dark blood.

"Now is the red cock a-crowing,—  
 To the earth adown must I;  
 Down to the earth wend all dead folk,  
 And I wend in company.  
 Look thou up to the heavens aloft  
 To the little stars and bright,  
 And thou shalt see how sweetly  
 It fareth with the night.'

"She looked up to the heavens aloft,  
 To the little stars bright above;  
 The dead man sank into his grave,—  
 Ne'er again she saw her love.  
 Home then went maiden Else,  
 Mid sorrow manifold,  
 And ere that night's moon came again  
 She lay alow in the mold."

[*Wilhelm ceases. Valborg lies motionless with her head upon Axel's shoulder.*]

*Wilhelm*—The song is ended, noble Valborg! [*He rises.*] Valborg,  
 Rise up again: my song is ended now.  
 Valborg! She does not move. Cold, pale! She breathes  
 No longer. Heaven! I had foreboded it!  
 Valborg is dead! As Nanna with her Baldur;  
 As with her Hjalmar, Ingeborg; as Else  
 With Ridder Aage. Her true heart has broken  
 With sorrow o'er the body of her Axel.  
 O Northern faithfulness, how strong thou art!  
 There lie they both, in one another's arms,  
 Lifeless, but now *one* life, *one* soul with God.



And Wilhelm had to sing your funeral dirge!  
Well, it was but the tribute due to friendship.

[*Martial music outside the scene.*]

Gotfred [*comes*]—

Hakon is fallen: Erling is victorious.

They bring the body of the king.

Wilhelm—

And so

The Gille's race is utterly extinct.

Be speedy, Gotfred! Hasten to the bishop;

Take him on board our ship; await me there;

Ere sunset we will sail from Throndhjem's Fiord.

[*Gotfred goes.*]

Wilhelm [*drawing his sword*]—

And now go, dearest, best beloved friends.

Until the grave shall open, and unite

What life had parted, shall your Wilhelm show

The honor due by friendship to your dust.

I will keep watch beside you; I will lay

Thy shield and sword, brave knight! upon thy coffin,

Encircled by thy maiden's wreath of flowers;

And on the shining plate will I engrave,

"Here Axel Thordson and fair Valborg rest;

He for his king, she for her lover died."

Translation of Pierce Butler.

## THE FOES

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[Hakon's dominion is menaced by Olaf Trygvesön, who has invaded the land and seeks to substitute the faith of the Christian for that of the heathen. In his extremity, Hakon resorts to foul means, and hires one Thorer Klake to assassinate King Olaf. The attempt is unsuccessful, for Thorer Klake falls a victim to his own treachery; and Olaf Trygvesön himself seeks out Hakon in the peasant hut to which he has retired.]

*Enter Olaf Trygvesön, muffled up in a gray cloak, with a broad hat on his head.*

HAKON [*without looking up*]—

My valiant Thorer Klake, hast come at last?

Hast been successful? Dost thou bring to me

What thou didst promise? Answer, Thorer Klake.

*Olaf*— All things have happened as they should, my lord;  
But pardon Thorer that he does not come  
And bring himself King Olaf's head to thee—  
'Twas difficult for him. Thor knows he had  
A sort of loathing that himself should bring it,  
And so he sent me.

*Hakon*— Well, 'tis good; away,  
And deeply bury it in the dark earth.  
I will not look on it myself: my eye  
Bears not such sights,—they reappear in dreams.  
Bury the body with it. Tell thy lord  
That he shall come at once.

*Olaf*— He is asleep.

*Hakon*—Asleep?

*Olaf*— A midday slumber; he lies stretched  
Stiffly beneath a shadowy elder-tree.

*Hakon*—Then wake him up. [*Aside.*] Asleep, and after such  
A deed— Ha! Thorer, I admire thee;  
Thou hast rare courage. [*Aloud.*] Thrall, go wake him up.

*Olaf*— But wilt thou first not look at Olaf's head?

*Hakon*—No; I have said no.

*Olaf*— Thou dost think, my lord,  
That perhaps it is a horrid frightful sight:  
It is not so, my lord; for Olaf's head  
Looks fresh and sound as any in the land.

*Hakon*—Away, I tell thee!

*Olaf*— I ne'er saw the like:  
I always heard that Hakon was a hero,  
Few like him in the North,—and does he fear  
To see a lifeless and a corpseless head?  
How wouldst thou tremble then, my lord, if thou  
Shouldst see it on his body?

*Hakon* [*turning round angrily*]—

Thrall, thou darest!

Where hast thou got it?

*Olaf* [*takes his hat off, and throws off his cloak*]—

On my shoulders, Earl.

Forgive me that I bring it thee myself

In such a way: 'twas easiest for me.

*Hakon*—What, Olaf! Ha! what treachery is here?

*Olaf*— Old gray-beard, spare thy rash, heroic wrath.  
Attempt not to fight Olaf, but remember  
That he has still his head upon his body,  
And that thy impotent, gray-bearded strength  
Was only fitting for the headless Olaf.

*Hakon* [*rushes at him*]—

Ha, Hilfheim!

*Olaf* [*strikes his sword, and says in a loud voice*]—

So, be quiet now, I say,

And sheathe thy sword again. My followers  
Surround the house; my vessels are a match  
For all of thine, and I myself have come  
To win the country in an honest fight.  
Thyself hast urged me with thy plots to do it.  
Thou standest like a despicable thrall  
In his own pitfall caught at last; but I  
Will make no use of these advantages  
Which fate has granted me. I am convinced  
That I may boldly meet thee face to face.  
Thy purpose, as thou seest, has wholly failed,  
And in his own blood does thy Thorer swim.  
Thou seest 'twere easy for me to have seized thee;  
To strike thee down were even easier still:  
But I the Christian doctrine do confess,  
And do such poor advantages despise.  
So choose between two courses. Still be Earl  
Of Hlade as thou wast, and do me homage,  
Or else take flight; for when we meet again  
'Twill be the time for red and bleeding brows.

*Hakon* [*proudly and quietly*]—

My choice is made. I choose the latter, Olaf.  
Thou callest me a villain and a thrall;  
That forces up a smile upon my lips.  
Olaf, one hears indeed that thou art young;  
It is by mockery and arrogance  
That one can judge thy age. Now, look at me  
Full in the eyes; consider well my brow:  
Hast thou among the thralls e'er met such looks?  
Dost think that cunning or that cowardice  
Could e'er have carved these wrinkles on my brow?  
I did entice thee hither. Ha! 'tis true  
I knew that thou didst wait but for a sign  
To flutter after the enticing bait;  
That in thy soul thou didst more highly prize  
Thy kinship with an extinct race of kings  
Than great Earl Hakon's world-renowned deeds;  
That thou didst watch the opportunity  
To fall upon the old man in his rest.  
Does it astonish thee that I should wish  
Quickly to rid myself of such a foe?



That I deceived a dreamer who despised  
 The mighty gods,—does that astonish thee?  
 Does it astonish thee that I approved  
 My warriors' purpose, since a hostile fate  
 Attempted to dethrone, not only me,  
 But all Valhalla's gods?

*Olaf*—

Remember, Hakon,—

Remember, Hakon, that e'en thou thyself  
 Hast been a Christian; that thou wast baptized  
 By Bishop Popo, and that thou since then  
 Didst break thy oath. How many hast thou broken?

*Hakon*—

Accursed forever may that moment be  
 When by the cunning monk I was deceived,  
 And let myself be fooled by paltry tricks.  
 He held a red-hot iron in his hand,  
 After by magic he had covered it  
 With witches' ointment.

*Olaf*—

O thou blind old man!

Thy silver hair does make me pity thee.

*Hakon*—

Ha! spare thy pity; as thou seest me here,  
 Thou seest the last flash and the latest spark  
 Of ancient Northern force and hero's life;  
 And that, with all thy fever-stricken dreams,  
 Proud youth, thou shalt be powerless to quench.  
 I well do know it is the Christian custom  
 To pity, to convert, and to amend.  
 Our custom is to heartily despise you,  
 To ruminate upon your fall and death,  
 As foes to gods and to a hero's life.  
 That Hakon does, and therein does consist  
 His villainy. By Odin, and by Thor,  
 Thou shalt not quench old Norway's warlike flame  
 With all thy misty dreams of piety.

*Olaf*—

'Tis well: fate shall decide. We separate,  
 And woe to thee when next we meet again.

*Hakon*—

Aye, woe to me if then I crush thee not.

*Olaf*—

Heaven shall strike thee with its fiery might!

*Hakon*—

No, with his hammer Thor the cross will smite!

Translation of Frank C. Lascelles.

## THE SACRIFICE

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[A golden horn with runic inscription has been brought to Hakon, who has taken the words—

"Go to the great gods,  
Give them thy best"—

to signify that he must sacrifice what is most dear to him if he would win in the impending battle with Olaf Trygvesön. Acting upon this belief, he takes Erling, his child, at early morn to the sacrificial grove.]

*Enter Earl Hakon, leading Erling by the hand*

**E**RLING—It is so cold, my father!

*Hakon—*

*My dear son,*

It is yet early, therefore is it cold;

Thou shiverest, child!

*Erling—*

*That matters not, my father.*

I am so glad that thou didst promise me

That I should see the sun arise to-day;

A sunrise have I never seen before.

*Hakon—*

Dost see the golden rays which yonder break

Far in the east?

*Erling [clapping his hands]—*What lovely roses, father!

Oh, see the lovely roses, how they blush!

But tell me, my dear father, whence do come

Such masses of these lovely pearls, which are

Strewed over all the valley down below?

Oh, how they glitter up towards the roses!

*Hakon—*

Those are no pearls; it is but morning dew.

That which thou callest roses is the sun.

Dost see it rise?

*Erling—*

*Oh, what a ball of fire!*

How crimson red! O father dear, can we

Not travel thither to the morning sun?

*Hakon—*

Towards the sun our life must ever strive;

For seest thou that lovely ruddy glow

Which glitters yonder?—that is Odin's eye.

The other, which by night thou seest shine

With a far softer and a paler glow,

Has he now left in pledge in Mimer's well,

That there it may obtain the drink which makes

His eye more fresh and more acute.

*Erling—*

*And where*

*And what is Mimer's well?*

*Hakon* — *must his mighty old avenger* The mighty sea  
There, deep below, which dashes 'gainst the rocks,—  
That is the deep-dug well of ancient Mimer,  
That strengthens Odin's eye; and doubly bright  
The sun arises, joyful and refreshed  
By the cool morning waves.

*Erling* — *labour ye labourers must be* Oh, how on high  
It rises up! I can no longer bear  
To gaze upon it, for it burns my eyes.

*Hakon* — The Almighty Father mounts upon his throne,  
And soon the whole world will he look upon.  
The golden throne doth dazzle earthly eyes;  
Who dares presume to gaze upon the king  
Of light and day in his full midday glow?

*Erling* [*turning round frightened*]—  
Oh, oh! my father, who are those? such grim  
And old white men, who in the shadow stand  
Behind the trees there?

*Hakon* — Speak not so, my son!  
Those are the statues of the mighty gods,  
Formed in the hard stone by the hands of men.  
They do not dazzle us with summer flames;  
To them may Askur's sons kneel down in peace,  
And gaze with reverence upon their face.  
Come, let us go and see them closer, come.

*Erling* — Oh no, my father, I do fear! Dost see  
That old, long-bearded, hoary-headed man?  
He looks so fierce and grim upon me. Oh,  
He makes me quite afraid!

*Hakon* — O Erling, Erling!  
That is god Odin—art afraid of Odin?

*Erling* — No, no; of Odin I am not afraid,—  
The real Odin yonder in the sky,  
He will not harm me: he is good and bright;  
He calls forth flowers from the lap of earth,  
And like a flower does he gleam himself.  
But that white, pallid sorcerer, he stares  
As though he sought to take my life-blood.

*Hakon* — Ha!

*Erling* — My father, let me go and fetch my wreath;  
I left it hanging yonder on a bush  
When thou didst show me when the sun arose:  
And let us then go home again, my father,  
Away from these grim, ancient statues here;



For thou mayst well believe the grim old man  
Has no good-will towards thee, father dear.

*Hakon*—Go fetch thy wreath, child, then come back at once.

[*Exit Erling.*]

The sacrificial lamb should be adorned.

Ye mighty gods, behold from Valaskjalf

Earl Hakon's faith and truth confirmed by deeds!

*Re-enter Erling with a wreath of flowers round his head*

*Erling*—Here am I, my dear father, with my wreath.

*Hakon*—Kneel down, my son, to Odin, ere thou goest;

Stretch out thy little hands towards the sky,

And say, "Great Father! hear the little Erling's prayer,

And mercifully take him in thy charge."

*Erling* [*kneels down, looking towards the sun, stretches out his hands, and says innocently and childlike*]—

Great Father, hear the little Erling's prayer,

And mercifully take him in thy charge!

[*Hakon, who stands behind him, draws his dagger while Erling is saying his prayer, and raises it to strike, but it falls from his hand. Erling turns towards him quietly and confidently, picks up the dagger, and says, as he gets up off his knees:—*]

My father dear, thou'st let thy dagger drop.

How sharp and bright it is! When I am big

Then I shall also have such weapons, and

Will help thee 'gainst thy enemies, my father.

*Hakon*—What sorcerer is't that places in thy mouth

Such words as these to scare me, and to make

Me tremble?

*Erling*—O my father! what's the matter?

What has, then, Erling done? Why art thou wroth?

*Hakon*—Come, Erling, follow me behind the gods.

*Erling*—Behind the grim men?

*Hakon*—Follow, and obey.

Behind the statue do the roses grow;

No pale white roses,—ruddy roses they,

Blood-red and purple roses. Ha! it is

A joy to see how quickly they shoot forth.

Follow, I say,—obey!

*Erling* [*weeping*]—My father dear,

I am so frightened at the purple roses.

*Hakon*—Away! already Heimdal's cock does crow,

And now the time is come, the time is come!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SONG

From 'Correggio'

THE fairy dwells in the rocky hall,  
 The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;  
 The waters tumble as white as snow,  
 From the rocks above to the pool below:  
 "Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,  
 And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free;  
 Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.  
 Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,  
 And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.  
 Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,  
 And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,  
 But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.  
 The fairy she comes with her golden hair,  
 And she hands him a goblet of water fair;  
 He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain  
 The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,  
 He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;  
 Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,—  
 There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.  
 The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there  
 His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,  
 Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:  
 In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,  
 His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;  
 Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,  
 And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

## NOUREDDIN READS FROM AN OLD FOLIO

From 'Aladdin'

LIFE'S gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;  
 And what the sage doth toil to make his prize,  
 When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,  
 From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.

Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,  
 Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.  
 'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails  
 Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,  
 Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.  
 Unwooded she comes at unexpected hours;  
 And little it avails to rack thy brain,  
 And ask where lurk her long-reluctant powers;  
 Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain,  
 And all thy fabric vanishes in air;  
 Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,  
 Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

#### OEHLenschLÄGER'S ONLY HYMN

TEACH me, O forest, that I may  
 Like autumn leaves fade glad away,  
 A fairer spring forecasting;  
 There green my tree shall glorious stand,  
 Deep-rooted in the lovely land  
 Of summer everlasting.

O little bird of passage, thou  
 Teach me in faith to hie me now  
 To shores that are uncharted;  
 When all is winter here, and ice,  
 Then shall eternal Paradise  
 Open to me, departed.

Teach me, thou butterfly so light,  
 To break from out my prison plight  
 That is my freedom robbing;  
 On earth I creep with lowly things,  
 But soon the golden-purple wings  
 Shall high in air be throbbing.


O Thou who smilest from yon sky,  
 Master and Savior, Christ the high,  
 Teach me to conquer sorrow.  
 Let Hope's bright flag enhearten me;  
 Although Good Friday bitter be,  
 Fair is the Easter morrow.



# THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE JEWISH APOCRYPHA

BY CRAWFORD H. TOY

## THE OLD TESTAMENT

HE greatest interest in the Old Testament has, naturally, attached to its religious thought; and it has sometimes been forgotten that as the record of the national literature of the Hebrew people, it deserves to be studied on the literary side. It need fear no comparison in this regard with the great literatures of the world. There are forms of literary art in which the Old Testament has no superior; and in any case, the pleasure which is derived from it must be increased by a recognition of its literary excellences.

Its prose portion consists of History (in which, for our purposes, we may include the Legislation) and Prophecy. The former is simple prose, the latter rhythmical and balanced. We may first consider the narrative or historical portion.

### NARRATIVE PROSE

The Old Testament histories consist almost entirely of annals and anecdotes,—extracts from yearly records of events, or biographical material which is made up largely of special incidents. The style is remarkable for its simplicity. The Semitic languages (to which class the Hebrew belongs) have no involved syntactical constructions. Their sentences consist almost entirely of clauses connected by the simple conjunction “and.” This peculiarity gives picturesqueness and a certain monumental character to the narratives; each clause stands out by itself, presenting a single picture. There is no attempt (as in Greek) to represent elaborate and fine logical connections of thought. And further, this formal isolatedness, if we may so term it, is not confined to the structure of the sentence and the paragraph, but also controls the composition of the historical books. The incidents are set down as independent occurrences, and there is no attempt to trace the logical connection between them.

This characteristic is abundantly illustrated in the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. In the first of these books we have a series of

similar yet unconnected incidents: the land of Israel is conquered or held in subjection by some neighboring people—a hero arises and throws off the yoke—there is a period of quiet, followed by a new epoch of subjection which calls forth another hero; and so on. So the lives of Saul, David, and Samuel are simple biographies, in which the incidents are, in like manner, for the most part detached; and the same remark holds of the history of the reigns of the kings who succeeded David. In the Pentateuch the lives of the Patriarchs and of Moses, and the history of the march of the people from Egypt to Canaan, are similarly composed of isolated paragraphs.

Yet on the other hand, it is to be observed that these books exhibit a marked unity of plan. The Hexateuch (the Pentateuch and Joshua) beginning with the creation of the world, and coming down to the Flood, which separates human history into two great parts, passes to the ancestor Abraham, follows his descendants to Egypt, describes their advance to the promised land, and finally the conquest and division of the territory. The aim of the work is to describe the settlement of Israel in Canaan, and all the preceding history is made to bear on that event. The Book of Judges, taking up the history at the moment when the people enter Canaan, depicts the pre-regal period as a unit; Samuel describes the establishment of the monarchy and the reigns of the first two kings; Kings gives the fortunes of the people down to the suppression of the national political life; and Chronicles, it may be added, with a still more noticeable unity, confines itself to the history of Judah. Finally, in the short books of Ezra and Nehemiah, we have the story of the introduction of the Law, and the establishment of what may be called the Jewish Church-Nation.

We have thus, in the historical books of the Old Testament, a noteworthy unity of plan, combined with the isolation of independent parts. It is further to be noted that the object of each of these histories is to express an idea: The Hexateuch is the prose epic of the choice of Israel by Jehovah. The earlier historical books—Judges, Samuel, and Kings—are historical sermons, illustrating the text that national prosperity is dependent on obedience to the God of Israel; in Chronicles the text is slightly varied,—here it is obedience to the Law of Moses which is the condition of national peace.

Examples of the finest qualities of narrative prose style are found throughout the historical books. Abraham's plea for Sodom (Gen. xviii.) combines naïveté, dignity, and moral earnestness. Jehovah, having had reports of the corruption of Sodom, comes down, accompanied by two angels, to inquire into the case, and first pays a visit to Abraham. After a repast the two angels are sent to Sodom, with instructions to destroy it; Jehovah remains with Abraham, whose



heart is sore at the thought of the destruction of the city where dwelt his kinsman Lot. The narrative proceeds:—

AND Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou consume the righteous with the wicked? Perhaps there are fifty righteous men within the city: wilt thou consume and not spare the place for the fifty righteous who are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; that so the righteous should be as the wicked: that be far from thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And Jehovah said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous, then I will spare all the place for their sake. And Abraham answered and said, My lord, I who am dust and ashes have taken upon me to speak to thee: there may perhaps lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, I will not destroy it if I find there forty and five. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Perhaps there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for the forty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak; perhaps there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. And he said, Behold now, my lord, I have taken upon me to speak to thee: perhaps there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the twenty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: perhaps ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake. And Jehovah went his way when he had finished speaking with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place.

The familiar appeal of Judah on behalf of Benjamin (Gen. xliv. 18-34) must be mentioned for its exquisite pathos. Joseph, known to the brothers only as the all-powerful prime minister, pretends to suspect that they are spies, and refuses to sell them food unless they bring him their youngest brother, of whom they had spoken. Jacob, informed of this demand, at first refuses to send Benjamin—the only surviving son, as he supposes, of his beloved Rachel. Pressed by famine, he at last consents, Judah pledging himself to bring the lad back. When they reach Egypt, Joseph so arranges that Benjamin shall seem to have been guilty of theft and worthy of imprisonment. Judah, in despair, comes forward and pleads for the boy's liberty. The plea is little more than a recital of the circumstances, in simplest dramatic form; but the heart-rending situation stands out with



lifelike clearness. The same element of pathos is found in the whole story of Joseph's relations with his brothers.

For brilliant dramatic effect there is scarcely anything in literature finer than the description of Elijah's challenge to the priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii.). The conditions are chosen with singular felicity. The Sidonian Baal, the god of the Queen of Israel, is represented by four hundred and fifty prophets, backed by all the power of the royal court; for Jehovah, God of Israel, stands one proscribed fugitive, a rude Bedawi from the east of the Jordan. The scene is the sacred mountain Carmel, from whose slopes are visible the Great Sea, the rich plains of the coast, and the rugged central plateau of Israel. Elijah proposes to test the two deities, and take the more powerful; the people, trembling and expectant, agree. The narrative goes on:—

AND Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, Choose one bullock for yourselves, and prepare it first, for ye are many; and call on the name of your god, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock and prepared it, and called on the name of Baal from morning till noon, saying, O Baal, answer us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they danced about the altar which they had made. And at noon. Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is meditating, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And when midday was past they prophesied until the time of the evening cereal offering; but there was neither voice, nor any answer, nor any that regarded. And Elijah said to all the people, Come near to me; and all the people came near to him. And he repaired the altar of Jehovah which was broken down, and made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed, put the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood. And he said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And at the time of the evening cereal offering Elijah came near and said, Jehovah, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Answer me, O Jehovah, answer

me, that this people may know that thou, Jehovah, art God, and turn thou their heart back again. Then fire from heaven fell and consumed the offering and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God.

After this it is somewhat surprising to find Elijah (1 Kings xix.) fleeing for his life at a threat made by the Queen. The story of his flight contains a majestic theophany:—

AND he went into a cave and passed the night there. And behold, Jehovah passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but Jehovah was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but Jehovah was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but Jehovah was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. And there came to him a voice: What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

A characteristic picture is given in 1 Kings xxii. The allied Kings of Israel and Judah are about to attack the transjordanic city of Ramoth, and desire first a response from the oracle. The King of Judah, for some reason dissatisfied with Ahab's prophets, insists that Micaiah be called. The latter, after mocking answers, finally predicts disaster, and then proceeds to account for the favorable predictions of the court prophets:—

I saw Jehovah sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And Jehovah said, Who will entice Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before Jehovah and said, I will entice him. And Jehovah said to him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt entice him, and shalt prevail also: go forth and do so. Now, therefore, behold, Jehovah has put a lying spirit in the mouth of



all these thy prophets, and Jehovah has spoken evil concerning thee. Then Zedekiah the son of Kenaanah came near, and smote Micaiah on the cheek, and said, Which way went the spirit of Jehovah from me to speak to thee? And Micaiah said, Thou shalt see on that day when thou shalt go into an inner chamber to hide thyself. And the king of Israel said, Take Micaiah, and carry him back unto Amon the governor of the city, and to Joash the king's son, and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in the prison, and feed him with bread and water of the worst sort, until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, Jehovah has not spoken by me.

A peculiar interest attaches to the three short books Ruth, Jonah, and Esther. These differ from the works above named in the fact that they describe each a single event. Each is a unity with definitely marked characters and incidents, leading to a culmination. In a word, so far as the literary form is concerned, these are short stories; and they seem to be the first productions of this sort in all the ancient world. Their predecessors in Hebrew literature are the incidents described in the Pentateuch and the historical books, in the lives of the Patriarchs, Judges, and Kings, and Prophets; as for example the story of Jephthah, the campaign of Gideon, the rebellion of Absalom, and the challenge of Elijah to the priests of Baal. These also are succinct and vivid narratives of particular incidents, but the three books here referred to have the quality of finish and plot,—elaborate arrangement of incident leading up to a dénouement,—in a still higher degree. The Moabitess Ruth, left a widow, departs with her mother-in-law to a strange land; and here, by her charm, conquers a place, and becomes the honored head of a great household. Jonah, anxious to avoid a disagreeable mission, is nevertheless forced to go to Nineveh, and there becomes the occasion of the announcement of a religious truth of primary significance,—namely, that God cares no less for Nineveh than for Jerusalem. The skill with which the narrative in Esther is constructed has always excited admiration. The splendid royal banquet—the refusal of Queen Vashti to make herself a spectacle to the drunken guests—her deposition by the offended despot, and his determination to choose another queen—the appearance of the Jewess Esther, whose nationality has been carefully concealed by her guardian Mordecai—the successive trials of the inmates of the harem, and the selection of Esther to be Queen—all this is an astounding whirligig of fortune. But this is only preparatory to the main event. The sturdy Mordecai refuses to do reverence to the King's haughty favorite Haman, who, exasperated by his persistent contempt, resolves to extirpate the



Jewish population of Persia, and procures a royal decree to that effect. The Jews are in despair. Mordecai sends word to Esther that she must go to the King (which to do unbidden is a crime) and intercede; he adds that otherwise she herself will not escape the general fate. She finally plucks courage from despair, goes, is graciously received, and invites the King and Haman to a banquet that day. At that banquet she invites them to another next day, when she will make her request. Haman, elated, listens to the advice of his wife and his friends, and prepares a lofty post on which Mordecai is to be impaled. That night the King, unable to sleep, listens to an account, in the court record, of a good deed of Mordecai, hitherto unrewarded. Who is without? he asks. The answer is: Haman (who had come to arrange the impalement of his enemy). He is summoned, enters, is asked what should be done to the man whom the King delights to honor. Thinking it could be only himself, he suggests that the man, clothed in royal apparel, ride through the streets on the King's own horse. So be it: Haman is ordered to conduct Mordecai. It is a terrible blow, and is taken by his wife and his friends as an omen of disaster. Next day, however, he comes to the Queen's banquet, and here the King asks her to state her request—he would grant it if it cost half his kingdom. The narrative continues:

QUEEN ESTHER answered: If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be granted me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, to perish. If we had been sold as slaves, I had held my peace. . . . And King Ahasuerus said to Queen Esther: Who is he and where is he who dares so to do? Esther answered: The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. The king rose up in wrath from the banquet of wine, and went into the palace garden, and Haman remained standing to plead for his life with Queen Esther; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned from the garden to the banqueting-hall, and Haman had sunk down on the couch on which Esther was. And the king said: Will he do violence to the queen here in my presence? As the words went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face.

The clear portraiture of persons, the succession of interesting situations, the rapidity and inevitableness of the movement, the splendid reversal of fortunes, combine to make the book a work of art of a high order.

## THE PROPHETS

The most distinctly characteristic part of Old Testament literature is the prophetic. The position of the Israelitish prophet is unique. No other people has produced a line of moral and religious patriots, who followed the fortunes of the nation from generation to generation, and amid all changes of political situation remained true to their cardinal principle,—that no conditions of power and wealth would avail a nation which did not pay strict obedience to the moral law and place its reliance in God. The prophetic writing belongs, in general, to the class of oratory. The prophets are political-religious watchmen, who appear at every crisis to announce the will of God. They denounce current sins, religious and moral. They plead, exhort, threaten, lament. They differ from other orators in that their audience is not a court of law, nor an assembly of the people, but the whole nation; and the question which they discuss is not the interpretation of a statute, or a particular point of political policy, but the universal principle of obedience to God. .

The language of the prophetic discourses is for the most part rhythmical and measured, and the discourses themselves naturally fall into strophes and paragraphs. There is no metre, no fixed succession or number of syllables in a line, and no regular strophic arrangement;—on the contrary, the greatest freedom prevails in respect to length of clauses and of strophes. The elaborate strophic structure of the odes of the Greek drama does not exist in the prophetic discourses; and as divisions into verses and strophes were not given in the original Hebrew text, we are left to determine the arrangement in every case from the contents. The writings of the prophets vary greatly in style and in charm and power; but they are almost without exception vigorous and striking. Whether they denounce social evils, or inveigh against idolatry,—whether they proclaim the wrath of God, or his mercy,—whether they threaten or implore,—they are almost always strong and picturesque.

The paragraphs, the logical divisions of simple prose discourse, are generally marked in the English Revised Version. Strophic divisions, marked by headings or refrains in rhythmical elevated prose, are sometimes but not always indicated. Examples of strophes are Amos i., ii.; Isa. v. 8–24 (woes); ix. 8–x. 4 (refrain), to which should be attached v. 25; Ezek. xviii., xx., xxxii. 19–32 (not indicated in R. V.).

Among the prophets none is more eloquent than Amos in the denunciation of social evils; take, for example, the passage on the following page (Am. v. 11–24).



FORASMUCH as ye trample on the poor,  
And take from him exactions of wheat,  
Though ye have built houses of hewn stone  
Ye shall not dwell in them,  
Though ye have planted pleasant vineyards  
Ye shall not drink the wine thereof.  
For I know how manifold are your transgressions  
And how mighty are your sins,  
Ye who afflict the just, who take bribes,  
Who deprive the poor of their rights in courts of justice.

Therefore he that is prudent keeps silence in such a time, for it is an evil time. Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and then Jehovah, the God of hosts, may be with you, as ye say. Hate the evil, and love the good, and maintain justice in the courts: then it may be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be gracious to the remnant of Joseph.

There shall be wailing in all the broad ways,  
In all the streets they shall say, Alas!  
They shall call the husbandman to mourning,  
And such as are skillful in lamentation to wailing.  
In all vineyards shall be wailing,  
For I will pass through the midst of thee, saith Jehovah.

Woe unto you who desire the day of Jehovah: why would ye have the day of Jehovah? it is darkness and not light—as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him, and when he got into his house and leaned his hand on the wall, a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of Jehovah be darkness and not light? very dark, and no brightness in it?

I hate, I despise your feasts,  
I take no delight in your solemn assemblies.  
Though you offer me your burnt-offerings and cereal  
I will not accept them; [offerings,  
The peace-offerings of your fat beasts I will not regard.  
Take away from me the noise of thy songs;  
The clang of thy viols I will not hear.  
But let equity roll down as waters,  
And justice as a perennial stream,



Amos, Isaiah, and Ezekiel display no tenderness toward their people; Hosea is an intensely loving nature; Jeremiah's prevailing attitude is one of sorrow, as in these extracts from chapters viii. and ix. of his book:—

OH FOR comfort in my sorrow! My heart is sick! Hark! the cry of the Daughter of my People from a far-off land: Is not Jehovah in Zion? is not her King in her?—[Jehovah speaks:] Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images and with foreign gods?—[The people:] The harvest is past, the autumn ingathering is ended, and we are not saved.—[The prophet:] By the ruin of the Daughter of my People my spirit is crushed; I mourn; dismay seizes me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is the wound of the Daughter of my People not healed?—Oh that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the Daughter of my People! Oh that I could find in the wilderness a lodging-place for travelers, that I might leave my people, and from them go far away! . . . For the mountains will I break forth into weeping and wailing, and for the pastures of the wilderness utter a lament, because they are burned, so that none passes through; voices of cattle are not heard; birds of the heaven and beasts of the field are all fled and gone. . . . Call for the mourning women, that they may come; send for women skilled in lament, that they may come and utter wailing for us, that tears may stream from our eyes and water from our eyelids.

Ezekiel's tremendous power of denunciation and of description appears throughout his book; see for example Chapters vi., xi., xvi., xx., xxiii., xxvi.—xxviii., xxix.—xxxii., xxxviii., xxxix. He thus addresses the land of Israel (vi.):—

I WILL bring the sword on you, and destroy your high places;  
Your altars shall be desolate, your sun-images shall be broken,  
I will cast down your slain before your idols,  
And scatter your bones about your altars.

And the remnant that escape the sword, scattered through the lands,

Shall remember me among the nations whither they are carried captive.

I will crush their faithless hearts and their apostate eyes,  
And they shall loathe themselves for their abominable  
deeds.

Smite with the hand, stamp with the foot!  
Say, alas! because of the sins of the House of Israel,  
For they shall fall by sword, famine, and plague.  
He who is far off shall die of the plague,  
He who is near shall fall by the sword,  
He who is besieged shall perish by famine:  
Thus will I accomplish my fury on them.  
And they shall know that I am Jehovah  
When their slain lie by their idols about their altars,  
On every high hill, on the mountain-tops,  
Under every green tree and leafy terebinth,  
Where they offered sweet savor to all their idols.

The section devoted to Tyre (xxvi.-xxviii.) is of special interest for the picture it gives of the magnificence of that city. The King of Tyre is thus described (xxviii. 12-17):—

Thou wert full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.  
In Eden, the garden of God, thou wast,  
All precious stones were thine adornment,  
Ruby, topaz, diamond, beryl, and onyx,  
Jasper, sapphire, carbuncle, emerald. . . .  
In the day when thou wast created  
I placed thee with the Cherub in the sacred Mount of  
God,  
Amid the stones of fire thou didst walk.  
Perfect thou wast in thy life  
From the day of thy creation till sin appeared in thee.  
The vastness of thy traffic filled thee with sin,  
From the Mount of God I did expel thee as profane,  
The Cherub cast thee forth from amid the stones of  
fire.  
Thou didst swell with pride in thy beauty,  
Thy splendor vitiated thy wisdom.  
Down to the ground I cast thee,  
To kings I made thee a spectacle,  
That they might feast their eyes on thee.





The powerful effect which Ezekiel produces by cumulation and iteration may be seen in his review (Chapter xx.) of the history of Israel, which is noteworthy also for treating the national career as one long catalogue of acts of disobedience and apostasy.

Among the Prophetical works the Book of Isaiah presents the greatest variety in literary form. The pictures of the physical and moral ruin of Judah (i., iii., v.) and of Israel (xxviii.), the descriptions of the haughty bearing and the overthrow of the King of Assyria (x., xxxvii.), the lament over Moab (xv., xvi.), the siege of Jerusalem (xxix.), the prediction of the return of the exiles (xxxv.),—these and other pieces are classic. As an example of its descriptive power we may take the picture of Jehovah's coming vengeance on Edom (xxxiv.):—

APPROACH, O nations, and hear,  
And hearken, O ye peoples.  
Let the earth hear, and all that it contains,  
The world, and all that it produces.  
Jehovah is wrathful against all the nations,  
Furious against the whole host of them,  
He has laid them under a ban,  
Given them over to slaughter.  
Their slain shall be cast forth,  
The stench of their corpses shall ascend,  
The mountains shall melt with their blood;  
All the host of heaven shall decay,  
The heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll,  
All their host shall wither,  
As withers foliage from vine, leaf from fig-tree.

My sword has drunk its fill in heaven,  
Now it descends for vengeance on Edom, the banned  
people.

Jehovah has a sword, reeking with blood, anointed  
with fat,  
Blood of lambs and goats, fat of kidneys of rams,  
For Jehovah holds a sacrifice in Bozrah,  
A mighty slaughter in the land of Edom:  
With these beasts wild oxen shall fall,  
And bullocks along with bulls.

Jehovah's day of vengeance comes,  
The year of requital in Zion's quarrel.  
Edom's stream shall turn to pitch,  
And its soil to brimstone—  
Burning pitch its land shall become.  
It shall not be quenched night nor day,  
Its smoke shall ascend for ever,  
From generation to generation it shall lie waste,  
None shall pass through it for ever and ever.

Pelican and bittern shall possess it,  
Owl and raven shall dwell therein,  
Jehovah shall stretch over it the measuring-line of desolation,

And the plummet of emptiness.  
Its nobles shall vanish,  
All its princes shall perish,  
Thorns shall spring up in its palaces,  
Nettles and thistles in its fortresses.  
It shall be the habitation of jackals,  
The dwelling-place of ostriches.  
There beasts of the desert shall meet,  
The wilderness-demon shall cry to its fellow,  
The demoness of night there shall repose,  
And find in it her lair;  
The arrow-snake shall make its nest,  
In its shadow lay and hatch and brood,  
And hawks shall be gathered together.

Search Jehovah's scroll and read;  
Not one of these shall be missing,  
Not one shall want its mate.  
For his mouth it is has commanded,  
His spirit it is that has gathered them.  
For them he has cast the lot,  
And his hand has measured the land.  
For ever and ever they shall possess it,  
Dwell therein from generation to generation.

The most splendid of Prophetic rhapsodies are found in Isaiah, xl.-lxvi. We may cite from these, as an example of vivid imagination

and gorgeous coloring, the famous description of Israel's coming glory, in Chapter lx. :—

ARISE, shine; for thy light is come,  
And the glory of Jehovah shines upon thee.  
Darkness shall cover the earth,  
And gross darkness the peoples,  
But Jehovah shall shine upon thee,  
And his glory shall appear upon thee.  
Nations shall come to thy light,  
And kings to the brightness of thy radiance.  
Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:  
They gather themselves together, they come to thee;  
Thy sons shall come from far,  
And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.  
Then shalt thou clearly see,  
Thy heart shall expand with joy.  
For the abundance of the sea shall be given thee,  
The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.  
A multitude of camels shall cover thee,  
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;  
Men shall come from Sheba, bringing gold and frank-  
incense,  
They shall proclaim the praises of Jehovah.  
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered to thee,  
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:  
They shall be offered as acceptable sacrifices on mine  
altar,  
And I will glorify the house of my glory.  
Who are these that fly as a cloud,  
As the doves to their windows?  
Surely the isles shall wait for me,  
And the ships of Tarshish first,  
To bring thy sons from far,  
Their silver and their gold with them,  
For the name of Jehovah thy God,  
For the Holy One of Israel,  
Because he hath glorified thee.  
Strangers shall build thy walls,  
Their kings shall minister unto thee,  
For in my wrath I smote thee,



But in my love I have mercy on thee.  
Thy gates shall be open continually,  
Shall not be shut by day or night;  
That men may bring thee the wealth of the nations,  
And their kings be led with them.  
Nation and kingdom shall perish that serves thee  
not:  
Yea, blasted shall those nations be.  
The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,  
The cypress, the elm, and the cedar.  
I will beautify the place of my sanctuary,  
And make the place of my feet glorious.  
The sons of thine oppressors shall bend before  
thee;  
They that despised thee shall bow down at thy  
feet;  
Thou shalt be called the City of Jehovah,  
Zion of the Holy One of Israel.  
I will make thee an eternal excellency,  
A joy of endless generations,  
For bronze I will bring gold, and for iron silver,  
For wood bronze, and for stones iron.  
I will make thine officers peace,  
And thy taskmasters justice.  
Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,  
Desolation nor destruction within thy borders,  
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,  
And thy gates Praise.  
The sun shall no more be thy light by day,  
Nor the brightness of the moon give thee light  
by night,  
But Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,  
And thy God thy glory.  
Thy sun shall no more go down,  
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:  
For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,  
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.  
Thy people shall be all righteous,  
They shall possess the land forever.  
The little one shall become a thousand,  
And the small one a strong nation.

# POETRY

Hebrew poetry, it is generally admitted, is characterized as to its form by rhythm and parallelism. Rhythm is the melodious flow of syllables. Parallelism—a form characteristic of, and almost peculiar to, old Semitic poetry—is the balancing of phrases; the second line in a couplet being a repetition of the first in varied phrase, or presenting some sort of expansion of or contrast to the first. These two general classes of parallelism may be called the identical and the antithetical. An example of the first sort is:—

Rebuke me not in thy wrath,  
Chasten me not in thine anger (Ps. xxxviii. 1);

or, with one slight variation:—

The heavens declare the glory of God,  
The firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. xix. 1).

Similarly:—

Jehovah reigns—let the nations tremble;  
He is enthroned on the cherubs—let the earth be moved (Ps. xcix. 1).

Examples of the second are:—

The arms of the wicked shall be broken,  
But Jehovah upholds the righteous (Ps. xxxvii. 17).  
The plans of the mind belong to man,  
The answer of the tongue is from Jehovah (Prov. xvi. 1).

Question and answer:—

I lift up mine eyes to the mountains!  
Whence comes my help?  
My help comes from Jehovah,  
Who made heaven and earth (Ps. cxxi. 1, 2);

or, with fuller expansion:—

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?  
Whither shall I flee from thy presence?  
If I ascend to Heaven, thou art there;  
If I couch me in Sheol, lo, thou art there;  
If I take the wings of the Dawn,  
If I dwell in the remotest West,  
There shall thy hand lead me,  
And thy right hand shall hold me (Ps. cxxxix. 7-10).

Between the extremes of complete identity and complete antithesis there are many sub-varieties, the combinations and interchanges of which, in the hands of a gifted poet, give exquisite delicacy and charm to the form of the verse.



Various efforts have been made to discover metre in Hebrew poetry, —a regular succession of feet after the manner of the Greek; but without success, and such attempts are now discountenanced by the majority of critics. Elaborate schemes of dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, and pentameter, which one still finds defended in certain modern books, may be rejected as having no basis in fact. There might be more to say in favor of a system of ictus or beats of the voice. It is true that all poetry is marked by a certain succession of rhythmic beats. But the succession does not occur in Hebrew according to any fixed rule. It appears to be determined by the feeling of the poet, and its appreciation may safely be left to the feeling of the reader. This much is true, that, in a series of couplets, the same number of accented syllables may be employed in each couplet, and we may thus have a guide in fixing the limits of the stanzas; but even these limits we must leave to the free choice of the poet, without attempting to impose our rules on him. To such norms, characterized by the number of beats, we may give the names binary (when the line has two beats), ternary (of three beats), quaternary, and so on. In the Book of Proverbs many of the lines or verses are ternary; elsewhere we find other forms. These can rarely be reproduced exactly in English.

Naturally also, these groups of couplets arrange themselves in strophes or stanzas; but here again, no fixed rule prevails. A stanza may consist of two, three, four, or more couplets; and adjoining stanzas may differ in their number of couplets. As the original text does not indicate any such division, we are left to the rhythm of the couplets and to the connection of the sense to determine the order of the strophes. An example of a symmetrical division in the stanzas is found in the second Psalm, which consists of four stanzas of three couplets each. In the first, the hostile nations are introduced as speaking; in the second the speaker is Jehovah; in the third the speaker is the royal Son, whose coronation has just been announced; and in the fourth, the poet exhorts the nation to obedience.

Hebrew poetry is either emotional or gnomic. It either enounces rules of life, in the form of apophthegms or proverbs, or it describes the poet's own feeling in the presence of any phenomenon of joy or suffering. It thus, in general, belongs to the class which we call lyric. It does not present any example of what we call epic and dramatic. There has been a natural desire to discover, in the Old Testament poetry, examples of the poetic forms familiar to us in Greek literature; and so it has been said that the Book of Job is a drama or an epic, and that the Song of Songs is a lyric drama. But a little reflection suffices to show that the Book of Job lacks the essential element of epic and drama; that is to say, action. It is, in



fact, nothing but an argument consisting of elaborate speeches, with a conclusion attached. There is no catastrophe toward which all the acts of the personages tend. The interest lies in the discussion of a religious theme; Jehovah permits the debate to go on to a certain point, and then intervenes, the human actors having nothing to do with bringing about the result. The Song of Songs is a series of love songs, so delicately conceived, so undefined in shape, so lacking in indications of place and time, that no two critics have as yet agreed in their conclusions as to who are the actors in the supposed drama, or where the action takes place, or what is its culmination. It is obviously necessary to take it, not as a drama, but as a group of songs. And in general, we do nothing but harm to the old Hebrew literature in trying to force it into the forms of a foreign people. The mistake is similar to that which has been made by Hebrew grammarians, who have tried to construct Hebrew grammar in the forms of Greek or Latin grammar; a procedure which, as scholars are now coming to recognize, can result only in misapprehension and misrepresentation. It is no less fatal to the poetic form of a people to force it into the categories of another people. Justice will be done to the Old Testament on its literary side only when we take it for what it is, and try to apprehend its form and enjoy its beauties according to its own rules.

So far as regards the higher characteristics of poetry, these are the same in the Old Testament as elsewhere. There is eloquence, pathos, charm, sublimity,—qualities which are confined to no one race or people. And that the poetry is subjective—that it contains only the expression of the poet's feeling or reflection—will be evident from a brief review of the books themselves.

Let us begin with the Book of Psalms, the longest and most varied of the poetic books of the Old Testament. It contains simple lucid bits of description, agonizing cries to God for help, exultation for victory, rejoicing in time of peace, expression of consciousness of sin, and odes of praise to the God of Israel. As an example of a gentle, calm confidence and joy, we may take the 23d Psalm:—

THE Lord is my shepherd,  
I shall not want;—  
He makes me recline in green pastures,  
He leads me to still waters.  
He restores my soul,  
He guides me in safe paths for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of gloom,  
I fear no evil,  
For thou art with me,  
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest me a table in the presence of mine enemies:  
 Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runs over.  
 Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my  
     life,  
 And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Here the imagery, derived from the shepherd's life, is of the most restful sort; and the whole picture is one of perfect repose under the protection of God. In contrast with this, the 24th Psalm is an exulting ode of praise; and the first part, verses 1-6, which states the moral qualities demanded of those who are to serve Jehovah in his temple, begins with a declaration of the Divine might:—

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,  
 The world, and they that dwell therein;  
 For he has founded it upon the seas,  
 And established it upon the floods.

The second part is the hymn of a solemn procession, in which Jehovah is spoken of as entering the temple, and it is conceived in the finest vein of stirring song:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!  
 Be ye lift up, ye ancient doors!  
 And the King of Glory shall come in!

Here a member of the choir sings:—

Who is the King of Glory?

And the answer comes from the whole choir:—

The Lord strong and mighty!  
 The Lord mighty in battle!

The chorus is then repeated:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!  
 Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors!  
 And the King of Glory shall come in!

Again the question and answer:—

Who is this King of Glory?  
 The Lord of Hosts,  
 He is the King of Glory!

Among the most beautiful of the odes of the Psalter are the so-called Pilgrim songs (Pss. cxx.-cxxxiv.); each bears the title *Song of Ascents*, the meaning of which is doubtful; they differ greatly from one another in sentiment and length. One of them, Ps. cxxvii., is a song of the household, speaking of house and children. Another,

Ps. cxxxii., describes the choosing of the site of the temple. We shall not find a more beautiful expression of trust in God than that which is given by the 121st Psalm:—

I LIFT up mine eyes to the mountains!  
 Whence comes my help?  
 My help comes from the Lord,  
 Who made Heaven and Earth.  
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;  
 He who keeps thee does not slumber.  
 Behold, he who keeps Israel  
 Slumbers not nor sleeps.  
 The Lord is thy keeper,  
 The Lord is a shade on thy right hand.  
 The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
 Nor the moon by night.  
 The Lord will keep thee from all evil,  
 He will preserve thy life.  
 The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in  
 From this time forth and for evermore.

The longer psalms are either odes written on the occasion of some national festivity, or narrations of national history, or, in a few cases, the expression of national experiences. Of these perhaps the most striking are the 18th and the 68th. The former is a description of struggle and victory. It contains one of the most magnificent of poetical passages:—

IN MY distress I called upon the Lord,  
 I cried unto my God.  
 He heard my voice from his palace,  
 And my cry came to his ears.  
 Then the earth shook and trembled,  
 The foundations of the mountains were shaken.  
 Smoke ascended in his nostrils,  
 Fire out of his mouth devoured,  
 Coals were kindled by it!  
 He bowed the heavens and descended;  
 Thick darkness was under his feet.  
 He rode upon a cherub and did fly;  
 He flew on the wings of the wind!  
 He made darkness his habitation,  
 And darkest clouds his pavilion.  
 In brightness passed his thick clouds,  
 With hail and coals of fire.  
 The Lord thundered in heaven,



The Most High uttered his voice.  
 He sent out his arrows and scattered them,  
 Shot forth his lightnings and appalled them.  
 Then the bed of the Deep appeared;  
 The foundations of the world were laid bare,  
 At thy rebuke, O Lord,  
 At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils!

It was from this passage that Sternhold and Hopkins elicited the only bit of poetry in their metrical version of the Psalms:—

The Lord descended from above,  
 And bowed the heavens most high,  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim  
 Full royally he rode,  
 And on the wings of mighty winds  
 Came flying all abroad!

The 68th Psalm is a procession-ode, consisting of a series of stanzas of singular majesty and force. Psalms lxxvii. and lxxxix., cv. and cvi. are historical reviews. Psalms ciii. and civ. are odes in celebration of the glorious and beneficent deeds of Jehovah.

A peculiarity of the Psalter is the presence of alphabetical psalms, in which each verse or stanza begins with a letter of the alphabet in order. There are a number of these: the alphabetical arrangement is, however, not always perfect; and it is, of course, not recognizable in the English translation. The most noteworthy example is the 119th Psalm, a collection of couplets in praise of the Law. It is divided into twenty-two stanzas (according to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet) of eight couplets each. Such psalms, however, are naturally the least attractive in poetic form.

The Psalter is divided in the Hebrew Bible, and in the English Revised Version, into five books (in imitation of the division of the Pentateuch): and these are supposed to indicate collections which were made at different times; the whole having been finally combined into our present Psalm-book. The Psalter grew with the temple services, and many—perhaps the most—of its hymns were intended for recitation in the sacred place.

A peculiar and very effective form of Hebrew poetry is the elegy. The discovery of the form of the Hebrew elegy or lament (the recognition of which adds not a little to the reader's pleasure) is due to Professor Karl Budde, now of Strassburg. The elegiac verse is characterized by a short clause, followed by a still shorter clause, giving to the phrase a peculiar restrained movement. The most

noted example of this poetic form is found in our Book of Lamentations—a collection of laments over the sorrows of Israel. Thus, in the beginning of the second chapter:—

THE Lord in his anger has smitten  
The daughter of Zion,  
And cast down from heaven to earth  
The beauty of Israel;  
He has not remembered his footstool  
In the day of his wrath!

The Lord has destroyed without mercy  
The dwellings of Jacob;  
Has thrown down in anger the stronghold  
Of the daughter of Judah;  
Has cast to the ground, desecrated,  
The realm and its princes.

One feels here how the emotion of the poet drives him into this sad brief appendage at the end of each line. Elegies are not confined to the Book of Lamentations, but are found elsewhere in the Old Testament. In Ezekiel xix. are two laments, one for the princes and the other for the nation. The first reads as follows:—

THY mother was like a lioness | among lions.  
Amid young lions she couched, | she reared her whelps.

One of her whelps she brought up, | he became a young lion.  
He learned to seize his prey, | men he devoured.  
Against him the nations raised a cry, | in their pit he was taken.  
They brought him with hooks away | to the land of Egypt.  
She saw that she had failed, | her hope had perished.

Another of her whelps she took, | a young lion she made him.  
(Etc.)

So the magnificent ode, written in elegiac form, in Isaiah xiv., in which the fall of the King of Babylon is celebrated:—

How is the tyrant quelled, | quelled his havoc!  
The Lord has broken the staff of the wicked, | the ruler's sceptre!  
Who, in his wrath, smote the nations | with blows unceasing!  
At rest is the world, and at peace — | breaks forth into song!  
Over thee exult the spruce-trees, | the cedars of Lebanon:—  
"Since thou art laid low there comes no longer | the woodman  
against us."

The realm of Shades beneath is stirred | to meet thine arrival.

It rouses the Shades for thee — | the heroes of earth,  
 Rouses from their thrones | the kings of the nations.  
 To thee they all speak, and say:—  
 "Thou too art become weak as we, | art become like us;  
 Thy pomp is brought down to the Shades, | the clang of thy  
     harps;  
 Mold is the bed beneath thee | and worms thy covering.  
 How art thou fallen from heaven, | bright star of dawn!  
 How art thou hurled to the ground, | thou conqueror of nations!  
 Thou hadst thought in thy heart, | 'To heaven I'll mount,  
 High above the stars of God | exalt my throne;  
 I will sit on the mount of God | in farthest north;  
 To the heights of the clouds I'll ascend — | be like the Most High!  
 And now thou art hurled to the realm of death,  
 To the deepest abyss."

A still better conception of the power of the elegiac verse is given by the fine alphabetic ode in triplets contained in Lamentations i.

How sitteth the city solitary, | once full of people.  
 She who was great among the nations | is become as a widow.  
 The princess among the provinces | is become tributary.

She weepeth sore in the night, | her cheeks are wet with tears;  
 She hath none to comfort her | among all her lovers;  
 All her friends are traitors, | are become her enemies.

Exiled is Judah in grievous affliction, | in bitter servitude;  
 She dwelleth among the nations, | findeth no rest;  
 All her persecutors overtook her | in the midst of her straits.

The ways to Zion do mourn, | none come to her feasts;  
 All her gates are desolate, | her priests do sigh;  
 Her virgins are deeply afflicted, | and she is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are become supreme, | her enemies prosper;  
 For Jehovah hath sorely afflicted her | for her many sins;  
 Her children are gone into captivity | before the adversary.

Gone from the Daughter of Zion | is all her splendor.  
 Her princes are become like harts | that find no pasture:  
 Powerless they have fled | before the pursuer.

Jerusalem remembereth her days | of affliction and misery,  
 When her people succumbed to the foe, | and none did help  
     her;

On her her enemies gazed, | mocked at her bereavement.



Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, | foul is she become;  
All that honored her despise her | because they have seen her  
disgrace.

Yea, she herself sigheth | and turneth away.

Her filthiness is in her skirts, | she remembered not her end;  
Wonderful is her downfall, | she hath no comforter.

Behold, O Jehovah, my affliction, | for the foe doth triumph.

The adversary hath laid his hand | on all her treasures;  
She hath beheld the nations enter | her sanctuary,  
Who, thou commandedst, should not come into | thy congrega-  
tion.

All her people sigh, | seeking bread.

Their treasures they have given for food | their life to sus-  
tain.

See, O Jehovah, and behold | how I am despised.

Ho, all ye that pass by, | behold and see

If there be sorrow like to the sorrow | which is come upon  
me,

Wherewith Jehovah hath afflicted me | in the day of his anger.

Fire from on high he hath sent, | into my bones hath driven it,  
Hath spread a net for my feet, | turned me back;  
Desolate he hath made me, | faint all the day.

Bound is the yoke of my trespasses | by his hand;

Knit together they lie on my neck, | my strength doth fail.

The Lord hath given me up to them | whom I cannot with-  
stand.

My heroes the Lord hath cast down | in the midst of me,

Hath summoned a solemn assembly | to crush my warriors;

In a wine-press he hath trodden | the virgin daughter of Judah.

For these things weep mine eyes, | my tears run down;

Far away from me is the comforter | who should revive my  
soul;

Desolate are my children | because the foe hath prevailed.

Zion spreadeth forth her hands, | there is none to comfort her;  
This hath Jehovah ordained for Jacob,— | that his neighbors  
should be his foes;

Among them is Jerusalem become | a thing of loathing.

Jehovah, he is just—I have rebelled against him.  
 Hear, all ye peoples, | behold my sorrow:  
 My virgins and my young men | are gone into captivity.

On my friends I called, | they deceived me.  
 My priests and my elders | perished in the city,  
 Seeking food for themselves | to sustain their lives.

Behold, O Jehovah, my deep distress: | my soul is troubled;  
 My heart is o'erwhelmed within me, | rebellious was I.  
 Abroad the sword bereaveth, | at home is death.

They have heard that I sigh, | there is none to comfort me.  
 My foes have heard of my trouble, | they are glad thou didst it.  
 Bring in the day thou hast announced, | let them be like me.

Regard thou all their wickedness; | do to them  
 As thou hast done to me | for all my sins!  
 For many are my sighs, | my heart is faint.

Other examples of the elegy are found in Amos, v. 1; Ezek., xxvii. 32-36, and xxxii. 19-32.

The Book of Job must be reckoned among the great poems of the world. The prose introduction—the story of the crushing of Job's worldly hopes—is itself full of power. The poem is unique in form. It is a series of monologues, all united by the author's intention to develop a certain idea in connection with the question, "Why do the righteous suffer?" The Three Friends affirm that the righteous do *not* suffer,—that is, that no man suffers except for wrong-doing. Job combats this view to the uttermost, holding that he is righteous and that he suffers. Elihu further insists that suffering is designed to destroy the pride of men who are otherwise good. Finally, Jehovah intervenes, and proclaims the wonderfulness of his government of the world, and Job is reduced to silence. The freshness and variety of thought,—the picture of a terrible struggle in Job's soul,—the majestic descriptions of Divine power,—all these together give a peculiar impressiveness to the book. At the outset, Job gives us a glimpse into his own soul:—

PERISH the day wherein I was born,  
 And the night which said, Behold, a man!  
 Let that day be darkness;  
 May God ask not of it;  
 May no light shine on it;  
 May darkness and gloom claim it,  
 Clouds dwell on it, and eclipses terrify it!

Job longs for death, that he may go to that sad underworld, and dwell

With kings and councilors of the earth,  
Who built tombs for themselves,

Where —

The wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

To this outburst, the eldest of the three friends, Eliphaz, replies by insisting on the general rule that men receive in this world what they deserve; and he expresses his conclusion in the form of a vision:—

Stealthily came to me a word,  
And a whisper to my ear;  
In thoughts, from visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falls on men.  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
Which made all my bones to shake;  
And a breath passed over my face,  
The hair of my head stood up.  
There It stood!—Its semblance I could not see!—  
A form was before my eyes!  
I heard a voice which whispered,  
“Shall man be more just than God,—  
A creature purer than the Creator?—  
He puts no trust in his servants,  
His angels he charges with folly:  
How much more them who dwell in houses of clay,  
Whose foundation is in the dust?”

Job replies to this, and is answered by the second friend, replies to him, is followed by the third friend, and so for several rounds of argument,—the only effect of which on Job is to draw him to deeper hopelessness. He exclaims (vii. 7):—

A tree cut down may sprout again,  
Its tender branch will not cease.  
Though its root wax old in the earth,  
And its stock die in the ground,  
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,  
And put forth boughs like a plant.  
But man dies and wastes away,  
Breathes out his life, and where is he?  
The waters pour out of the sea,  
The river dries up and fails;



So man lies down and rises not;  
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,  
Nor be raised out of their sleep!

Then there comes to him a vague wish that God would think of him after death in the underworld, and he exclaims:—

Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the underworld,  
Keep me secret till thy wrath be past,  
Appoint me a set time, and remember me!

The finest outbursts of poetry are to be found in the speeches of Job himself, yet others also contain many striking pieces. See, for example, the speech of Zophar, Chapter xx.; that of Eliphaz, Chapter xxii.; and that of Bildad, Chapter xxv. Elihu's description of the chastening power of suffering in xxxiii. 19-28 is also full of vigor:—

He is chastened with pain on his bed,  
In his bones is continual torment;  
He abhors all nourishing bread,  
Cares not for dainty food;  
His flesh wastes away to nothing,  
His bones, hid no longer, stick out,  
And he draws near unto the pit,—  
His life approaches the dead!

If there be an interpreter with him  
Who will shew him what is right,  
Will be gracious to him, and say,  
"Loose him! I have ransomed his life,"  
Then his flesh becomes fresher than a child's,  
He returns to the days of his youth,  
He prays to God, who accepts him,  
Shews him his face in joy,  
Restores to him his righteousness.  
He sings before him, and says:—  
"I had sinned, and done what was wrong,  
But it was not requited to me;  
He has redeemed me from the pit!  
My life shall behold the light!"

The speeches of Jehovah make a magnificent poem in themselves. Chapters xxviii., xxxix., are worthy to stand alongside the first chapter of Genesis for sublimity of statement, and have in addition the freshness and color of a fine imagination. One other poem in Job, that contained in Chapter xxviii., we may reserve, in order to place it alongside of several similar poems.

We have already seen that the Canticles, or Song of Songs, must be taken as a group of songs of love, in which it is impossible to discover any relation of time and place. It may be compared, for poetic grace, with the finest idylls of Theocritus. It breathes the air of the fields and mountains; and in this respect is unique among the Old Testament books. For ancient poetry does not occupy itself directly with external nature. Neither among the Greeks nor among the Hebrews do we find the phenomena of nature introduced into poetry for their own sake: they are used as illustrations purely. The reason of this is not that the ancients did not love nature,—certainly they must have been alive to its charm. It is rather that only in modern times have men come to that habit of close observation of nature which has made it possible to use its varying forms as part of poetic material. So, in the Psalms, clouds and mountains, stream and sunshine, appear as exhibiting the power and wisdom or the wrath or the love of God. But not even in such Psalms as xviii. and xix. does the poet dwell on these phenomena for their own sake. In this book we seem to have an exception to this rule; as in the beautiful spring song in Chapter ii.:—

THE voice of my Beloved! Lo, he comes,  
 Leaping over the mountains,  
 Skipping over the hills!  
 My Beloved is like a roe, a young hart.  
 Now he stands behind our wall,  
 Looks through the window,  
 Peeps through the lattice.  
 My beloved spake, and said to me:—  
 Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!  
 For lo, the winter is past,  
 The rain is over and gone,  
 The flowers appear on the earth,  
 The time of the singing of birds is come,  
 The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land,  
 The fig-tree ripens her figs,  
 The vines are in blossom,  
 They give forth their fragrance.  
 Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

Here the pictures introduced are all of the country, and all charming, and the poet *seems* to dwell on them for their own sake. But after all he does not do this. It is the lover who describes the beautiful face of nature, in order to tempt his beloved to come forth and roam with him over the fields and hills. Nevertheless, the pictures of natural scenery which he gives are very striking, and

might easily prepare the way for that completer contemplation of nature which is found in the modern poets.

It is the occurrence of responsive songs in the book that has suggested the opinion that it is a drama. How vague the speeches and the supposed dialogue are, will appear from the following examples. The occasion of the first address to the Jerusalem ladies (i. 5, 6) is not obvious:—

I am dark' but comely,  
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
As the tents of Kedar,  
As the curtains of Solomon.  
Scorn me not because I am dark,  
Because the sun has shone on me.  
For my brothers were wroth with me,  
And made me keeper of the vineyards.

On this follows the first dialogue:—

*The Beloved speaks* (i. 7):

Tell me, thou whom I love,  
Where thou feedest thy flock at noon;  
For I would not seem to be a loiterer  
Beside thy comrades' flocks.

*The Lover replies* (i. 8):

If thou know not, O fairest of women,  
Go, follow the tracks of the flock,  
And feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents.

After a brief descriptive strophe, the second dialogue proceeds (i. 15-ii. 6):—

Thou art fair, my Love, thou art fair,  
Thou hast the eyes of a dove.

Thou art fair, my Love, and lovely.  
Our couch is the greensward,  
The beams of our house are the cedars,  
The walls of our rooms are the cypresses.

I am a rose of Sharon,  
A lily of the valleys.

As a lily among thorns,  
So is my Love among the maidens.



As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,  
 So is my Love among the youths.  
 Under his shadow I sat with delight,  
 And his fruit was sweet to my taste.  
 He brought me to the banqueting-house,  
 And his banner over me was love.

Stay me with raisins, strengthen me with apples,  
 For I am sick with love.  
 Be his left hand under my head!  
 Let his right hand embrace me!

*Refrain* (ii. 7, iii. 5):

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
 By the gazelles and the hinds of the field,  
 Rouse not nor awaken love  
 Until it please!

*The search by night for the Beloved* (iii. 1-4):

At night on my bed I sought my Beloved,  
 Sought him, and found him not.  
 (I said) I will arise and go through the city;  
 In the streets and the squares  
 I will seek my Beloved.  
 I sought him and found him not.  
 The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.  
 "Saw ye my beloved?"  
 Scarce had I passed from them,  
 When I found him whom I love,  
 I held him, would not let him go.

The vagueness of this narration is equaled by that of its companion song, the less fortunate search for the Lover, of which we cannot say whether it is a dream or reality (v. 2-7):—

I sleep, but my heart is awake.  
 Hark! my Beloved knocks, and cries:  
 Open to me, my sister, my friend,  
 My dove, my perfect one!  
 For my head is filled with dew,  
 My locks with the drops of the night.  
 (She): I have put off my dress—  
 Must I put it on again?  
 I have washed my feet—  
 Must I defile them?

My Beloved put his hand through the window,  
 My soul yearned for him.  
 I rose to open to my Beloved,  
 And my hand dropped with myrrh,  
 And my fingers with liquid myrrh,  
 On the handles of the bolt.  
 I opened to my Beloved,  
 But he had withdrawn and was gone—  
 My heart had failed me when he spake.  
 I sought him, but found him not,  
 I called, he answered not.  
 The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me,  
 They smote me, they wounded me,  
 The keepers of the walls took from me my veil

This exquisite piece is the expression of the longing of love; it does not belong to a drama. The reference to the night-watchmen of the city is to be noted.

We add two beautiful expressions of love, the first, of joy in the possession of the beloved one (iv. 16, v. 1):—

Awake, O north wind; come, O south!  
 Breathe on my garden that its balsam may flow!

Let my Beloved come into his garden,  
 And enjoy its precious fruits!

I am come into my garden, my sister-bride,  
 I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam,  
 I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey,  
 I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Then, love on its spontaneous, enduring, and controlling side (viii. 6. 7):—

Set me as a seal-ring on thy heart,  
 As a seal-ring on thine arm.  
 For love is strong as death,  
 Passion is firm as the Underworld,  
 Its flames are flames of fire,  
 Many waters cannot quench it,  
 Rivers cannot drown it.  
 If a man would give all his possessions for it,  
 He would be utterly despised.

The book is a group of rhapsodies in praise of pure and faithful love. It has no movement, no dénouement, no plot, nothing but the

isolated passionate utterances of a pair of lovers. Its hero is not Solomon, but a shepherd, and its heroine is a country maiden; she is not carried off by Solomon to his harem. The King is introduced or alluded to by way of illustration: not always, it would seem, with approbation,—see vi. 8, 9, where the Lover contrasts his one Beloved with the numerous members of a great harem. Its unity is the unity of an idea; the many attempts which have been made to discover in it a unity of action have none of them gained general acceptance.

The gnomic literature of the Hebrews, contained mainly in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (but also in certain Psalms, as the 27th and the 49th), has, by its nature, little of the poetic, except the outward form; its balanced phrases present excellent examples of Semitic parallelism. In some cases a longer description gathers force by the accumulation of details; as in the well-known picture of the good housewife (Prov. xxxi. 10–31), which is in the nature of an ode to the housewife, as Ps. cxix. is an ode to the Law.

Ecclesiastes is written for the most part in prose, and has passages of great eloquence and beauty. The author counsels quiet acceptance of what God has given (iii. 11–15):—

HE HAS made everything beautiful in its time. He presents the world to man, yet so that man, from beginning to end, cannot find out what he has done. I thence conclude that there is nothing better for them than to rejoice and taste of happiness while they live; for when one eats and drinks, and enjoys what he has acquired by his labor, this is the gift of God. I know that whatever God does shall be for ever. Nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. God so acts that men may fear him. That which is, has already existed; that which is to be, has already been; that which has passed away, God seeks in order to give it existence again.

He warns against all excess (vii. 15–17):—

All this have I seen in the days of my vain life. The good man perishes in spite of his goodness, and the bad man lives long in spite of his badness. Be not too righteous, nor pretend to be too wise, lest thou destroy thyself. Be not too wicked, nor too foolish, lest thou die before thy time.

The description of old age and its slowly lessening powers (xii. 1–7) belongs to the best productions of Hebrew literature:—

REMEMBER thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say,



"I have no pleasure in them;" before the sun, the light, the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the house-guards tremble, the strong men bow, when the maidens grinding corn cease because they are few, and those who look out of the windows are darkened, and the street-doors are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low; when one starts up from sleep at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low, and one is afraid of what is high, and terrors are in the way; when the almond-tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden, and all stimulants fail; because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: before the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

The failure of light and the recurrence of rain (verses 1, 2) indicate the growing gloom of old age. The decay of natural powers is represented (verses 3, 4) by the cessation of activity in a great house falling into ruin: arms (guards) and legs (strong men) lose their strength, the teeth (maidens grinding) are few, the eyes grow dim (windows); in a word, the avenues of the senses are closed (the doors are shut). Then comes (verses 4, 5) a more literal description of bodily weakness: the old man cannot sleep, music gives him no pleasure, he walks about in fear and trembling, his hair turns white (almond-tree), the smallest weight is burdensome, the appetite does not respond to stimulants. Finally comes the end,—from the fountain of life no water can be drawn. With this gloomy portraiture of old age we may compare the cheerful picture given by Cicero. The object of the preacher is to lead men to use aright the vigorous season of youth.

#### THE APOCALYPSE

There remains to be mentioned the apocalypse, a species of composition which must be regarded as a creation of Hebrew thought. Before the eye of a seer the history of generations or centuries is unrolled in a series of visions, the culminating point of which is the triumph of the people of Israel. It is the visional expression of that unification of history which is given in simple narrative form in the Hexateuch and suggested in the Prophets. Kingdoms rise and fall, and all things move toward the divinely appointed goal,—the establishment of Israel in peace and prosperity. In the Book of Daniel (the only elaborated apocalypse in the Old Testament) the kingdoms set forth are the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, and the Greek;

and the visions all end with the downfall of Antiochus Epiphanes (see particularly Chapter xi.). A majestic picture is presented in the description of the judgment of the enemies of Israel, the "one like a man" being explained in the context as meaning Faithful Israel (vii. 9-14):—

I BEHELD till thrones were placed, and one that was full of years did sit: his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames and its wheels burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; a thousand thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set and the books were opened. I beheld at that time till, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and he was given to be burned with fire. And as for the rest of the beasts, their dominion was taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season and a time. I saw in the night visions, and behold there came with the clouds of heaven one like a man, and he came to the Ancient of Days, and was brought into his presence. And to him was given dominion and glory and a kingdom that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed.

The Hebrew power of narration is well illustrated in the scenes described in Chapters ii.-vi.

## THE APOCRYPHA

THE books which constitute the Old Testament were slowly gathered by the Jews into a sacred canon, the discussions on which did not cease until the Synod of Jamnia, held probably about A. D. 95. Meantime the Jews had been producing other works, which, though some of them were excellent in tone, were for various reasons not thought worthy by the Palestinian rabbis to be accepted as sacred scripture. In respect to some of these books the Alexandrian Jews appear to have held a different opinion; some are included in the Septuagint along with the canonical books, and it is to these that the name Apocrypha properly belongs. The purpose of some of the Alexandrian additions is obvious. Since, for example, the Hebrew Book of Esther does not contain the name of God, or make any reference to religion, the Greek supplies this lack by adding visions and



prayers. In any case we have, in this Jewish Apocrypha, a very interesting mass of literature, reflecting the religious and literary culture of the Jews in the two centuries preceding the beginning of our era. In addition to the works constituting the Apocrypha proper (that is, the extra-canonical or deuterocanonical books contained in the Septuagint,) there are several others, of no less importance and equally deserving of mention. Such, for example, are the Books of Enoch and the Sibyllines. We need make no distinction between the two classes, but may take them all together.

The first book of this sort in order of time is the work commonly called Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; better called the Proverbs of Ben-Sira, or simply Ben-Sira. It was composed about 190 B. C. in Hebrew, by Jesus (Joshua) ben-Sira; translated into Greek by his grandson in Alexandria in 132 B. C.; and afterwards translated into Latin, Syriac, and Arabic. The book consists for the most part of apophthegms which resemble those in our Book of Proverbs. It contains also several extended poems of no little beauty; among which may be cited those in Chapters i. and xxiv., and the roll of the great men of Israel, Chapters xlv.-l. Its sayings are marked by great worldly wisdom, and bear the impress of a man who lived in a large city. In common with the other Wisdom books, it shows the marks of Greek influence in its conception of wisdom and of morality.

Nothing was known of the Hebrew original until the present year (1897), when MSS. containing about ten chapters (xxxix. 15-xlix. 11), came to Oxford, and the text has now been edited. The language of the fragment does not differ in style from that of the canonical Book of Proverbs; it is classical, but with a small admixture of later words. This fact is of great literary interest, as helping to the solution of the question how long classical Hebrew continued to be used in books: it appears that it was employed certainly as late as 190 B. C.; the occurrence of some late words is of course to be expected in this period. It further appears that the Versions, while they in general render the Hebrew correctly, differ from it in not a few instances. Several scholars had undertaken to reproduce the Hebrew from the Greek and the Syriac; it turns out that they had not in a single case written the Hebrew of a verse as it is given in this MS., but have in many instances departed widely from it,—a fact which should teach us caution in attempting to restore Hebrew texts from ancient Greek, Syriac, Latin, and Ethiopic translations. Another important point is settled by this text. It had been contended (especially by Professor Margoliouth of Oxford) that the poetical form of the Hebrew Ben-Sira was metrical, and that the original could often be restored by the aid of the laws of metre. The form, however, is distinctly not metrical; it is simply the old



Hebrew rhythm, such as appears in Psalms, Proverbs, and all the poetical parts of the Old Testament. One leaf of the MS. was brought by Mrs. Lewis from the East; the remainder was secured for the Bodleian Library through Professor Sayce. The MS. contains variants, and must be subjected to critical sifting.

Not long after Ben-Sira came the apocalyptic Book of Enoch, which now exists mainly in an Ethiopic translation. The apocalypse had come to be a favorite form of literature among the Jews, and so continued for two hundred and fifty years. Amid depressing circumstances, it was pleasant to put into the mouth of some ancient seer a prediction of future success and glory for the nation. In this case it is the old patriarch Enoch who receives the revelation. The book is composite, having been added to from time to time. The first section, Chapters i.-xxxvi. (perhaps the oldest part of the book), describes the fate of evil angels, and the abodes of good and bad men after death. Next should come the section Chapters lxxxiii.-xc., in which we have the judgment of the world, ending with the victorious career of Judas Maccabæus. In addition, the section Chapters xxxvii.-lxxi. (partly a distinct work) describes further the Messianic judgment of the world. Chapters lxxii.-lxxxii. contain a description of Enoch's journey through the heavens,—a picture of the celestial physics of the time. And finally, in the last section, Chapters xci.-civ., the problem of the fate of the righteous and the wicked is discussed in a new form. The book in its present form has little literary interest, but is valuable as giving a glimpse of the religious notions of the time. The best English translation is that of R. H. Charles (1893). Along with this may be mentioned a similar work entitled 'The Secrets of Enoch,' translated from the Slavonic by W. R. Morfill, and edited by Mr. Charles (1896); it is held by him to have been composed about the beginning of our era.

Nearly contemporary with Enoch is the earliest part of the Sibylline Oracles, a work written in Greek hexameters. The Jews, not to be behind other nations of the time, would have their own Sibyl, who should tell their national fortunes, and make manifest their national greatness. The work, as we now have it, is a congeries of diverse productions, the composition of which (partly by Jews, partly by Christians) extends from the Maccabean period to the end of the first Christian century. Though it has no literary value, it formerly enjoyed extraordinary popularity, as the "teste David cum Sibylla" of the 'Dies Iræ' indicates. Its predictions traverse the periods extending from the creation of the world down to the times of the various authors. An excellent English metrical translation is that of M. S. Terry (1890).

Other apocalypses may be briefly mentioned. The Assumption (or Ascension) of Moses, written in the first quarter of the first

century of our era, puts into the mouth of Moses a prediction of Jewish history, which comes on down, through the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, to Herod the Great, and possibly even to a later period. The period after the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans was prolific in this species of writing. The Apocalypse of Baruch (the scribe of Jeremiah) sketches the history down to the destruction of the Second Temple. The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (predictions uttered by the twelve sons of Jacob), come down to about the same time. To the end of the first century also belongs the Fourth Book of Esdras, remarkable for its elaborate visions. Many of these works are based on Jewish originals, with Christian additions.

The Jewish skill in story-telling is illustrated in the books of Tobit and Judith. The former of these is a charming sketch of family life in the second century B. C. The well-ordered households of Tobit and Raguel, the ingenuous youth and maiden Tobias and Sara, the affable angel Rafael, his disingenuousness and his business capacity, are drawn to the life. The Persian demon Asmodeus, and the exorcism by the heart and liver of the fish, show how far the Jews then practiced magic arts; and the golden rule (iv. 15) indicates the advance of their ethical ideas. The historical data are thoroughly confused. The Book of Judith, though somewhat inflated in style, is dramatically powerful; in spite of its absurd historical framework, and the dubious procedure of the heroine, the dénouement has a heroic coloring. Both books furnished subjects to the older painters and sculptors, and are entitled to our gratitude for having given us Donatello's Judith and Botticelli's Tobias.

The historical literature is meagre. The only work which can properly lay claim to the name "history" is the First Book of Maccabees; which, written probably in the earlier part of the first century B.C., narrates the story of the Maccabean uprising, to the death of Simon, the successor of Judas, B. C. 175-135. The style is simple and effective, and the work is valuable as an authority for the times. Second Maccabees is largely a collection of legendary matter relating to the period 175-160 B. C. It contains (Chapters vi. and vii.) two famous descriptions of the constancy of Jewish martyrs.

The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees, which are not contained in our Greek Apocrypha, belong in the category not of history but of romance. The Third Book deals with a great deliverance of the Jews from the purposed revenge of Ptolemy IV. The Fourth Book is a philosophical treatise on the supremacy of reason, the discourse being based on the story of Eleazar and the Seven Brothers, in Second Maccabees, referred to above. The book is of interest as giving an example of Jewish attempts to deal with Jewish beliefs in the spirit of Stoicism. The historian Josephus, and the philosopher



Philo, may be mentioned here, but are entitled to independent treatment.

The Wisdom of Solomon appears to have been composed in the first century B. C., and to have been written in Greek. For elevation of thought and beauty of style it deserves the first place among the Apocryphal books, and high rank in the literature of the world. It is the first Jewish work in which the belief in ethical immortality appears; and this belief is for the author a complete solution of the problem (hitherto unsolved) of the earthly sufferings of the righteous. A student of Greek philosophy, his conception of wisdom and of the Cosmos differs from earlier Jewish ideas in its distinctly Stoic form; his Wisdom approaches nearly the Logos of Philo. The following extract (Chapter v.) will exhibit his resemblances to and differences from the older poetry and rhythmical prose:—

#### THE LAMENT OF THE WICKED

**T**HEN shall the righteous man take bold stand  
Before those who afflict him and ignore his labors.  
Seeing it, they shall be seized with terrible fear  
And amazed at his unexpected deliverance.  
Repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit,  
They shall say to themselves:—

This was he whom we fools once had in derision,  
As a proverb of reproach.  
We accounted his life madness and his end without honor.  
But he is numbered among the children of God,  
And his lot is among the saints.

We have erred from the way of truth,  
The light of righteousness has not shined upon us,  
Nor the sun of righteousness risen upon us.  
We have trod the paths of lawlessness and destruction,  
We have traversed trackless deserts,  
The way of the Lord we have not known.

What has pride profited us?  
What good has riches with vaunting brought us?  
All those things have passed like a shadow,  
Like a post that hastes by,  
Like a ship that passes over the tossing deep,  
Of whose transit no trace can be found,  
Nor the pathway of its keel in the waves;



Or as, when a bird has flown through the air,  
No token of her way is to be found,  
But the light air beaten with the stroke of her wings  
And cleft by the violence of their motion  
Is passed through, and no sign of its flight is found;  
Or as, when an arrow is shot at a mark,  
The parted air straightway comes together again,  
So that one knows not its course:  
So we as soon as born, began to fail;  
Of virtue we had no sign to show,  
But in our wickedness were consumed.

For the hope of the ungodly is like dust blown away by the wind,  
Like froth driven by the storm, like smoke dispersed by the tempest,  
And it passes as the remembrance of the guest of a day.

But the righteous live for evermore;  
Their reward is with the Lord,  
The care of them with the most High.  
Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom  
And a beautiful crown from the hand of the Lord.  
For with his right hand he will cover them,  
With his arm he will shield them.  
He will take his zeal as panoply  
And make the creation his weapon to ward off foes.  
He will put on righteousness as breastplate,  
And unfeigned justice as helmet;  
He will take holiness as an invincible shield;  
His piercing wrath he will sharpen for a sword,  
And the world shall fight with him against the wicked.  
Then shall the right-aiming thunderbolts speed;

From the clouds, as from a well-drawn bow, they shall fly to the  
mark,

And wrathful hailstones shall be cast as out of a bow.  
The sea shall rage against them,  
The floods shall fiercely drown them.  
A mighty wind shall withstand them,  
Like a storm blow them away.  
And so iniquity shall lay waste the whole earth,  
And wrong-doing overthrow the thrones of the mighty.

As an illustration of the variety of style in the gnostic poetry,  
we append three odes in praise of wisdom, taken from Job, Ben-Sira,  
and Wisdom.

## JOB XXVIII.

THERE is a mine for silver,  
And a place where gold is washed.  
Iron is taken out of the dust,  
And copper melted out of stone.  
Man penetrates to the extremity of darkness,  
Searches out the farthest bound,  
The dark and gloomy rock,  
Sinks a shaft under the abodes of men—  
Forgotten, without foothold they hang,  
Swinging out of human sight.  
Out of the earth comes bread,  
Its depths are upheaved as by fire,  
In its stones are sapphires,  
And in its dust is gold.

The path thereto no vulture knows,  
Nor does eye of falcon see it;  
Wild beasts tread it not,  
The lion stalks not over it.  
Man lays his hand on the rock,  
Upturns mountains by the roots,  
Cuts passages in the rocks,  
All precious things he sees,  
Binds the streams that they flow not,  
Hidden things he brings to light.

But wisdom, where is it found,  
And the place of understanding, where?  
The way to it man knows not;  
It is not in the land of the living.  
Says the deep, it is not in me;  
Says the sea, it is not with me.  
It is not bought with gold,  
Silver is not weighed as its price;  
It is not estimated in gold of Ophir,  
Or by precious onyx or sapphire;  
Gold and glass do not equal it,  
Nor is it to be exchanged for golden vessels;  
Coral and crystal are not to be mentioned,  
The price of wisdom is above pearls.  
The topaz of Ethiopia does not equal it,  
Its value is not reckoned in gold.

Wisdom, then, whence comes it?  
 Where is the place of understanding?  
 It is hid from the eyes of all living,  
 Concealed from the birds of heaven.  
 Abaddon and Death can but say:  
 We have heard of it with our ears.  
 God understands its way,  
 He alone knows its place.  
 He looked to the ends of the earth,  
 Under the whole heaven he saw,  
 Settled the weight of the wind,  
 Fixed the water by measure,  
 Made a law for the rain,  
 A path for the lightning of thunder,  
 Then he saw it and declared it,  
 Established and searched it out,  
 And to man he said:  
 The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,  
 And to depart from evil is understanding.

## ECCLESIASTICUS XXIV.

**W**ISDOM shall praise herself,  
 Glory in the midst of her people, [mouth  
 In the congregation of the Most High open her  
 And triumph before his power.

From the mouth of the Most High I came,  
 And covered the earth as a cloud.  
 In high places I dwelt,  
 My throne was in the pillar of cloud.  
 Alone I compassed the heaven,  
 Walked in the depth of the abyss.  
 In every people and nation I got a possession.  
 With all these did I seek rest.  
 In whose land should I abide?  
 Then the Creator of all things commanded,  
 My Maker set down my tent,  
 And said, Thy dwelling be in Jacob,  
 And thy domain in Israel!  
 Of old in the beginning he created me,  
 And I shall never fail.  
 Before him in the sacred tabernacle I ministered;  
 Thus was I established in Sion.



In the beloved city he placed me,  
In Jerusalem was my authority.  
I took root in an honored people,  
In the portion of the Lord's possession.  
Lofty I grew, like a cedar in Lebanon,  
Like a cypress on the mountains of Hermon;  
I was high like a palm-tree in Engaddi.  
I resembled a rose-plant in Jericho,  
A fair olive-tree in the field.  
Like a plane-tree I grew up.  
I was fragrant as cinnamon and aspalath,  
Yielded an odor like myrrh,  
Like galbanum and onyx and storax  
And the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.  
Like the terebinth I stretched out my branches,  
Branches of honor and grace.  
Like the vine I put forth fair buds,  
And my flowers were honor and riches.  
Come unto me, all ye that desire me,  
And sate yourselves with my fruits.  
My memorial is sweeter than honey,  
And mine inheritance than the honeycomb.  
They that eat me shall yet be hungry,  
They that drink me shall yet be thirsty.  
He who obeys me shall never be put to shame,  
They who work by me shall not do amiss.

All these things are the book of the covenant of God  
the Most High,

The law which Moses commanded  
As an heritage to the congregations of Jacob,  
Filling all things with wisdom like Pison,  
Like Tigris in the time of new fruits;  
Making understanding abound like Euphrates,  
Like Jordan in the time of harvest;  
Bringing instruction to light like the Nile,  
Like Geon in time of vintage.  
The first man knew her not perfectly,  
Nor shall the last find her out.  
For her thoughts are vaster than the sea,  
Her counsels profounder than the great Deep.

I came forth as a brook from a river,  
As a conduit into a garden.

I said, I will water my garden,  
 Abundantly water my bed.  
 And lo, my brook became a river,  
 And my river became a sea.  
 I will yet make wisdom shine as the dawn  
 And send forth her light afar off.  
 I will yet pour out wisdom as prophecy  
 And leave it to all ages forever.  
 Not for myself alone have I labored,  
 But for all them that seek wisdom.

## WISDOM OF SOLOMON, VII. 22-29

WISDOM, the architect of all things, taught me.  
 In her is a spirit, intelligent, holy,  
 One, manifold, subtle,  
 Lively, clear, undefiled,  
 Lucid, unharmable, right-loving, quick,  
 Unfettered, beneficent, philanthropic,  
 Steadfast, sure, free from care,  
 Having all power, overseeing all things,  
 Permeating all spirits,  
 All that are wise and pure and subtlest.  
 Wisdom, of all things, is freest in movement;  
 By her pureness she traverses and permeates all things;  
 She is the breath of the power of God,  
 A pure effluence from the glory of the Almighty;  
 With her no impure thing may mingle.  
 She is the brightness of the everlasting light,  
 The unspotted mirror of the power of God,  
 The image of his goodness.  
 Being but one, she yet can do all things;  
 Remaining in herself, she makes all things new:  
 In all ages entering into holy souls,  
 She makes them friends of God and prophets.  
 For God loves none but him who dwells with wisdom.  
 She is more beautiful than the sun,  
 Fairer than the host of stars;  
 Being compared with light, she is found to excel it.

*CS Joy*

## MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT

(1828-1897)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

**M**MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT was born in Midlothian, in 1828, and published her first novel, 'Some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside,' at the early age of twenty. Since then, this prolific writer has given to the world some seventy romances; a large number of historical and critical essays; 'English Literature at the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century' (3 vols.); the 'Victorian Age of English Literature'; the 'Makers of Florence, Venice, and Rome'—designed as historical guide-books for the visitor to those cities; a good many short lives of artists and men of letters for different English series; and some half-dozen extensive and carefully studied biographies of famous men and women, which take rank with the best contemporary work in that important line.

As a mere monument of industry, this library of a hundred odd volumes would command respect; still more when we consider the high average level of literary excellence maintained throughout these many books. All are written with ease and natural eloquence, and some with charming spirit; while the truly extraordinary imaginative power displayed in a sketch like that of 'The Beleaguered City,' the nice critical discernment of many of the essays, and especially the keen yet sympathetic divination of human character and motive which gives their highest value to both the novels and the biographies, constitute an assemblage of qualities rarely associated in the same writer, and go to make up a noteworthy and almost unique life work.

Many of Mrs. Oliphant's earlier stories and essays appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, to which she was for years a principal contributor. It was the picturesque tale of 'Zaidee,' published in 1856, which first revealed her peculiar vein of arch and quietly ironical



MARGARET OLIPHANT



humor. Mr. Ruskin was then at the summit of his grave ascendancy over the romantic mind; but no one is more likely than himself to have relished the detailed description of Mr. Burtonshaw's new house, which was provided, in deference to a recent recommendation of his own, with a species of richly sculptured spout through which articles of food were "shunted" to the beggars, for whom comfortable seats had also been provided under the back porch;—a process which went on to the satisfaction of all parties, until it was discovered that the family plate was rapidly disappearing by the same convenient channel.

Seven years later, in the 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' we find Mrs. Oliphant at the height of her descriptive and dramatic power. Here, like Mr. Trollope in the 'Chronicles of Barset,' and George Eliot in 'Middlemarch,' she annexed and made her own a small province of English life, which she developed, thoroughly and delightfully, in all its grades of rank and shades of opinion. Good and bad, *elite* and vulgar, clergy and laity, the denizens of the ideal country town of a generation ago live and move amid their mellow old-fashioned surroundings, with all their curious and inevitable, yet often unconscious action and reaction upon one another. Mrs. Oliphant's humor is at its richest in depicting the career of that great altruist and gallant social reformer, Lucilla Marjoribanks; and she has seldom struck a deeper note of tragedy than in the histories of the proud and persecuted young minister of Salem Chapel, and the Roman Catholic convert Gerald Wentworth. Some of her later tales, however,—as, for example, 'The Story of Valentine and his Brother,' 'Sir Tom,' 'In Trust,' 'A House Divided against Itself,' and 'The Cuckoo in the Nest,'—are better constructed than the Chronicles, which are essentially novels of character rather than of plot. Her greatest fault as a story-teller has always been a tendency to over-minute analysis of motive and mood; and to an undue repetition of her own reflections upon her people, who are after all so thoroughly alive that they may usually be trusted to act and speak for themselves.

The admirable 'Life of Edward Irving' appeared almost simultaneously with the earliest Chronicle of Carlingford. Mrs. Oliphant was now at the "half-way house," and her power of characterization was fully ripe. She had, moreover, in this particular case, a very strong sympathy with her subject, and unusual qualifications for dealing with its difficulties. Herself a loyal Scot in race, and a born Presbyterian, she knew by instinct the sources of that strange spirit, and all the conditions of the bleak Lowland life into which it was born. The early struggles of Edward Irving, his piety and his ambition; the terrible test of his sudden and unparalleled London popularity, and that other test, no less terrible, of its abrupt decline; the

grotesque fanaticism which invaded his originally healthful mind, and disgraced him irremediably with the world polite; the tragedy of his expulsion from the fold of his fathers, and of his early death in uttermost humiliation and sadness;—into all these experiences his biographer could and did enter without an effort. She perceived his desperate sincerity, and became his impassioned apologist; and in a narrative more thrilling than most of her fictions, she compelled the attention of a scoffing world. She must be held completely to have vindicated the blameless private conduct, and the perfectly disinterested purpose, of the eccentric founder of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church. The life of Edward Irving was a triumphant piece of special pleading. That of Count Charles de Montalembert, published in 1872,—exactly a decade later,—shows abilities of a yet higher order; for it contains an exposition both lucid and dispassionate of an even more obscure bit of modern religious history. Mrs. Oliphant had become familiar with the man Montalembert while making her excellent translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West; and she brought to the estimation of his fine character and conspicuous course, a thorough knowledge of the questions and controversies with which his name is identified, and an exquisite poise of judgment. It had always been a great puzzle to the Protestant mind, how the three famous men who led that untimely movement toward liberalism inside the Catholic Church, and gave the proud name of “The Future” to the short-lived journal which they edited,—how Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert could have been all that they were, and no more; all so revolutionary and two so reactionary. Mrs. Oliphant has virtually solved the enigma; and her account of the way in which Henri Lacordaire received the rebuff of the Holy See, when the three associates in the publication of *L’Avenir* had gone with so *naïf* a confidence to seek the papal sanction for their generous undertaking, strikingly illustrates her power of putting herself in the place of one whose conclusions are erroneous to her, and whose action she more than half deploras.

Mrs. Oliphant has written three more biographies of unusual interest and merit: the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, of Jeanne d’Arc, and of her own distinguished kinsman, Laurence Oliphant. They may best be considered together, for her view of each of these curiously diverse careers is modified by a marked feature of her own mind,—her tendency, namely, toward religious mysticism. She is herself, apparently, deeply persuaded not merely of the reality of a future life, but of the existence, all about us, of a super-sensual scheme of things, having a perfectly definite though as yet unfathomed connection with the things which we see and hear. Into this mysterious region—so near and yet so far—our own loved ones vanish when



they depart from us. What do they there become to one another, and what may they still be to ourselves? It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has not answered this importunate question; but she has the air of having received light upon it, which she imparts in what may be described, collectively, as her *Studies of the Unseen*. The first, and altogether the most symmetrical and remarkable, of this series—which includes ‘Old Lady Mary,’ ‘The Little Pilgrim,’ and some others—appeared in 1880. It was called ‘A Beleaguered City,’ and purports to be the attested narrative of the maire and sundry citizens of the town of Semur in Haute Bretagne, of a singular series of events which at one time took place in that municipality. These amounted to no less than an invasion of the town by the innumerable souls of all its deceased citizens, and the expulsion in a body of the living, who remained encamped without the walls while the supernatural visitation continued. Nothing can surpass the verisimilitude with which this strange and powerful conception is wrought out. The energy of its first inspiration never flags. There is not an inconsistent occurrence, and hardly a superfluous word, in all the thrilling narrative. The French instinct in matters religious, so tender and genuine though so alien to our own, and the French turn of thought as well as expression, are faultlessly preserved. Here, for once, Mrs. Oliphant’s very style, so apt to be redundant and discursive, is perfect in its direct simplicity. It is her highest literary achievement; a sacred poem in prose, which shakes the soul at the first perusal almost with the force of an actual revelation.

It is easy to see that to a mind capable of such a conception, both the visions of St. Francis and the “voices” of Jeanne d’Arc would possess a peculiar interest; and that Mrs. Oliphant would not be disposed to regard either from a strictly rationalistic point of view. She does not pretend to do so; but while clearly avowing her own belief in the direct Divine guidance of both the saint and the martyr, she searches the best sources of information concerning the material and mundane side of their careers, in the most patient and critical spirit of modern inquiry. This is especially the case in the life of Jeanne d’Arc, where the but recently published ‘*Procès*’ is followed step by step, and the defense of the supposed sorceress is allowed to rest almost entirely on her own artless and solemn asseverations. Nor has Mrs. Oliphant ever shown herself more truly judicial than in her manner of apportioning the responsibility for the hideous and cowardly crime of Jeanne’s murder, between the vindictive English authorities of the day and the Maid’s own faithless countrymen.

In describing the strange career of that most modern-minded of mystics, her own far-away cousin Laurence Oliphant, our author had



to deal with the problem of a soul's destiny under strikingly novel conditions. But though she cannot repress her honorable scorn for the element of vulgar charlatanry in the self-styled Prophet, at whose bidding Laurence Oliphant, his mother and his wife, sacrificed so much, her testimony is no less clear and unhesitating than in the case of the mediæval devotees, to the reality of that higher life for which they gladly lost all that is supposed to render this life desirable to highly civilized creatures. This testimony is, in fact, Mrs. Oliphant's true message to the world; and in bearing it she but ranges herself with the chief seers of her own generation,—with Tennyson and with Browning, both of whom departed from an unbelieving world with the word of faith upon their lips.

For the rest, the 'Life of Laurence Oliphant' is upon the whole the ablest of the three biographies which have here been grouped together. The author touchingly acknowledges, in her preface, the assistance in preparing it of her gifted son, Francis Oliphant, whose early death has been one of the heaviest sorrows of her later years. But to dwell on the number of those years, or anticipate the hand of time, would be both ungrateful and impertinent in the readers of one whose power of sustained production has proved so very exceptional, and whose natural force is apparently quite unabated.

[This was written before Mrs. Oliphant's death. She died June 25th, 1897, after this article was in type.]

*Harriet Wilson Preston*

#### A COMFORT TO HER DEAR PAPA

From 'Miss Marjoribanks'

MISS MARJORIBANKS lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event; but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which in reality have but little if any existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content

to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa,—except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there,—no one except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization, the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he re-entered the house from which she had gone away forever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment.

His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy; for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of 'Friends in Council,' and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin,—so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind on her journey to a great many virtuous resolutions; for in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it became apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household—changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and charming everybody by her good-humor and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always heroical, ready to go down-stairs and assist



at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.

Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering again that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not however exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to their friends,—for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant,—the most common description they gave of her was that she was “a large girl”; and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl, which conveys an altogether different idea, but she was large in all particulars,—full and well developed, with somewhat large features; not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become “grandiose,” for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain: but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hairbreadth broader, than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped, and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean rudimentary schoolgirl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair, which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not however float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously unmanageably thick,—to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks.

These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be



done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms,—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter,—and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. “And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!” Lucilla said to herself with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come downstairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless,—as such cases had been known,—Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined,—but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home, her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. “I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss,” sobbed the faithful attendant. “I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away,” said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light.

“Ah, Ellis,” cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, “we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!” With this end, Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded doctor during those few dim

days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned—serious enough, heaven knows—to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often; but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed; but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough,—perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter.

It was May, and the weather was warm for the season: but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be “a comfort” to him; and for the same reason she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the doctor went into his favorite seclusion, tired and heated and sad,—for even on the day of his wife’s funeral the favorite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of,—the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea service.



"Let me know when dinner is ready," he said in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room."

Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed up-stairs; where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'ealth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark.

About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though indeed she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the *Lancet*, and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man



who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at all addicted to demonstrations of feeling: consequently he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that by so doing he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said: "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It's a more innocent stimulant, but it's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire: it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the doctor: "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school; occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions—"

"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks; and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess, for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervor, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be—all—that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions—nor—nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. O papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa,

where the doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room: "It is only for this once—I can—cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother too had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the mean time, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something: but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now;—wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another; and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me—"



"But oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady doctor: "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons interrupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort—I will—go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father: "I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something—or I'll see to that when I go down-stairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room; and swallowed her negus with a sense not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification, which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary schoolgirl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought;—she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter,—for



that is a knowledge slowly acquired,—but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honors of war. She had already rearranged all the details, and settled upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. “Papa thought me too young,” she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, “though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants: but dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa.”

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in ‘Friends in Council,’ and to direct the future tenor of her education; while at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

### THE DELIVERANCE

From ‘The Ladies Lindores’

[The Lindores are a simple family, of good birth and breeding, who for years have wandered happily over the Continent, living in cheap places on a meagre income, and making friends with everybody. Unexpectedly inheriting the title, and finding the estates insufficient, Lord Lindores determines that his pretty daughters must marry fortunes. The elder, Lady Caroline, is sacrificed to the richest man in the county, a coarse, purse-proud, vain, and brutal ignoramus, whom she abhors, and who grows daily more and more detestable. Suddenly he is killed by an accident, induced by his own evil temper and bravado.]

CARRY, upon the other side of the great house, had retired to her room in the weariness that followed her effort to look cheerful and do the honors of her table. She had made that effort very bravely; and though it did not even conceal from Millefleurs the position of affairs, still less deceive her own family, yet at least it kept up the appearance of decorum necessary,

and made it easier for the guests to go through their part. . . . She lay on a sofa very quiet in the stillness of exhaustion, not doing anything, not saying anything, looking wistfully at the blue sky that was visible through the window with the soft foliage of some birch-trees waving lightly over it—and trying not to think. Indeed, she was so weary that it was scarcely necessary to try. And what was there to think about? Nothing could be done to deliver her—nothing that she was aware of even to mend her position. She was grateful to God that she was to be spared the still greater misery of seeing Beaufort, but that was all. Even heaven itself seemed to have no help for Carry. If she could have been made by some force of unknown agency to love her husband, she would still have been an unhappy wife; but it is to be feared, poor soul, that things had come to this pass with her, that she did not even wish to love her husband, and felt it less degrading to live with him under compulsion, than to be brought down to the level of his coarser nature, and take pleasure in the chains she wore. Her heart revolted at him more and more. In such a terrible case, what help was there for her in earth or heaven? Even had he been reformed,—had he been made a better man,—Carry would not have loved him: she shrank from the very suggestion that she might some time do so. There was no help for her; her position could not be bettered anyhow. She knew this so well, that all struggle except the involuntary struggle in her mind, which never could intermit, against many of the odious details of the life she had to lead, had died out of her. She had given in to the utter hopelessness of her situation. Despair is sometimes an opiate, as it is sometimes a frantic and maddening poison. There was nothing to be done for her,—no use in wearying Heaven with prayers, as some of us do. Nothing could make her better. She had given in utterly, body and soul, and this was all that was to be said. She lay there in this stillness of despair, feeling more crushed and helpless than usual after the emotions of the morning, but not otherwise disturbed; lying like a man who has been shattered by an accident, but lulled by some anodyne draught,—still, and almost motionless, letting every sensation be hushed so long as nature would permit, her hands folded, her very soul hushed and still. She took no note of time in the exhaustion of her being. She knew that when her husband returned she would be sent for, and would have to re-enter the other world of eternal strife and pain; but



here she was retired, as in her chapel, in herself—the sole effectual refuge which she had left.

The house was very well organized, very silent and orderly in general; so that it surprised Lady Caroline a little, in the depth of her quiet, to hear a distant noise as of many voices, distinct though not loud—a confusion and far-away babel of outcries and exclamations. Nothing could be more unusual; but she felt no immediate alarm, thinking that the absence of her husband and her own withdrawal had probably permitted a little outbreak of gayety or gossip down-stairs, with which she did not wish to interfere. She lay still accordingly, listening vaguely, without taking much interest in the matter. Certainly something out of the way must have happened. The sounds had sprung up all at once,—a hum of many excited voices, with sharp cries as of dismay and wailing breaking in.

At last her attention was attracted. "There has been some accident," she said to herself, sitting upright upon her sofa. As she did this she heard steps approaching her door. They came with a rush, hurrying along, the feet of at least two women, with a heavier step behind them; then paused suddenly, and there ensued a whispering and consultation close to her door. Carry was a mother, and her first thought was of her children. "They are afraid to tell me," was the thought that passed through her mind. She rose and rushed to the door, throwing it open. "What is it? Something has happened," she said,— "something you are afraid to tell me. Oh, speak, speak!—the children—"

"My leddy, it's none of the children. The children are as well as could be wished, poor dears," said her own maid, who had been suddenly revealed, standing very close to the door. The woman, her cheeks blazing with some sudden shock, eager to speak, yet terrified, stopped there with a gasp. The house-keeper, who was behind her, pushed her a little forward, supporting her with a hand on her waist, whispering confused but audible exhortations. "Oh, take heart—oh, take heart. She must be told. The Lord will give you strength," this woman said. The butler stood solemnly behind, with a very anxious, serious countenance.

To Carry, all this scene became confused by wild anxiety and terror. "What is it?" she said; "my mother? some one at home?" She stretched out her hands vaguely towards the



messengers of evil, feeling like a victim at the block, upon whose neck the executioner's knife is about to fall.

"O my leddy! far worse! far worse!" the woman cried.

Carry, in the dreadful whirl of her feelings, still paused bewildered, to ask herself what could be worse? And then there came upon her a moment of blindness, when she saw nothing, and the walls and the roof seemed to burst asunder, and whirl and whirl. She dropped upon her knees in this awful blank and blackness unawares; and then the haze dispelled, and she saw, coming out of the mist, a circle of horror-stricken pale faces, forming a sort of ring round her. She could do nothing but gasp out her husband's name—"Mr. Torrance?" with quivering lips.

"O my lady, my lady! To see her on her knees, and us bringin' her such awfu' news! But the Lord will comfort ye," cried the housekeeper, forgetting the veneration due to her mistress, and raising her in her arms. The two women supported her into her room, and she sat down again upon the sofa where she had been sitting—sitting, was it a year ago?—in the quiet, thinking that no change would ever come to her; that nothing, nothing could alter her condition; that all was over and finished for her life.

And it is to be supposed that they told poor Carry exactly the truth. She never knew. When she begged them to leave her alone till her mother came, whom they had sent for, she had no distinct knowledge of how it was, or what had happened; but she knew *that* had happened. She fell upon her knees before her bed, and buried her head in her hands, shutting out the light. Then she seized hold of herself with both her hands to keep herself (as she felt) from floating away upon that flood of new life which came swelling up all in a moment, swelling into every vein—filling high the fountain of existence which had been so feeble and so low. Oh, shut out—shut out the light, that nobody might see! close the doors and the shutters in the house of death, and every cranny, that no human eye might descry it! After a while she dropped lower, from the bed which supported her, to the floor, prostrating herself with more than Oriental humbleness. Her heart beat wildly, and in her brain there seemed to wake a hundred questions clanging like bells in her ears, filling the silence with sound. Her whole being, that had been crushed, sprang up like a flower from under a passing

foot. Was it possible?—was it possible? She pulled herself down; tried by throwing herself upon her face on the carpet, prostrating herself body and soul, to struggle against that secret, voiceless, mad exultation that came upon her against her will. Was he dead?—was he dead? struck down in the middle of his days, that man of iron? Oh, the pity of it!—oh, the horror of it! She tried to force herself to feel this—to keep down, down, that climbing joy in her. God in heaven, was it possible? she who thought nothing could happen to her more. . . .

A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants,—who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event,—and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark,—a funereal object in the midst; while the tall polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried, if she could have talked and lamented, if she could have gone to bed, or failing this, if she had read her Bible,—the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred—the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness—for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. “O my lady, do something to make her cry,” the women said. “If she doesn’t get it out it’ll break her heart.” They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. “Your man’s your man when a’s done, even if he’s but an ill ane,” was the sentiment of the awe-



stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling.

Lady Lindores felt that she understood it,—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been filled by sudden compunction,—the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone, without a word, against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full; with tears in her eyes, the profoundest tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence.

"Carry, my darling!" her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. "Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too—"

"Kind!" cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. "Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child? But you are stunned with this blow—"

"I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come—at first; but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother. You are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire—"

"Carry, Carry dear, never mind us: it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking."



"Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders—"

"Carry," cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, "Edith and I will see to all that. Don't pay any attention to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something,—they say you have taken nothing,—and you must go to bed."

"I don't think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget," she said, with something like a faint laugh, "how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman's health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost—" Here she paused a little; and then said gravely, "Even grief does not affect the health."

"Very often it does not, dear; but Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved—even I—" Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. "Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without warning."

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said: "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to him, dead or living. What can it matter to him that we should make preparations to appear before him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself: it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after"

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said. . . .

"The children—poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears—the only tears that had been shed for Torrance—from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room, and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this—but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "O my innocent mother!" she cried. "O mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad—with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry—no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more—that he can never come in here again—that I am free—that I can be alone. O mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone; never to have a corner in the world where—some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no: some time else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me—but in the mean time I am too happy—too—"

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. "No, no, Carry—no, no: I cannot bear it—you must not say it," she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob—the tears pouring from her eyes like rain. "I will not say anything," she cried; "no, no—nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours



to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet—all quiet about me.”

Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion—the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores’s anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. . . . And the truth was that her own heart, though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood too, with a guilty throb, the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry’s mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores’s tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

“We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry: by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel—as I feel. But in the mean time you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed.”

“Not here,” she said with a shudder, looking round the room; “not here—I could not rest here.”

“That is natural,” Lady Lindores said with a sigh. “You must come with me, Carry.”

“Home, mother—home! Oh, if I could!—not even to Lindores: to one of the old, poor places where we were so happy—”

“When we had no home,” the mother said, shaking her head. But she too got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection.



Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances they made,—what halcyon days those were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them—rank and apparent elevation—for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room—the state chamber—in the other wing; where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe, in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness,—exhausted, peaceful,—feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes; her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life; the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy; the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun: but to-night—this one blessed night of deliverance—was her own.

## TEACHER AND PUPIL

From the 'Life of Edward Irving'

"WHEN Irving first came to Haddington," writes one of his pupils, "he was a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome youth, cheerful and kindly disposed; he soon won the confidence of his advanced pupils, and was admitted into the best society in the town and neighborhood." Into one house at least he went with a more genial introduction, and under circumstances equally interesting and amusing. This was the house of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district; whose family consisted of one little daughter, for whose training he entertained more ambitious views than little girls are generally the subjects of. This little girl, however, was as unique in mind as in circumstances. She heard, with eager childish wonder, a perennial discussion carried on between her father and mother about her education: both were naturally anxious to secure the special sympathy and companionship of their only child. The doctor, recovering from his disappointment that she *was* a girl, was bent upon educating her like a boy, to make up as far as possible for the unfortunate drawback of sex; while her mother, on the contrary, hoped for nothing higher in her daughter than the sweet domestic companion most congenial to herself.

The child, who was not supposed to understand, listened eagerly, as children invariably do listen to all that is intended to be spoken over their heads. Her ambition was roused; to be educated like a boy became the object of her entire thoughts, and set her little mind working with independent projects of its own. She resolved to take the first step in this awful but fascinating course on her own responsibility. Having already divined that Latin was the first grand point of distinction, she made up her mind to settle the matter by learning Latin. A copy of the 'Rudiments' was quickly found in the lumber-room of the house, and a tutor not much farther off in a humble student of the neighborhood. The little scholar had a dramatic instinct: she did not pour forth her first lesson as soon as it was acquired, or rashly betray her secret. She waited the fitting place and moment. It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day; the doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his coffee, and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete. The little



heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover, which concealed her small person. All was still; the moment had arrived;—"Penna, pennæ, pennam!" burst forth the little voice in breathless steadiness. The result may be imagined: the doctor smothered his child with kisses, and even the mother herself had not a word to say; the victory was complete.

After this pretty scene, the proud doctor asked Sir John Leslie to send him a tutor for the little pupil who had made so promising a beginning. Sir John recommended the youthful teacher who was already in Haddington, and Edward Irving became the teacher of the little girl. Their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning,—which inclines one to imagine that in spite of his fondness, the excellent doctor must have held his household under Spartan discipline,—and again in the evening after school hours. When the young tutor arrived in the dark of the winter mornings, and found his little pupil, scarcely dressed, peeping out of her room, he used to snatch her up in his arms and carry her to the door, to name to her the stars shining in the cold firmament hours before dawn; and when the lessons were over, he set the child up on the table at which they had been pursuing their studies, and taught her logic, to the great tribulation of the household in which the little philosopher pushed her inquiries into the puzzling metaphysics of life. The greatest affection sprang up, as was natural, between the child and her young teacher, whose heart at all times of his life was always open to children. After the lapse of all these years, their companionship looks both pathetic and amusing. A life-long friendship sprang out of that early connection. The pupil, with all the enthusiasm of childhood, believed everything possible to the mind which gave its first impulse to her own; and the teacher never lost the affectionate, indulgent love with which the little woman, thus confided to his boyish care, inspired him. Their intercourse did not have the romantic conclusion it might have been supposed likely to end in; but as a friendship, existed unbroken through all kinds of vicissitudes, and even through entire separation, disapproval, and outward estrangement, to the end of Irving's life.

When the lessons were over, it was a rule that the young teacher should leave a daily report of his pupil's progress; when, alas! that report was *pessima*, the little girl was punished. One day he paused long before putting his sentence upon paper.



The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict, wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: "Jane, my heart is broken!" cried the sympathetic tutor; "but I *must* tell the truth:" and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance, *pessima!* The small offender doubtless forgot the penalty that followed, but she has not yet forgotten the compassionate dilemma in which truth was the unwilling conqueror.

The youth who entered his house under such circumstances soon became a favorite guest at the fireside of the doctor; who, himself a man of education and intelligence, and of that disposition which makes men beloved, was not slow to find out the great qualities of his young visitor. There are some men who seem born to the inalienable good fortune of lighting upon the best people,—“the most worthy,” according to Irving’s own expression long afterward,—wherever they go. Irving’s happiness in this way began at Haddington. The doctor’s wife seems to have been one of those fair, sweet women whose remembrance lasts longer than greatness. There is no charm of beauty more delightful than that fragrance of it which lingers for generations in the place where it has been an unconsciously refining and tender influence. The Annandale youth came into a little world of humanizing graces when he entered that atmosphere, and it was only natural that he should retain the warmest recollection of it throughout his life. It must have been of countless benefit to him in this early stage of his career. The main quality in himself which struck observers was—in strong and strange contradiction to the extreme devotion of *belief* manifested in his latter years—the critical and almost skeptical tendency of his mind, impatient of superficial “received truths,” and eager for proof and demonstration of everything. Perhaps mathematics, which then reigned paramount in his mind, was to blame: he was as anxious to discuss, to prove and disprove, as a Scotch student fresh from college is naturally disposed to be. It was a peculiarity natural to his age and condition; and as his language was always inclined to the superlative, and his feelings invariably took part in every matter which commended itself to his mind, it is probable that this inclination showed with a certain exaggeration to surrounding eyes. “This youth will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe,” said the doctor; a strange prophecy, looking at it by the light of events.

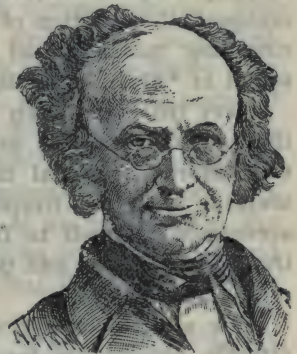
## FRANCIS SYLVESTER O'MAHONY

"FATHER PROUT"

(1804-1866)

BY JOHN MALONE

**F**OR nothing is the Scythian race of Europe's westernmost island more remarkable than for the delightful and sympathetic character of that individual of the human species so peculiar to the country's history, the Irish Parish Priest. In childhood and in youth avid of learning, gathering its fruits as a "poor scholar" amid the hedge-rows of his famine-oppressed fields and pastures, he becomes in manhood the soldier of fortune and knight-errant of human thought. When in maturer years he receives the message of his ministry, he carries out the duty of his state with a dignity and fervor largely interspersed with a thousand quirks of native wit and irrepressible humor. Quick with sympathy, tender with consolation, and strong as any bog-trotter, with an arm ready to wield a pike and a back ready to bear a burden, second to none in generosity as a host or geniality as a comrade, — the power of the *sag-gart* over his people is as absolute as that of any czar, and as sweet as that of the All-Father whose human type he is.



FRANCIS O'MAHONY

In that brilliant company assembled about a table made immortal as that of Arthur by the genius of Maclise, there smiles, by a happy chance, beside the grave face of our own Washington Irving, the gracious and restless genius of him who brought that wonderful and fascinating element into hostile English literature through the personality of our beloved friend of Watergrasshill, "Father Prout."

Francis Sylvester O'Mahony (I beg the reader to put the accent upon the first syllable of the patronymic) was born in a humble family of the city of Cork in the year 1804, and was, as the first-born, disposed to the priesthood, in accordance with the rule of Irish



families. He passed through the ordinary ways of education in his own country, until he was thought sufficiently qualified to enter upon his studies for the sacred office. With this end in view he was placed in the College of the Jesuits at Amiens in France. After serving under the strict rule of that order in various colleges of the Continent for the period necessary to fulfill his novitiate, he became attached, in the capacity of disciplinary prefect, to the college of Clongowes Wood in his native country. The military rigor of the Jesuit order sent him forth under marching orders, after a brief period of service amongst his own people, and he seems to have passed from house to house in Italy and Germany, according to the usual plan adopted by the order for the detachment from individuals of ties of place and comradeship. These ties seem to have been too strongly secured to the young Irishman, for he was allowed to withdraw from the schools of the disciples of Loyola, and to complete his priestly equipment and ordination amongst those not bound by the rules of monastic life. It is certain that he was made a priest in Italy, whence he returned to his native city, where for a time he occupied the position of curate to a gentle pastor, whose useful and consoling ministry had never extended beyond the charm of the sound of "Shandon Bells."

Very little has been told of Father Prout's life while he followed the course of studies prescribed by the Jesuit schools; but imagination affords a special delight to those who contemplate that mind seething with the irrepressible chemistry of wit, vainly striving to accommodate itself to the tasks imposed upon the young recruits of that most rigorous and perfect of human institutions for the subjection of self.

The schoolmaster from Marlborough Street, "Billy" Maginn, was directly responsible for the introduction of "Father Prout" to the great world. When we reflect that the "Wizard of the North" had so grandly set an example of anonymity to the younger generation; it is not to be wondered at that so many gems of brilliant thought first gleamed to the sun of Fame through the rough coating of fictitious authorship, or that O'Mahony sheltered his bantlings under such a cover.

When the supposed "Frank Cresswell" communicated to wits and worldlings the beloved contents of Father Prout's strong chest, it was not long before the youngsters about Grub Street realized that there was a new pen in town; and, fully equipped as they were for the enjoyable game of literary hide-and-seek, then so much in vogue amongst them, they soon brought to their coterie the dearest and best of that knightly circle of the pen, Father Frank Mahony, priest, poet, inimitable jester, loving friend, faithful steadfast Irishman, and



Christian gentleman. How glorious were the days and nights of those "Fraserians" no one can be ignorant who looks around that circle, which, beginning with Maginn and the decanters, is carried on by Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Fraser, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, D'Orsay, and Carlyle, to Mahony and Irving. At this time Father Prout always wrote his name, according to the English method, without the "O"; but in his last years he returned again to the use of the dignified prefix of his ancestral family.

In Fraser he poured out the treasure of a heart full of wisdom and odd conceits, and overflowing with brilliant translations from the classics of old and new tongues, and rogueries of his own invention attributed to old and famous or unknown names, for the mystification of the jolly and mischievous crew which swarmed from royal and noble drawing-rooms, through the lobbies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to the supper-rooms and convivial resorts which filled the neighborhood of Printing-House Square.

It was Charles Dickens's idea which made Father Mahony one of the first, and certainly one of the best, foreign correspondents. The two met one day as "Prout" was about to depart for Italy; and "Boz" suggested that the priest should furnish the Daily News with letters on the state of social affairs in Rome, during those eventful days which closed the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. and opened that of Pius IX. Could anything have made "Prout's" name more famous, it must have been the recognition of his peculiar fitness for this work, which speedily followed the publication of his letters over the pseudonym of "Sylvester Savonarola," first given in the News, and republished in book form under the title of 'Final Reliques of Father Prout,' by Blanchard Jerrold.

It was during the year 1834 that, in Cork, "Father Prout" began his literary career. It was in 1866 that, in Paris, under the direction of Father Lefèvre of the Society of Jesus, he received the last sacraments of his church, and went from the dear neighborhood of the "New Street of the Little Fields," where he had once cozily settled his good friends the newly married Thackerays, to the company of the comrades of Christ who are mustered out of active service militant.

*Francis Mahony*

## FATHER PROUT

From the 'Reliques'

I AM a younger son. I belong to an ancient but poor and dilapidated house, of which the patrimonial estate was barely enough for my elder; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius—the bar! To the bar, with a heavy heart and aching head, I devoted year after year; and was about to become a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This dispatch was from an old Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who to her other good qualities added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell; and as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly I recognized with some difficulty the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout; and while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten! "Frank," said the Lady Cresswell, "my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary: only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep the fast of Lent while you



live; and as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic: I ask no more." How could I have refused so simple an injunction? and what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker—for it is the very Arcadia of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the French Revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords, "the glorious Dan" has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the Continent, who having witnessed the doings of the *sans-culottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P. P. of Watergrasshill: but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock; he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek. Like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling "potheen." He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénelon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigor of his abstinence and the frugality of his diet he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. Pepper, with two female companions, traveling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of



Watergrasshill (which is on the high-road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected his fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error: and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe cheaply the fish diet imperative on fast days. For this, he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would he be found, armed with his rod and wrapt in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream.

His modest parlor would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtained his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing-tackle hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still, he would sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines: and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large flat stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of CORNELII A LAPIDE *Opera quæ extant omnia*; by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his Essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favorable impression. The general character of a Churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and

literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might be conjectured from the scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favorite sport: for there hung over the mantelpiece a print of Raphael's cartoon, the 'Miraculous Draught'; here 'Tobit Rescued by an Angel from the Fish,' and there 'St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes.'

### THE SHANDON BELLS

From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore,' in the 'Reliques'

WITH deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think on  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate—  
But all their music  
Spoke naught like thine;  
For memory dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry knelling  
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Nôtre Dame;  
But thy sounds are sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly:  
Oh! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk, O!  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit  
Of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there is an anthem  
More dear to me,—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.



## DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL

IN THE CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT

From 'Literature and the Jesuits,' in the 'Reliques'

WHEN at thy shrine, most holy maid!  
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,  
And bared his helmèd brow,—  
Not that he feared war's visage grim,  
Or that the battle-field for him  
Had aught to daunt, I trow,—

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!  
Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,  
To tread fresh pathways now;  
To track *thy* footsteps, Savior God!  
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:  
Hear and record my vow.

"Yes, thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne,  
The mind of man thy sway shall own,  
And to its conqueror bow.  
Genius his lyre to thee shall lift,  
And intellect its choicest gift  
Proudly on thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,  
And in his breast exulting felt  
A vivid furnace glow;  
Forth to his task the giant sped:  
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,  
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;  
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross  
Shone in the azure sky;  
And from the isles of far Japan  
To the broad Andes, won o'er man  
A bloodless victory!

## MALBROUCK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,  
Is gone to the war in Flanders;  
His fame is like Alexander's:  
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or  
Perhaps he may come at Easter.  
Egad! he'd better make haste, or  
We fear he may never come.

For "Trinity Feast" is over,  
And has brought no news from Dover;  
And Easter is past, moreover:  
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower  
Spends many a pensive hour,  
Not well knowing why or how her  
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in  
That tower, she spies returning  
A page clad in deep mourning,  
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee come faster!  
What news do you bring of your master?  
I fear there is some disaster,  
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"  
With sorrowful accent said he,  
"Is one you are not ready  
So soon, alas! to hear.

But since to speak I'm hurried,"  
Added this page, quite flurried,  
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"  
(And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!  
For I beheld his 'berring,'  
And four officers transferring  
His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre,  
And he carried it not without labor,  
Much envying his next neighbor,  
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer—  
That helmet which on its wearer  
Filled all who saw it with terror,  
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I  
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)  
The fourth is left nothing to carry;  
So there the thing remains."

### THE SONG OF THE COSSACK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!  
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on  
the Don.

Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee  
forth,

And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!  
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;  
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.  
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy chest is proud and  
ample;

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her  
heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;  
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!  
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—  
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!  
Proud as when first thou slack'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquered  
Seine,

Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.  
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is strong and  
ample!

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her  
heroes trample!



Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own vassal crew;  
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;  
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen  
down,

And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's  
crown!

The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the  
cross.

Shall bend alike when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!  
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is broad and  
ample;

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her  
heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a  
GIANT,

And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all  
defiant;

Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he  
pointed;

And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the Scourge  
Anointed.

From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash  
announce;

Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to  
pounce;

And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—Oh, thy chest is broad and  
ample;

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her  
heroes trample!

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,  
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and  
science?

Hath she not wept, her cities swept by our hordes of trampling  
stallions?

And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battal-  
ions?

Can *we* not wield our father's shield? the same war-hatchet handle?  
Do our blades want length, or the reaper's strength, for the harvest  
of the Vandal?

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and  
ample;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of  
her heroes trample!

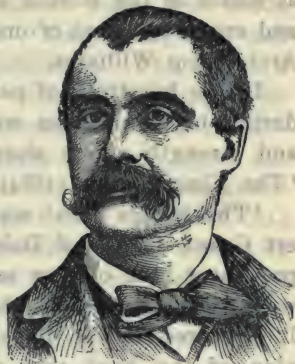
## JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

(1844-1890)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

**F**EW men had a more romantic or picturesque life than John Boyle O'Reilly; and few men have lived more consistent lives, though consistency is not generally looked upon as an attribute of romance. From the beginning to the end of his career he showed high qualities, illumined by that glow which not even the poet Wordsworth could describe, when he called it the "light that never was on sea or land." And at no time did the actor in so many thrilling incidents fall below the elevation that one expects in a hero of romance. His thoughts, his moods, his quality, his temperament,—all are thoroughly expressed in the pages of his poetry. If the essence of literature is personality and the exact expression of it, Boyle O'Reilly's work will live when the old wrongs that wrung his heart are gone, and the liberty he loved blesses the spots which to his eyes were made desolate by tyranny. The effects of that work can never be estimated; they were felt by youth and age, by men of every religious opinion and none; they made for righteousness, for peace with honor, for toleration, sympathy, and the highest patriotism.

He was born June 28th, 1844, at Dowth Castle, near the town of Drogheda, in Ireland. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the closest friend of the poet, who understood him by experience and intuition, gives in his 'Life, Poems, and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly' (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.), a description of the traditions and surroundings of this beautiful spot. They helped to develop the passionate, chivalrous love of his native country and of liberty in the boy. He was brought up in an atmosphere of legend and story; and his father, a schoolmaster of the higher type, joined with a clever mother in laying the foundation of his literary success. He began his life work as a compositor in a printing-office in Ireland; and continued it in the



BOYLE O'REILLY



same vocation at Preston, in Lancashire, where he made many warm friends. His experience in the British army, his connection with the Fenian movement, his imprisonment, his Australian exile, the thrilling details of his escape, supplied material for his romance of 'Moondyne,' and helped to add riches to an imagination which turned all that it touched into new and rare forms. If there were space here for a detailed biography, one could not do better than to quote from Mr. Roche's 'Life'; but this paper must concern itself with the reflection of that life as expressed in literary form. In the United States, after adventures by sea and land, and tortures and suffering borne with a heroism that was both Greek and Christian, he found the spirit of freedom in concrete form. Our country satisfied his aspirations for liberty; he loved Ireland not less, but America more; he was exiled from the land of his birth, yet he found ample consolation in the country he had chosen. An Irishman and a Catholic, he made an epoch in the history of his people in the United States; and he was, as editor of the Boston Pilot, enabled to do this through the support and encouragement of one of the most eminent prelates of his church, Archbishop Williams.

In the hundreds of paragraphs and leaders that came from his pen during his connection with the Pilot (1870-90), there is the plasticity and strength which show in 'Moondyne' (1878), and in his part of 'The King's Men' (1884).

'The King's Men' was written by him in collaboration with Robert Grant, "J. S. of Dale," and John F. Wheelwright. It had as a precedent 'Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other,' done by six writers, marshaled by the author of 'The Man Without a Country.' It appeared in the Boston Globe, and achieved great success. The plan of the book was a "projection" into the reign of George V. George, during a revolution of his subjects, had found an asylum in America, in the thirty-third year of the German Republic and in the seventieth of the French. O'Reilly's part in this romance is not difficult to discover in the picture of life in Dartmouth Prison, and in those luminous touches which the writer's love of liberty and heart-breaking experience enabled him to give. All O'Reilly's prose, even in its most careless form, shows the gift of the writer born with the power of so welding impression and expression that thought and style become as closely united as soul and body. And as he grew older, his power as a prose writer increased. As with most poets, his prose shows qualities entirely different from his verse. In his verse his forte is not in description; in his prose he describes minutely and with the keenness of an etcher. His poetry is especially transparent: the man is plain; he scarcely needs a biographer who can give himself as he is to the world.



'Moondyne' has glowing pages; there are things in it that remind us of the fervor of Victor Hugo. It is not as a writer of prose that O'Reilly lives, however, but by that lyrical force which obliges us to retain in our memories the song of the singer, whether we will or not. He was more than what we call a lyrist; he was a bard in the Celtic sense,—a prophet, a seer, the denouncer of wrong, the interpreter of love, the inspirer of valor, of awe, of hope. And he had the respect of the bard for a mission that was his as his heart was his; no poet was ever less self-conscious and no poet more personal. His lines written under a bust of Keats interpret the thought of many that remember him:—

"A godlike face, with human love and will  
And tender fancy traced in every line;  
A godlike face, but oh, how human still!  
Dear Keats, who love the gods their love is thine."

O'Reilly's first volume, 'Songs of the Southern Seas,' was made up of narrative poems; it appeared in 1873. 'Songs, Legends, and Ballads' (1878) contained the 'Songs' with additions. There was a new flavor in the ballads,—for they were veritable ballads. The taste of the public for color and the fundamental emotions in stirring musical narrative was fully gratified in these poems. Above all, they were original in the sense that they contained impressions taken from a personal view of life. They had the pathos of the mind that had possessed only itself for years, and the nobility which comes to a great soul which prison walls help to larger freedom. Critics and readers recognized the strength and beauty of 'The Amber Whale,' 'The King of the Vasse,' and 'Ensign Epps'; and though lacking the depth of thought of his later song, they have kept their place in the hearts of the people. In remote towns and villages, in places the most unexpected, the family scrap-book has these swinging poems; and there are few anthologies arranged for the popular taste without at least 'The Dukite Snake' or 'The Day Guard.'

Of his lyrics,—the singing poems, expressing a reflection, a thought, a mood,—'In Bohemia' is probably the general favorite. But the place of a poet is not settled by the one poem read and re-read, quoted and re-quoted. The surface indications do not manifest the strength or the grasp of the poet; there are depths into which his nobler thought sinks. In a time of crisis, if freedom were threatened, there are poems of O'Reilly's which would serve to fire the hearts in which they live with the fervor that came at the sound of Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner.' 'The Cry of the Dreamer,' clinging to the heart and memory, is not one of these, but it has virility in it,—and this

quality is never lacking in the slightest of his lyrics. O'Reilly's lines 'An Art Master' express his view of merely technical skill in verse:—

"He gathered cherry-stones and carved them quaintly  
 Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;  
 With subtle skill he even imaged faintly  
 The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

"His little blocks he loved to file and polish;  
 An ampler means he asked not, but despised.  
 All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,  
 For then his genius would be highly prized.

"For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions  
 And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;  
 Serene his way through surging years and fashions,  
 While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones to file."

His genius and manliness had been recognized by America when he was cut off from this life, August 10th, 1890. It seemed to him and his friends that there was much to do in the sunlight of kindness which shone about him; but to use his own words in 'The Dead Singer,'—

"The singer who lived is always alive: we hearken and always hear."

It is too early to estimate O'Reilly's place among the poets of his chosen land,—if indeed a poet's place can be settled by the rough comparisons of the critic. All that can be done is to indicate certain pieces of his that have acquired the approval of the critics and the enthusiasm of the people.

*Maurice Francis Egan*

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#### ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER

ENSIGN EPPS, at the battle of Flanders,  
 Sowed a seed of glory and duty,  
 That flowers and flames in height and beauty  
 Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,  
 To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,  
 And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—

No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;

Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.

Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer

That day in the wildest work of the field.

He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;

His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,

He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,

He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist

He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed

Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,

As proudly as if the fight were won;

And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,

Cut the silk from the gilded staff,

Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,

And hurled at the leader with a laugh.

Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,

He tied the colors his heart above,

And plunged in his armor into the tide,

And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?

And what is the text of your proud commanders?

Out of the centuries, heroes reach

With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,

Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,

Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

### THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I AM tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.



I am sick of the showy seeming,  
 Of a life that is half a lie;  
 Of the faces lined with scheming  
 In the throng that hurries by.  
 From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,  
 I would go where the children play;  
 For a dreamer lives forever,  
 And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
 For the burdens the rich endure;  
 There is nothing sweet in the city  
 But the patient lives of the poor.  
 Oh, the little hands too skillful,  
 And the child-mind choked with weeds!  
 The daughter's heart grown willful,  
 And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,  
 From trophies of mart and stage,  
 I would fly to the woods' low rustle,  
 And the meadows' kindly page.  
 Let me dream as of old by the river,  
 And be loved for the dream away;  
 For a dreamer lives forever,  
 And a toiler dies in a day.

#### A DEAD MAN

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;  
 In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.  
 "His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;  
 "A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best,—  
 How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;  
 And as we laid him by the pines to rest,  
 A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

#### MY TROUBLES!

I WROTE down my troubles every day;  
 And after a few short years,  
 When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,  
 I read them with smiles, not tears.

## THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE.

WHERE the foot of the rainbow meets the field,  
And the grass resplendent glows,  
The earth will a precious treasure yield,  
So the olden story goes.

In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled,  
For him who can swiftly chase  
Over torrent and desert and precipice wild,  
To the rainbow's wandering base.

There were two in the field at work one day,  
Two brothers, who blithely sung,  
When across their valley's deep-winding way  
The glorious arch was flung!  
And one saw naught but a sign of rain,  
And feared for his sheaves unbound;  
And one is away, over mountain and plain,  
Till the mystical treasure is found!

Through forest and stream, in a blissful dream,  
The rainbow lured him on;  
With a siren's guile it loitered awhile,  
Then leagues away was gone.  
Over brake and brier he followed fleet;  
The people scoffed as he passed;  
But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,  
He nears the prize at last.

It is closer and closer—he wins the race—  
One strain for the goal in sight;  
Its radiance falls on his yearning face—  
The blended colors unite!  
He laves his brow in the iris beam—  
He reaches— Ah woe! the sound  
From the misty gulf where he ends his dream,  
And the crystal cup is found!

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read  
His lesson of toil in the sky;  
While another is blind to the present need,  
But sees with the spirit's eye.  
You may grind their souls in the selfsame mill,  
You may bind them heart and brow;  
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,  
And his brother will follow the plow.

## YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

J OYS have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had;  
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad:  
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is  
its ghost.  
Now which is the better—the joy unknown, or the joy we have  
clasped and lost?

## A WHITE ROSE

T HE red rose whispers of passion,  
And the white rose breathes of love;  
Oh, the red rose is a falcon  
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud  
With a flush on its petal tips;  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

## THE INFINITE

T HE Infinite always is silent:  
It is only the Finite speaks.  
Our words are the idle wave-caps  
On the deep that never breaks.  
We may question with wand of science,  
Explain, decide, and discuss;  
But only in meditation  
The Mystery speaks to us.



# OSSIAN

## AND OSSIANIC POETRY

BY WILLIAM SHARP AND ERNEST RHYS

**T**HE old controversy over "Ossian," which once engaged so many famous disputants from Dr. Samuel Johnson to Matthew Arnold, need no longer trouble the reader on his way through the world's literature. Celtic research and the modern sense of our ancient poetry have changed the venue. We have a whole cycle of Gaelic tales and poems now on the subject, which have been gradually unearthed, affording new clues and a clearer outlook. Out of these fuller materials we may still construct, if we will, an ideal Ossian, just as Macpherson did. But we must remember, if we do, that there is no corresponding real Ossian, the actual and undeniable author of these Gaelic sagas or any part of them. Indeed, to be at all precise in choosing their typical hero, we should have to admit that a better name than Ossian's for our label would be Finn's\*; while the whole cycle is wider than the names of either Finn or Ossian would fully suggest.

It is Ossian, however, to whom, by force of habit and by popular suffrage, we still look and probably shall ever look as the king in this haunted realm. And Ossian's name, no doubt, will still best serve to characterize the poetry which fragmentarily but none the less potently long ago fascinated Macpherson, and through him caught the ear of Europe.

Who then was Ossian?†

Ossian, or Oisín, was traditionally the son of Finn; that Finn mac Cumhool (Cool) whose name is in Celtic literature the beacon round which all other lesser lights congregate. Oisín may be roughly assigned in history to the Ireland of the end of the third century. According to Scottish tradition, Finn, however, was the son of a Scottish king who came over from Ireland, and of a Scandinavian

\* Finn, Fionn, Fin. The Scottish or rather Macphersonian equivalent, Fingal, is not ancient.

† Ossian is the Scottish variant, and that most familiar to non-Celtic peoples. *Osh-shin* is the common pronunciation in the Highlands. The proper spelling is Oisín; but even in Ireland the name is never so pronounced, but variably as Usheen, Isheen, Useen, Washeen, and otherwise.

princess; and we may say at once that this mixed Celtic and Norse origin is significant, not only for the personal history of the hero himself, but for that of the whole heroic literature to which he and his son Ossian lend characteristic life, color, and antique circumstance. It is to the fine fusion of certain Norse with certain Gaelic elements, in the Aryan past, that we owe the particular *genre*, at any rate, which was produced in the Scottish region associated with Ossian. Some difference is to be found if we turn to the more purely Irish of our Gaelic originals, and seek in Ireland for the old battle which is almost always, in Celtic tradition, the beginning of what we may call epic balladry.

In this case it is the battle of Cnucha (Castleknock), ten miles from the present city of Dublin, which sets the war-music going. Here it was that Conn of the Hundred Battles warred with Cool (Cumhool) Finn's father, and Cool was slain by Aedh, afterwards known as "Goll," or the Blind, because he lost an eye in the battle. This gives a *leitmotiv* to the dramatic episodes that follow, in Finn's desire for revenge on his father's enemies. Here begins a sort of tribal warfare between Munster and Connaught, which ends in the destruction of the followers of Finn, the "Fianna,"—a name, by the way, which, although it so closely resembles Finn's, has no connection with it; meaning simply the tribal militia, or "Fenians," to use the modern equivalent that has been too long removed from its original context to be successfully replaced there. The battle of Gowra is the last great event of this war. At Gowra, Ossian and his son Oscar fought disastrously against the descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the power of the Fianna was finally broken.

In these battles and their allied and sequent episodes and disasters and tribal intrigues, we arrive at the basis of the Irish traditions of the Ossianic cycle. And though there is endless variation in the names and dates and places involved, according as these traditions were retailed in one country-side, or one century, or another, we still find that behind them lurks a real fragment of heroic history, colored perhaps by some earlier Celtic myth, and in any case full of potential romance, heroic imagination, and a crude but splendid poetry. It is not only that the subject-matter behind it is so full and rich, but that the manner and turn of its expression is also so individual and sonorous and effective. As for its subject-matter, it may be said to range over something like thirteen or fourteen centuries, from first to last. We have already referred to its quasi-historical first beginnings in the third century, when Fionn's father fought Conn of the Hundred Battles, and fell by the hand of Goll; and many critics are content to accept this as the extreme starting-point. But if we accept the conclusions of such authorities in Celtic folk-lore as



Professor Kuno Meyer and his collaborator Mr. Alfred Nutt, we shall have to travel much further back into time. Mr. Nutt has stated very ingeniously and carefully the claim for a mythical prehistoric origin for the Ossianic cycle. "Every Celtic tribe," he writes, "possessed traditions both mythical and historical. . . . Myth and history acted and reacted upon each other, and produced heroic saga, which may be defined as myth tinged and distorted by history. The largest element is as a rule suggested by myth, so that the varying heroic sagas of a race have always a great deal in common."

Whether we quite accept this or not, in its entirety, we cannot ignore the distinct mythical coloring of many parts of the Ossianic cycle; and admitting it to exist, we are at once carried to the remote pre-Gaelic antiquity of the Aryan peoples, who personified sun, stars, earth, sea, air, fire, and water, and told the folk-tales which were to grow into Homeric epics, Norse sagas, and Ossianic ballads, as races and languages grew and took on a local habitation and a name.

These wild-birds of old tradition found in their flight through time a congenial resting-place in the mountain regions which we associate with Ossian, whether in Scotland or Ireland. There they prospered and their broods grew and spread, century after century. To drop the figure of speech, the descendants of these first folk-tales, that grew and turned themselves into little heroic histories, multiplied wherever the Gaelic imagination worked on the memories of the people, and the Gaelic tongue gave it characteristic expression. Thus we have, in the immense number of MSS. dealing with Ossianic materials, ballads and stories which date from almost every century from the tenth to the eighteenth. Successive bards and tale-tellers shaped them and colored them anew time after time, fitting them to the need of the period; using them now as a thinly veiled fable of recent events, now as an allegory of war, and now as a localized and modified narrative of some Norse invasion or some lingering tribal feud.

There is nothing more interesting in the whole history of the world's literature than this passage of the Ossianic tradition through the centuries until it arrived in the eighteenth at Macpherson, whose genius gave it new effect and a new set of disguises that still puzzle many people. At this late hour in our own day it has had a strange and significant re-birth, though in the spirit rather than in the letter.

We wish here to pursue the tradition in its adventures, and as much for the entertainment to be had by the way as for its curious historical and severely literary interest. One or two of its earlier phases have already been touched upon; but we have said nothing yet of the exceedingly characteristic way in which the early conflict in Gaeldom between the old pagan and the new Christian cult is



given dramatic expression in the cycle. One of the richest of its sections is that devoted to the series of ballad-colloquies between St. Patrick and Ossian, as the special pleaders respectively of the new and the old order.

"The spirit of banter," says Dr. Hyde, "with which St. Patrick and the Church are treated, and in which the fun just stops short of irreverence, is a mediæval, not a primitive trait; . . . we all remember the inimitable felicity with which that great English-speaking Gael, Sir Walter Scott, has caught this Ossianic tone in the lines which Hector McIntyre repeats for the *Antiquary*:—

"('Patrick the psalm-singer,  
Since you will not listen to one of my stories  
Though you never heard it before,  
I am sorry to tell you  
You are little better than an ass.')

"To which the saint replies:—

"('Upon my word, son of Fingal,  
While I am warbling the psalms,  
The clamor of your old-woman's tales  
Disturbs my devotional exercises.')

With this grotesque echo we may compare the real text of one of the actual 'Dialogues' or 'Colloquies,' which we owe to the Irish Ossianic Society's good offices. The MS. in this case was a comparatively modern copy, but the faithfulness of the copy may be guaranteed from ancient sources:—

#### COLLOQUY OF OSSIAN AND ST. PATRICK

ST. PATRICK—

Ossian, long and late thy sleep!

Rise up, and hear the psalm!

Thy strength is gone, thy swiftness flown,

That made thee known,—and thy fierce right arm!

*Ossian*—

My swiftness and my strength are flown

Since Fionn's swords are swept away!

And no holy priest, since his song has ceased,

Has ever pleased me with his lay.

*St. Patrick*—

Thou hast not heard such hymns as mine,

Since the world began until this day!

But your dream is still of the host on the hill,

Though thou art ill and worn and gray!

*Ossian*—I used to join the host on the hill,  
 O Patrick of the sombre brow!  
 And it fits not thee to cast at me  
 My misery, as thou didst now.

I have heard songs more sweet than these  
 In praise of priests. At Letterlee  
 How long I heard the rare blackbird,  
 Or the Fiann Dord\* and its melody.

And the sweet song-thrush of Glenasgael,  
 And the rush of the boats upon the shore,  
 And the hounds full-cry, when the deer sweep by,  
 Than thy psalmody I love much more.

It must be admitted that in these strange 'Colloquies,' it is to Ossian that all the most lovely lyrical passages are allocated. He defeats again and again the solemn monitions of his saintly co-disputant, by the most tender and impassioned recall of the old delights of the land he so loved. Now it is the plaintive whistle of the sea-mews, now the bellow of the oxen and the low of the calves of Glend'mhael, or the soft, swift gallop of the fawns in the forest glade, or the murmur of the falling mountain streams. Above all, the song of the blackbird haunts him; reviving in his old-man's heart all that was sweetest in the youth and joyous springtime of the Fiann era, when it was at its most auspicious period. Ossian's ode to the 'Blackbird of Derrycarn,' which is generally found in the Gaelic MSS., printed apart from the current Patrick-cum-Ossian text, is one of the most sweet and haunting of all his lyrical recountings of that joyous past. Fortunately, it is accompanied as printed first in the transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin by an excellent translation by William Leahy; which however, excellent as it is,—as excellent as any foreign tongue can make it seem,—yet can render no full account of the charm and melancholy sweetness and music of the Gaelic. We have adopted, with some slight modifications, this version of Leahy's:—

#### TO THE BLACKBIRD OF DERRYCARN

##### *Ossian Sang*

SWEET bird and bard of sable wing,  
 Sweet warbler, hid in Carna grove,  
 No lays so haunting, shall I hear  
 Again, though round the earth I rove.

\*The *Dord* was a hunting or war horn.

Cease, son of Alphron, cease thy bells,  
 That call sick men to church again!  
 In Carna wood now hark awhile,  
 And hear my blackbird's magic strain.

Ah, if its plaint thou truly heard,  
 Its melancholy song of old,  
 Thou wouldst forget thy psalms awhile,  
 As down thy cheeks the tears were rolled.

For where it sings, in Carna wood,  
 That westward throws its sombre shade,  
 There, listening to its strain too long,  
 The Fians—noble race—delayed.

That note it was, from Carna wood,  
 That woke the hind on Cora steep;  
 That note it was, in the wakeful dawn,  
 Lulled Fionn yet to sweeter sleep.

It sang beside the weedy pool  
 That into triple rills divides,  
 Where, cooling in the crystal wave,  
 The bird of silvery feather glides.

It sang again by Croan's heath,  
 And from yon water-girded hill,  
 A deeper note, a cry of woe,  
 That lingers—tender, pensive—still.

It sang so once to Fionn's host,  
 And pleased the heroes with its plaint:  
 More lore, they deemed, the blackbird knew,  
 Than lurks in penances, O Saint!

So far we have been drawing chiefly upon the rich Irish store of these things; but the Fianna of Albin were as rich in saga as the Fianna of Erin, and the Scottish Ossianic or Fiannic ballads and stories are fully as interesting. They show certain differences, local and temporal, from the purely Irish corresponding versions of the same events in the Fian tribal warfare; but there is no doubt that the early basis of tradition is the same in both countries. The Norse coloring is more marked, and much sooner felt, in the Scottish than in the Irish Ossianic material. We soon come, in fact, as we ransack the Scottish MSS., upon the signs of the third stage in the history of the cycle. Of these stages, it may be well to remind the reader here that the first is, roughly speaking, the passage of Aryan myth



into definite heroic forms of tradition,—in this case forms which carry the radiant colors of Fian heroes; the second stage is the use of the tradition to express the early dramatic conflict between Christian and pagan Celtdom; the third stage is the vigorous adaptation again of the same tradition to the moving bardic narrative of the struggle with the Norse invaders; the fourth stage is the slow process through centuries of comparative peace, by which the bards and chroniclers, falling back upon the past, spent their art, memory, and imagination upon the accumulated materials,—selecting from them, modifying them, inventing too on occasion, or coloring anew the parts that had become worn, but yet through all this preserving a certain fidelity to the essentials of the cycle. The fifth stage is that of the deliberate literary use of the materials, by men of genius like Macpherson, who are of course fully justified in their doings if only they make it quite clear what their relation to their original materials is. There is yet another stage which we might add: that of the modern patient critical investigation of such a cycle, so as to clear the ground for its future uses both by science and by poetry.

In tracing these stages, one may find it convenient to treat both the Irish and Scottish Gaelic contributions to the subject as one; but in the third which we mentioned, where it is a question of the Norse invader, we certainly get our best popular illustrations from the Scottish side. Take for example the ballad of 'The Fian Banners,' which shows in so striking a light the combination of archaic and later material. There is a heroic ring about it which must suffice here to suggest the fine old Gaelic tune to which it was sung traditionally as the Gaelic tribes marched to war against the invading Vikings.

#### THE FIAN BANNERS

THE Norland King stood on the height  
And scanned the rolling sea;  
He proudly eyed his gallant ships  
That rode triumphantly.

And then he looked where lay his camp,  
Along the rocky coast,  
And where were seen the heroes brave  
Of Lochlin's famous host.

Then to the land he turned, and there  
A fierce-like hero came;  
Above him was a flag of gold,  
That waved and shone like flame.

"Sweet bard," thus spoke the Norland King,

"What banner comes in sight?

The valiant chief that leads the host,

Who is that man of might?"

"That," said the bard, "is young MacDoon;

His is that banner bright;

When forth the Féinn to battle go,

He's foremost in the fight."

"Sweet bard, another comes; I see

A blood-red banner tossed

Above a mighty hero's head

Who waves it o'er a host."

"That banner," quoth the bard, "belongs

To good and valiant Rayne;

Beneath it, feet are bathed in blood

And heads are cleft in twain."

"Sweet bard, what banner now I see?

A leader fierce and strong

Behind it moves with heroes brave

Who furious round him throng."

"That is the banner of Great Gaul:\*

That silken shred of gold

Is first to march and last to turn,

And flight ne'er stained its fold."

"Sweet bard, another now I see,—

High o'er a host it glows:

Tell whether it has ever shone

O'er fields of slaughtered foes?"

"That gory flag is Cailt's,†" quoth he:

"It proudly peers in sight;

It won its fame on many a field

In fierce and bloody fight."

"Sweet bard, another still I see;

A host it flutters o'er,

Like bird above the roaring surge

That laves the storm-swept shore."

"The Broom of Peril," quoth the bard,  
 "Young Oscar's banner, see:  
 Amidst the conflict of dread chiefs  
 The proudest name has he."

The banner of great Finn we raised;  
 The Sunbeam gleaming far,  
 With golden spangles of renown  
 From many a field of war.

The flag was fastened to its staff  
 With nine strong chains of gold,  
 With nine times nine chiefs for each chain;  
 Before it foes oft rolled.

"Redeem your pledge to me," said Finn:  
 "Uplift your deeds of might,  
 To Lochlin as you did before  
 In many a blood-stained fight!"

Like torrents from the mountain heights,  
 That roll resistless on,  
 So down upon the foe we rushed,  
 And victory won.

"The Lochlins," or "the people of Lochlin," was the usual name given to the Norse invaders by the old Gaels. In fact, the name still survives in many current proverbs, as well as in Fian fragments of rhyme and balladry.

The whole history of the Ossianic saga-cycle affords, through all the five stages we have roughly assigned to it, a curious study of primitive tradition enriching itself by constant accretions, and adapting itself to new conditions. The cycle does not even confine itself, in this process, to purely Celtic colors and heroic devices. It carries us on occasion back into the far East, where its mythic first beginnings were, as the late J. F. Campbell pointed out in his 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' There are suggestions, and very strong ones, not only of Aryan folk-lore but of Arabian romance. It is true, one does not find to the same degree as in the Welsh 'Mabino-gion' the infusion of the mediæval chivalric sentiment, turned to such delightful account by the Latin races. But there are instances in plenty to be cited of chivalric devices, from the Ossianic sagas, which seem to connect themselves with more southern chivalries.

Some of the customs of the ancient Celtic chivalry bear a curious resemblance to the more finished code of mediæval Europe. If a lady put *geasa* (obligation) on a knight or chief, he must obey her, no matter what she asked of him. Thus when the great Finn



was still in his barbaric youth, and clad in the skins of wild animals, he met one day with a highly romantic adventure. Approaching a stream that ran between steep banks, he descried on one side a party of damsels, and on the other a party of knights. One who was clearly the princess among these maidens was, on Finn's approach, loudly declaring that he who should desire her hand must first leap the deep, swift stream betwixt them. On the other bank stood the unfortunate lover, clapping his arms, without courage for the deed. Thereat Finn came boldly forward, and asked the lady if her hand should be his on his accomplishing the feat? She answered that he looked a handsome youth, though so marvelously ill clad; and that he might have her if he showed himself man enough for the deed. So Finn took the leap; but then she laid *geasa* on him that he should do the like every year. Another princess laid *geasa* upon him that he should leap over a *dallan* as high as his chin, with another stone of the same size borne upward on the palm of his hand.

Another and tragic instance of the *geasa* is to be found in the fate of the beautiful but unfortunate Diarmud MacDoon: one of the most unforgettable figures in all Ossianic literature. Diarmud possessed one fatal gift, the *ball-seirce*,—the power of kindling love in all the women he met. He was said to have the magic "spot of beauty" on his forehead, which drew the hearts of all who looked on him. He was a nephew of Finn, who rejoiced in his bold feats. The beginning of his misfortune was the wedding feast of Finn with Grainne, the daughter of King Cormac. At the feast the bride laid *geasa* on Diarmud that he should carry her off from her people; and though this was against his own feeling and his oath of chivalry, he was obliged to obey. The well-known beautiful ballad 'The Lay of Diarmud' tells the story of this tragic episode, and Diarmud's death. The story has been told again and again by Gaelic and Anglo-Celtic poets; and in its many different versions affords a key of many wards to the Ossianic entrance-gate. We have references to it in eleventh-century MSS., as well as in nineteenth-century reprints; and in its most recent reincarnation in modern Irish poetry, we have a suggestive instance to compare with the literary method of a very different school of poetry in the last century,—Macpherson's, to wit.

Before we turn now, and finally, to the consideration of Macpherson's Ossiana, as resuming in another form and under other colors the old heroic spirit of the cycle, let us remind the reader that its whole extent, from the old primitive Fionn and Diarmud and Ossian to their mediæval or modern counterpart, is simply immense. We can only pretend here to show the way into this enchanted realm, and to give a clue to the best and most picturesque parts of it. But it must be remembered that there is a great deal of

rough ground to get over, and many a thorny thicket to be struggled through, and many a tiring monotonous road to be traversed. These are the risks of the adventure; but such risks did not frighten away Ossian and his fellowship of old, and ought not to frighten the Ossianic student to-day who reads, as they fought, with some spirit and mother-wit.

Fianna, or Faerie Host,\*—as sure as old Celtic history can make them, or as tenuous as the myths of the elements personified by primitive man ere the Gael reached Britain, they leave one at last haunted by a music that is only to be found in Celtic poetry. For a last echo of its melody we must fall back on an unrhymed version, as affording a fairer point of departure into the long dithyrambic rhymeless Ossiana of Macpherson.

IN WELL-DEvised battle array,  
Ahead of their fair chieftain  
They march amidst blue spears,  
White, curly-headed bands.

They scatter the forces of their foes,  
They ravage every hostile land,  
Splendidly they march, they march,—  
Impetuous, avenging host!

No wonder if their strength be great:  
Sons of kings and queens, each one!  
On all their heads are  
Beautiful golden-yellow manes;

With smooth, comely bodies,  
With bright blue-starred eyes,  
With pure crystal teeth,  
With thin red lips:

Splendidly they march, they march:  
Good they are at man-slaying.

In these lines of the 'Fairy Host' we have a color, a life, that is indicative of old Celtic poetry, and that we miss in the Ossianic poetry of Macpherson. Broadly, the gloom which characterizes so much modern Celtic and Anglo-Celtic poetry is not to be found in the ancient ballads and narratives. True, a genuinely indicative sense of fatality, of the inevitableness of tragic doom, is often to be found there. To this day, 'The Lay of Diarmud and Grainne,' or the story

\* This is a common interpretation: but the real Fairy Host of tradition is the mythical Dedannan folk, the Tuatha dé Danann,—“the proudly secure, beautiful, song-loving, peaceful, hunting people” who inhabited Ireland before it was invaded by the Milesians; *i. e.*, the Iberian-Celtic immigration from Spain under Mil (Mil, Miledh, or Miles).



of 'The Children of Lir,' whether accepted as they have come to us, or (as in the latter instance) disengaged from early monkish or mediæval embroidering, remain typical Celtic productions; as, on another side, may be said of the relatively little known but remarkable 'Lay of the Amadan Mor,' or 'The Great Fool,' a Gaelic type after the manner of a Sir Galahad crossed with Don Quixote.\*

In Macpherson's 'Ossian'—much of which is mere rhetoric, much of which is arbitrary, and of the eighteenth rather than of the third century—the abiding charm is that of the lament of a perishing people; the abiding spell, that of the passing of an ancient and irrevocable order of things. We read it now, not as an authentic chronicle of the doings of Finn and his cycle, not even as an authentic patchwork of old ballads and narratives, but as an imaginary record based upon fragmentary and fugitive survivals, told not according to the letter but according to the spirit,—told too in the manner of the sombre imagination of the Highland Gael, an individual distinct in many respects from his Irish congener. But we touch the bed-rock of Celtic emotion here too, again and again.

But first let us see how the rhythmic prose of some of the ancient poets runs; for it is often ignorance that makes English critics speak of Macpherson's prose as wholly arbitrary and unnatural to the Celtic genius. Here is a very ancient Ossianic production known as

#### CREDHE'S LAMENT

THE haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of Rinn-dá-bharc! The drowning of the warrior of loch dá chonn—that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marshlands of Druim-dá-thrén! 'Tis she that may not save her brood alive: the wild dog of two colors is intent upon her nestlings. A woeful note, and O a woeful note, is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits! but not more cheerful is the wail that the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woeful sound, and O a woeful sound, is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish! Dead lies the doe of Druim Silenn: the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death—his death, that used to lie with me! . . . Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form! That the wave should have swept over his white body,—that is what hath distracted me, so great was his

\* It is interesting to note that he has an equivalent in the Peronik of Breton-Celtic legend, as well as in Cymric and Arthurian romance.



delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore-surf makes upon the strand! seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man; to me it is an affliction that Cael ever sought to encounter it. A woeful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach! beating as it does against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael, now that he is gone. A woeful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages against the southern shore! As for me, my span is determined! . . . A woeful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits! As for me, the calamity that is fallen upon me having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more. Since now Crimthann's son is drowned, one that I may love after him there is not in being. Many a chief is fallen by his hand, and in the battle his shield never uttered outcry!

There are some who prefer these old Celtic productions literally translated, while others can take no pleasure in them unless they are rendered anew in prose narrative or in rhymed verse. 'Credhe's Lament' exemplifies one kind; the following Ossianic ballad the other. It is an extended and less simple but otherwise faithful version of the lament of Deirdrê (Macpherson's Darthula—for the Irish *Deirdrê* is in the Highlands *Dearduil*, which is pronounced *Darthool*), the Helen of Gaeldom.

#### DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH

THE lions of the hill are gone,  
And I am left alone—alone:  
Dig the grave both wide and deep,  
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,  
And I am left alone—alone:  
Dig the grave both deep and wide,  
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,  
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping:  
Dig the grave, and make it ready,  
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright  
By the warriors' sides aright:  
Many a day the three before me  
On their linkèd bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,  
'Neath each head, the blue claymore:  
Many a time the noble three  
Reddened their blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,  
Of the greyhounds at their feet:  
Many a time for me have they  
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,  
Hook and arrow, line and bow:  
Never again, by stream or plain,  
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever,—  
Harsh to me, your sister, never;  
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,  
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh to hear my true-love singing!  
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing;  
Like the sway of ocean swelling  
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing  
Round our green and fairy shealing,  
When the three, with soaring chorus,  
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep, morn and even:  
Lark, alone enchant the heaven!  
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,  
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—  
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—  
Heron, in the free air warm ye—  
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,  
Rulers of the ridge of war;  
Never more 'twill be your fate  
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,  
Traitors false and tyrants strong,  
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,  
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!  
 Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!  
 Tenfold woe and black dishonor  
 To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep:  
 Sick I am, and fain would sleep!  
 Dig the grave and make it ready;  
 Lay me on my true-love's body.

Here now are two of the Ossianic ballads as Macpherson has rendered them, trying in his rhythmic prose to capture the spirit and charm and glamour of the original. The theme of the first, of a woman disguising herself as a man so as to be near or perhaps to reach her lover, is common to many lands.

### COLNA-DONA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

ARGUMENT.—Fingal dispatched Ossian, and Toscar the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighboring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamored of Toscar. An incident at a hunting party brings their loves to a happy issue.

**C**OL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales,  
 I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing  
 halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the  
 king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the  
 foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's  
 heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who among  
 the maids was like the Love of Heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king we moved to Crona of the  
 streams,—Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields.  
 Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were  
 borne before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of  
 the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his  
 foes; he had rolled away the strangers like a troubled sea. We  
 came to the place of renown; from the mountains descended  
 night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high.  
 I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall;  
 for at the fame of their race they brighten in the wind.



I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed at intervals three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mold around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveler shall lay him by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war; the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, "This gray stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years."

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches, before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale! I pursued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crána, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul; they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace? they will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed

Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean, when it bursts from a cloud and brightens the foamy side of a wave.

[Here an episode is entirely lost; or at least is handed down so imperfectly that it does not deserve a place in the poem.]

With morning we awaked the woods, and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Colamon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Colamon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized with love her soul as it wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall: give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose!

### THE SONGS OF SELMA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

**S**TAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud; thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint



of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

## COLMA

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both



to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent forever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it now till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Once more, readers may care to see a fragment of an authentic old Ossianic ballad, that of the 'Colloquy of Oisín and St. Patrick,' with literal translation by its side. Oisín and St. Patrick are at feud throughout; Oisín in effect ever telling the Christian saint that he cannot believe his unworthy tales, and above all his disparagements about Fionn and his heroes; and St. Patrick in turn assuring him that Fionn and all his chivalry "now have hell for their portion."

13

'Nuair a shuig headh Fiunn air chnochd  
Sheinnemid port don Ord fhiann  
Chuire nan còdal na slòigh  
'S Ochòin ba bhinne na do chliar.

13

When Fionn sat upon a hill, and sang  
a song to our heroes which would en-  
chant the multitude to sleep, oh how  
much sweeter was it than thy hymns!

14

Smeorach bheag dhuth o Ghleann  
smàil  
Faghar nom bàre rie an tuinn  
Sheinnemid fein le' puist  
'Sbha sinn fein sair Cruitt ro bhinn.

14

Sweet are the thrush's notes, and long  
the sound of the rushing waves; but  
sweeter far the voice of the harps,  
when we struck them to the sound of  
our songs.

15

Bha bri gaothair dheug aig Fiunn  
Zugradhmed cad air Ghleann smàil  
'Sbabbhenne Glaoghairm air còn  
Na do chlaig a Cleirich chàidh.

15

Loud of old we heard the voices of  
our heroes among the hills and glens;  
and more sweet in mine ears that  
noise, and the noise of your hounds,  
than thy bells, O cleric!

Students of old Gaelic literature in the original should consult in particular the 'Transactions of the Ossianic Society' (Dublin), and the late J. F. Campbell's superb and invaluable 'Leabhar na Feinne.'

But now the subject may fittingly be taken leave of in the 'Death-Song of Ossian,'—a song familiar throughout Gaeldom in a score of forms. Here the rendering of Macpherson is given, as not only beautiful in itself, and apt to the chief singer of ancient Gaels, but also as conveying something of the dominant spirit which permeates the Ossianic ballads and poems and prose romances, from the days when the earliest Fian bards struck their *clarsachs* (rude harps) to the latest of the Ossianic chroniclers of to-day, the poet of 'The Wanderings of Usheen' (W. B. Yeats):—

#### THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN

SUCH were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times!

The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the Voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of the bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

William Sharp

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Ernest Rhys

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## OUIDA

### (LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

(1839-1908)

**T**HE novels of Ouida belong to no distinct school of fiction. They are rather a law unto themselves in their mingling of extravagant romance with realism; of plots that might have come out of the 'Decameron,' with imaginative fancies as pure and tender as those of an innocent and dreamy child; of democratic ideals worthy of Rousseau and Byron, with a childlike love of rank and its insignia.

Ouida is less dramatic than lyric in the style and form of her novels. Her strong poetic feeling is the source at once of her weakness and of her strength as a writer of fiction. She has the poet's sympathy with nature, and the poet's sensitiveness to beauty in every form; but she lacks the dramatist's insight into the complexities of human nature. She has only a faint perception of the many delicate gradations of character between exalted goodness and its opposite extreme. She is at her best when she is writing of primitive natures, and of lives close to the earth. The peasant boy in 'A Dog of Flanders,' yearning to look once upon the Christ of Rubens; Signa, a gifted child of the people, striving to express the passionate soul of music within him; the heroine of 'In Maremma,' hiding her girlhood in the dim richness of an Etruscan tomb; Cigarette in 'Under Two Flags,' dying for love as only a child of nature can: these simple, sensuous, passionate children are the creation of Ouida's genius. She has sympathy with the single-hearted emotions of the sons of the soil. Her temperament fits her to understand their hates and loves, so free from artificial restraints; their hopes and fears compressed into intensity by the narrowness of their mental outlook. She can portray child-life with exquisite truthfulness, because children when left to themselves are primitive in thought and feeling; natural in their emotions and direct in their expression of them. They are



OUIDA



the true democrats of society. Because Ouida is a poet, she has the spirit of democracy; which belongs to poets and children, and to all childlike souls who have love in their hearts, and know nothing of the importance of amassing money and making proper marriages. This idealizing, dreamy, and from an economical standpoint worthless, democracy of feeling, draws her to the oppressed, the down-trodden, and the poor; to suffering children, and to geniuses whose souls seek the stars while their bodies are racked with hunger.

Ouida's creed receives a personal embodiment in Tricotrin, the hero of the novel by that name. He is one of the most fascinating of her creations; yet he is only half real, being the product of her poetical rather than her dramatic instinct. He is entitled to wealth and rank, yet he despises both; he has the knowledge of the man of the world combined with the saintliness of Francis of Assisi, yet he is less of a saint than of a philosopher, and less of a philosopher than of a poet. He roams over the world, living out the poetry within him in Christ-like deeds of mercy; he sacrifices his life at last for the good of the Paris mob.

In Ouida's novels the innocent and the high-minded are continually suffering for others. To her, the world stands ready to stone genius and goodness. The motto of her books might be the one which she places at the head of 'Signa': "I cast a palm upon the flood; the deeps devour it. Others throw lead, and lo! it buoyant sails." Her women who are near to God and nature are crucified by their love; her men of the same type by their nobility. Ouida finds no place for great souls in society as it exists. She divides humanity into two classes,—the good and the bad, the artificial and the natural. In one class she places children, peasants, and poets; and about these three orders she has woven her most beautiful and tender and unreal romances. In the other class she places the Vere de Veres, the worshipers of Mammon, the schemers and the sharks of society. Ouida's intense temperament induces her always to deal in extremes, whether of wealth or rank or goodness. In her, however, exaggeration becomes refreshment, because she is enough of an artist to clothe her most daring excursions into the improbable with a realistic atmosphere. Her society novels are as far removed from the realism of modern fiction as 'The Mysteries of Udolpho'; yet their epigrammatic comments upon society and human nature lend to them a fictitious lifelikeness. In 'The Princess Napraxine,' 'Othmar,' 'A House Party,' 'Friendship,' and the redoubtable 'Moths,' Ouida portrays a world with which she is somewhat familiar. She has been upon the edges of it,—a precarious position for a woman of her temperament. She is half in and half out of the society towards which she is, on the whole, antagonistic.

Her real name was Louise de la Ramée; an Englishwoman of French extraction, she was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1839. She was reared in London, and there began to write for periodicals; taking as a pen-name a younger sister's contraction of her Christian name, «Louise.» Her first novel, (*Granville de Vigne*), was published as a serial in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, and appeared in book form in 1863. It is typical of the majority of her later stories of high life. Ouida is a lover of rank only when rank is synonymous with distinction. She appreciates to the full the poetic elements in the character of the true aristocrat, the Vandyke or Velasquez noble; but she has the greatest contempt for the modern fashionable mob of London or Paris, which values wealth above blood, and notoriety above breeding. The insular, Philistine materialism of high-born Englishmen is peculiarly distasteful to her. Another novel, (*The Massarenes*), is a powerful satire upon the English aristocracy. William Massarene is a low-born Irishman, who, having made a monstrous fortune in the United States, buys the way for himself and his family into the highest circles in England. His millions secure him everything from a seat in Parliament to the friendship of royalty. Ouida treats this theme with great skill and penetration. Her mockery of the "thoroughbred" puppets, fawning on wealth in the guise of vulgarity, reaches its height of expression in this book. At the same time she does justice to the genuine aristocrat by portraying one English nobleman, at least, who refuses to join the mob in their chase of gold. Ouida matches the vulgarity of America with the vulgarity of England; her fiercest condemnation falls on her own countrymen, however, because she assumes that they know better.

She found her consolation in the last home and refuge of poetry in this century, — Italy. Of late years she lived in Florence. Her susceptibility to beauty made her peculiarly successful in her novels of Italian life. These are worked out against a background of romantic nature, and of places rich in traditions of poetry and art. They are steeped in the magical air of the land which knew Petrarch and Raphael. They portray with sympathy the gay, pensive, passionate, graceful Italian character. Not a few of Ouida's novels and stories will live because of the leaven of poetry in them. Their barbarous extravagance and their meretricious one-sidedness are outweighed by their genuine perception of the noblest qualities of human nature, and by their recognition of the beautiful. Although they do not conform to the highest standard of romantic fiction, the first demand of which is truth to reality, they provide an escape into that world which differs sufficiently from the actual world to offer all the refreshments of change.

Mademoiselle de la Ramée died in Italy in 1908.



## THE SILK STOCKINGS

From 'Bébée, or Two Little Wooden Shoes'

"IF I could save a centime a day, I could buy a pair of stockings this time next year," thought Bébée, locking her shoes with her other treasures in her drawer the next morning, and taking her broom and pail to wash down her little palace.

But a centime a day is a great deal in Brabant, when one has not always enough for bare bread, and when, in the long chill winter, one must weave thread lace all through the short daylight for next to nothing at all: for there are so many women in Brabant, and every one of them, young or old, can make lace, and if one do not like the pitiful wage, one may leave it and go and die for what the master lace-makers care or know; there will always be enough, many more than enough, to twist the thread round the bobbins, and weave the bridal veils and the trains for the courts.

"And besides, if I can save a centime, the Varnhart children ought to have it," thought Bébée, as she swept the dust together. It was so selfish of her to be dreaming about a pair of stockings, when those little things often went for days on a stew of nettles.

So she looked at her own pretty feet,—pretty and slender and arched, rosy and fair and uncramped by the pressure of leather,—and resigned her day-dream with a brave heart, as she put up her broom and went out to weed and hoe and trim and prune the garden that had been for once neglected the night before.

"One could not move half so easily in stockings," she thought with true philosophy, as she worked among the black fresh sweet-smelling mold, and kissed a rose now and then as she passed one.

When she got into the city that day, her rush-bottomed chair, which was always left upside down in case rain should fall in the night, was set ready for her; and on its seat was a gay, gilded box, such as rich people give away full of bonbons.

Bébée stood and looked from the box to the Broodhuis, from the Broodhuis to the box; she glanced around, but no one had come there so early as she, except the tinker, who was busy quarreling with his wife, and letting his smelting-fire burn a hole in his breeches.



"The box was certainly for her, since it was set upon her chair." — Bébée pondered a moment; then little by little opened the lid.

Within, on a nest of rose-satin, were two pair of silk stockings! — real silk! — with the prettiest clocks worked up their sides in color!

Bébée gave a little scream, and stood still, the blood hot in her cheeks. No one heard her: the tinker's wife, who alone was near, having just wished Heaven to send a judgment on her husband, was busy putting out his smoking small-clothes. It is a way that women and wives have, and they never see the bathos of it.

The Place filled gradually.

The customary crowds gathered. The business of the day began underneath the multitudinous tones of the chiming bells. Bébée's business began too; she put the box behind her with a beating heart, and tied up her flowers.

It was fairies, of course! but they had never set a rush-bottomed chair on its legs before, and this action of theirs frightened her.

It was rather an empty morning. She sold little, and there was the more time to think.

About an hour after noon, a voice addressed her,—

"Have you more moss-roses for me?"

Bébée looked up with a smile, and found some. It was her companion of the cathedral. She had thought much of the red shoes and the silver clasps, but she had thought nothing at all of him.

"You are not too proud to be paid to-day?" he said, giving her a silver franc—he would not alarm her with any more gold; she thanked him, and slipped it in her little leathern pouch, and went on sorting some clove-pinks.

"You do not seem to remember me?" he said with a little sadness.

"Oh, I remember you," said Bébée, lifting her frank eyes. "But you know I speak to so many people, and they are all nothing to me."

"Who is anything to you?" It was softly and insidiously spoken, but it awoke no echo.

"Vanhart's children," she answered him instantly. "And old Annémie by the wharveside—and Tambour—and Antoine's grave—and the starling—and of course, above all, the flowers."

"And the fairies, I suppose? though they do nothing for you."

She looked at him eagerly:—

"They have done something to-day. I have found a box, and some stockings—such beautiful stockings! Silk ones! Is it not very odd?"

"It is more odd they should have forgotten you so long. May I see them?"

"I cannot show them to you now. Those ladies are going to buy. But you can see them later—if you wait."

"I will wait and paint the Broodhuis."

"So many people do that: you are a painter then?"

"Yes—in a way."

He sat down on an edge of the stall, and spread his things there, and sketched, whilst the traffic went on around them. He was very many years older than she; handsome, with a dark and changeful and listless face; he wore brown velvet, and had a red ribbon at his throat; he looked a little as Egmont might have done when wooing Claire.

Bébée, as she sold the flowers and took the change fifty times in the hour, glanced at him now and then, and watched the movements of his hands—she could not have told why.

Always among men and women, always in the crowds of the streets, people were nothing to her; she went through them as through a field of standing corn,—only in the field she would have tarried for poppies, and in the town she tarried for no one.

She dealt with men as with women: simply, truthfully, frankly, with the innocent fearlessness of a child. When they told her she was pretty, she smiled; it was just as they said that her flowers were sweet.

But this man's hands moved so swiftly; and as she saw her Broodhuis growing into color and form beneath them, she could not choose but look now and then, and twice she gave her change wrong.

He spoke to her rarely, and sketched on and on in rapid bold strokes the quaint graces and massive richness of the *Maison du Roi*.

There is no crowd so busy in Brabant that it will not find leisure to stare. The Fleming or the Walloon has nothing of the Frenchman's courtesy: he is rough and rude; he remains a peasant even when town-bred, and the surly insolence of the



"Gueux" is in him still. He is kindly to his fellows, though not to beasts; he is shrewd, patient, thrifty, industrious, and good in very many ways, but civil never.

A good score of them left off their occupations and clustered round the painter, staring, chattering, pushing, pointing, as though a brush had never been seen in all the land of Rubens.

Bébée, ashamed of her people, got up from her chair and rebuked them.

"O men of Brussels, fie then, for shame!" she called to them as clearly as a robin sings. "Did never you see a drawing before? and are there not saints and martyrs enough to look at in the galleries? and have you never some better thing to do than to gape wide-mouthed at a stranger? What laziness—ah! just worthy of a people who sleep and smoke while their dogs work for them! Go away, all of you; look, there comes the gendarme,—it will be the worse for you.—Sir, sit under my stall; they will not dare trouble you then."

He moved under the awning, thanking her with a smile; and the people, laughing, shuffled unwillingly aside and let him paint on in peace. It was only little Bébée; but they had spoilt the child from her infancy, and were used to obey her.

The painter took a long time. He set about it with the bold ease of one used to all the intricacies of form and color, and he had the skill of a master. But he spent more than half the time looking idly at the humors of the populace, or watching how the treasures of Bébée's garden went away one by one in the hands of strangers.

Meanwhile, ever and again, sitting on the edge of her stall, with his colors and brushes tossed out on the board, he talked to her; and with the soft imperceptible skill of long practice in those arts, he drew out the details of her little simple life.

There were not always people to buy; and whilst she rested and sheltered the flowers from the sun, she answered him willingly,—and in one of her longer rests showed him the wonderful stockings.

"Do you think it *could* be the fairies?" she asked him a little doubtfully.

It was easy to make her believe any fantastical nonsense; but her fairies were ethereal divinities. She could scarcely believe that they had laid that box on her chair.



"Impossible to doubt it!" he replied unhesitatingly. "Given a belief in fairies at all, why should there be any limit to what they can do? It is the same with the saints, is it not?"

"Yes," said Bébée thoughtfully.

The saints were mixed up in her imagination with the fairies in an intricacy that would have defied the best reasonings of Father Francis.

"Well, then, you will wear the stockings, will you not? Only, believe me, your feet are far prettier without them."

Bébée laughed happily, and took another peep in the cozy rose-satin nest. But her little face had a certain perplexity. Suddenly she turned on him.

"Did not *you* put them there?"

"I? never!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite; but why ask?"

"Because," said Bébée, shutting the box resolutely and pushing it a little away, "because I would not take it if you did. You are a stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine always said."

"Why take a present, then, from the Varnhart children, or your old friend who gave you the clasps?"

"Ah, that is very different. When people are poor, very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save for and make with such a difficulty are just things that are a pleasure; sacrifices: like your sitting up with a sick person at night, and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?"

"I know you talk very prettily. But why should you not take any one else's present, though he may not be poor?"

"Because I could not return it."

"Could you not?"

The smile in his eyes dazzled her a little; it was so strange, and yet had so much light in it: but she did not understand him one whit.

"No; how could I?" she said earnestly. "If I were to save for two years, I could not get francs enough to buy anything worth giving back; and I should be so unhappy, thinking of the debt of it always. Do tell me if you put those stockings there?"

"No," he looked at her, and the trivial lie faltered and died away; the eyes, clear as crystal, questioned him so innocently.

"Well, if I did?" he said frankly, "you wished for them: what harm was there? Will you be so cruel as to refuse them from me?"

The tears sprang into Bébée's eyes. She was sorry to lose the beautiful box, but more sorry he had lied to her.

"It was very kind and good," she said regretfully. "But I cannot think why you should have done it, as you had never known me at all. And indeed, I could not take them, because Antoine would not let me if he were alive; and if I gave you a flower every day all the year round I should not pay you the worth of them—it would be quite impossible; and why should you tell me falsehoods about such a thing? a falsehood is never a thing for a man."

She shut the box and pushed it towards him, and turned to the selling of her bouquets. Her voice shook a little as she tied up a bunch of mignonette and told the price of it.

Those beautiful stockings! why had she ever seen them, and why had he told her a lie?

It made her heart heavy. For the first time in her brief life the Broodhuis seemed to frown between her and the sun.

Undisturbed, he painted on and did not look at her.

The day was nearly done. The people began to scatter. The shadows grew very long. He painted, not glancing once elsewhere than at his study. Bébée's baskets were quite empty.

She rose, and lingered, and regarded him wistfully: he was angered; perhaps she had been rude? Her little heart failed her.

If he would only look up!

But he did not look up; he kept his handsome dark face studiously over the canvas of the Broodhuis. She would have seen a smile in his eyes if he had lifted them; but he never raised his lids.

Bébée hesitated: take the stockings she would not; but perhaps she had refused them too roughly. She wished so that he would look up and save her speaking first; but he knew what he was about too warily and well to help her thus.

She waited awhile, then took one little red moss-rosebud that she had saved all day in a corner of her basket, and held it out to him frankly, shyly, as a peace-offering.

"Was I rude? I did not mean to be. But I cannot take the stockings; and why did you tell me that falsehood?"



He took the rosebud and rose too, and smiled; but he did not meet her eyes.

"Let us forget the whole matter: it is not worth a sou. If you do not take the box, leave it: it is of no use to me."

"I cannot take it."

She knew she was doing right. How was it that he could make her feel as though she were acting wrongly?

"Leave it then, I say. You are not the first woman, my dear, who has quarreled with a wish fulfilled. It is a way your sex has of rewarding gods and men. Here, you old witch—here is a treasure-trove for you. You can sell it for ten francs in the town anywhere."

As he spoke he tossed the casket and the stockings in it to an old decrepit woman, who was passing by with a baker's cart drawn by a dog; and not staying to heed her astonishment, gathered his colors and easel together.

The tears swam in Bébée's eyes as she saw the box whirled through the air.

She had done right—she was sure she had done right.

## HOW TRICOTRIN FOUND VIVA

From 'Tricotrin'

IT WAS autumn; a rich golden autumn of France, with the glow of burning sunsets, and the scarlet pomp of reddened woods, and the purple and the yellow of grapes gathered for the wine-press, and the luscious dreamy odor of overripened fruits crushed by careless passing feet, upon the orchard mosses. Afar off, in the full noonday, the winding road was white and hot with dust; but here in a nook of forest land, in a dell of leafy growth between the vineyards which encompassed it, the air was cool and the sunlight broken with shade, while, through its stillness where the boughs threw the shadow darkest, a little torrent leapt and splashed, making music as it went, and washing round the base of an old ivy-grown stone tower that had fallen to ruin in the midst of its green nest.

There was no sound except one, beside that of the bright tumbling stream, though now and then there came in from the distance the ring of a convent clock's bells, or the laugh of a



young girl at work among the vines;—no sound except one, and that was the quick, sharp, gleeful crack of nuts in a monkey's teeth. There were squirrels by the score there in that solitary place who had right, hereditary and indisputable they would have said, to all the nuts that the boughs bore and the grasses hid: but Mistigri was no recognizer of rights divine; she loved nuts, and cared little how she got them, and she sat aloft in her glory, or swung herself from twig to twig, crushing and eating and flinging the shells away with all that gleeful self-satisfaction of which a little black monkey is to the full as capable, after successful piracy, as any conquering sovereign.

"Mistigri, Mistigri!" said her companion surveying her, "who could doubt your human affinity who once had seen you pilfer? Monkey stows away her stolen goods in a visible pouch unblushingly; man smuggles his away unknown in the guise of 'profit' or 'percentage,' 'commerce' or 'annexation,'—the natural advancement of civilization on the simple and normal thieving. Increased cranium, increased caution: that's all the difference, eh, Mistigri?"

Mistigri cocked her head on one side, but would not waste time in replying: her little shiny black mouth was full of good kernels.

"Why talk when you can take?" she would have asked.

Her owner did not press for an answer; but sung, carelessly, snatches of Goethe's 'Millsong' and of Müller's 'Whisper,' his voice chiming in with the bubble of the stream while he took at intervals his noontide meal, classic and uncostly, of Chasselas grapes and a big brown roll.

He was a man of some forty years, dressed in a linen blouse, with a knapsack as worn as an African soldier's lying at his feet, unstrapped, in company with a flask of good wine and a Straduarious fiddle. He himself was seated on a fallen tree, with the sun breaking through the foliage above in manifold gleams and glories, that touched the turning leaves bright red as fire, and fell on his own head when he tossed it up to fling a word to Mistigri, or to catch the last summer-song of a blackbird. It was a beautiful Homeric head: bold, kingly, careless, noble, with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture;—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his God Lyæus. The features were beautiful too, in their varied mobile

eloquent meanings; with their poet's brows, their reveler's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting utterances, whose contradictions made one unity—the unity of genius.

At this moment there was only the enjoyment of a rich and sunny nature, in an idle moment, written on them, as he ate his grapes and threw fragments of wit up at Mistigri where she was perched among the nut boughs. But the brilliant eyes, so blue in some lights, so black in others, had the lustre and the depths of infinite meditation in them; and the curling lips that were hidden under the fullness of their beard had the delicate fine mockery of the satirist blent with the brighter, franker mirth of genial sympathies. And his face changed as he cast the crumbs of his finished meal to some ducks that paddled lower down in the stream, where it grew stiller around the old tower, and took up his Straduarius from the ground with the touch of a man who loves the thing that he touches. The song of the water that had made the melody to his banquet was in his brain;—sweet, wild, entangled sounds that he must needs reproduce, with the selfsame fancy that a painter must catch the fleeting hues of fair scenes that would haunt him forever unless exorcised thus.

"Quiet, Mistigri!" he said softly, and the monkey sat still on her hazel bough, eating indeed, but noiselessly. He listened one moment more to the stream, then drew the bow across the strings. The music thrilled out upon the silence, catching the song of the brook in harmony as Goethe caught it in verse,—all its fresh delicious babble, all its rush of silvery sound, all its cool and soothing murmur, all its pauses of deep rest. All of which the woodland torrent told: of the winds that had tossed the boughs into its foam; of the women-faces its tranquil pools had mirrored; of the blue burden of forget-me-nots and the snowy weight of lilies it had borne so lovingly; of the sweet familiar idyls it had seen, where it had wound its way below quaint mill-house walls choked up with ivy-growth, where the children and the pigeons paddled with rosy feet upon the resting wheel; of the weary sighs that had been breathed over it beneath the gray old convents where it heard the miserere steal in with its own ripple, and looked, itself, a thing so full of leaping joy and dancing life to the sad eyes of girl-recluses,—all these of which it told, the music told again. The strings were touched by an artist's hand; and all that duller ears heard, but dimly, in the splash and surge



of the brown fern-covered stream, he heard in marvelous poems, and translated into clearer tongue—the universal tongue which has no country and no limit, and in which the musician speaks alike to sovereign and to savage.

There was not a creature there to hear, save the yellow-winged loriotes, and Mistigri, who was absorbed in nuts: but he played on to himself an hour or more for love of the theme and the art; and an old peasant woman, going through the trees at some yards distance, and seeing nothing of the player for the screen of leaves, laughed and stroked the hair of a grandchild who clung to her, afraid of the magical woodland melodies: "The wood-elves, little one? Bah! that is only Tricotrin!"

Her feet, brushing the fallen leaves with pleasant sound, soon passed away; he played on and on,—such poetry as Bamboche drew from his violin, whereat Poussin bowed his head, weeping with the passion of women, as through his tears he beheld as in a vision the "Et in Arcadia Ego."

Then, as suddenly as he had begun, Tricotrin dropped the bow and ceased, and struck a light and smoked,—a great Arab pipe of some carved wood, black and polished by long use. On the silence that succeeded there came a low laugh of delight,—the laugh of a very young child. He looked up and down and among the ferns at his feet; the laughter was close beside him, yet he could see nothing. He smoked on indifferently, watching the bright eyes of the birds glancing out from the shadow: then the laugh came again, close at his side, as it sounded; he rose and pushed aside some branches, and looked over a broken rail behind him, beyond a tangled growth of reeds and rushes.

There he saw what had aroused him from his smoke-silence: more than half hidden under the moss and the broad tufted grasses, stretching her hands out at the gorgeous butterflies that fluttered above her head, and covered with the wide yellow leaves of gourds and the white fragrant abundance of traveler's-joy, was the child whose laughter he had heard. A child between two and three years old, her face warm with the flush of past sleep, her eyes smiling against the light, her hair lying like gold-dust on the moss, her small fair limbs struggling uncovered out of a rough red cloak that alone was folded about her. The scarlet of the mantle, the whiteness of the clematis, the yellow hues of the wild gourds, the color of the winged insects, the head of the child rising out of the mosses, and the young face that looked



like a moss-rosebud just unclosing, made a picture in their own way; and he who passed no picture by, but had pictures in his memory surpassing all the collected art of galleries, paused to survey it with his arms folded on the rail.

Its solitude, its strangeness, did not occur to him; he looked at it as at some painting of his French brethren's easels,—that was all. But the child, seeing a human eye regard her, forgot her butterflies and remembered human wants; she stretched her hands to him instead of to her playmates of the air. "*J'ai faim!*" she cried, with a plaintive self-pity: bread would be better than the butterflies.

"Hungry?" he answered, addressing her as he was wont to do Mistigri. "I have nothing for you. Who brought you there, you Waif and Stray? Put down there and left, to get rid of the trouble of you, apparently? Well, D'Alembert was dropped down in the streets, and found a foster-mother in a milkwoman, and *he* did pretty well afterward. Perhaps some dainty De Tencin brought you likewise into the world, and has hidden you like a bit of smuggled lace, only thinking you nothing so valuable. Is it so, eh?"

"*J'ai faim!*" cried the child afresh: all her history was comprised to her in the one fact that she wanted bread,—as it is comprised to a mob.

"Catch, then!" he replied to the cry, dropping into her hands from where he leant, a bunch of the Chasselas grapes that still remained in his pocket. It sufficed: the child was not so much pained by hunger as by thirst, though she scarcely knew the difference between her own sensations; her throat was dry, and the grapes were all she wanted. He, leaning over the lichen-covered rail, watched her while she enjoyed them one by one. She was a very pretty child; the prettier for that rough moss covering, out of which her delicate fair shoulders and chest rose uncovered, while the breeze blew about her yellow glossy curls.

"Left there to be got rid of—clearly," he murmured to her. "Any one who picks you up will do you the greatest injury possible. Die now in the sunshine among the flowers: you will never have such another chance of a poetical and picturesque exit. Who was ingenious enough to hide you there? The poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou? or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal? Was it Magdalene who has to wear sackcloth for having dared to sin without money to buy

absolution? or Messalina who covers ten thousand poisonous passions with a silver-embroidered robe, and is only discreetly careful of 'consequences'? Which was your progenitrix, little one, eh?"

To this question so closely concerning her, the Waif could give no answer, being gifted with only imperfect speech; but happy in the grapes, she laughed up in his eyes her unspoken thanks, shaking a cluster of clematis above her head, as happy in her couch of flowers and moss as she could have been in any silver cradle. The question concerned her in nothing yet: the bar sinister could not stretch across the sunny blue skies, the butterflies flew above her as familiarly as above the brow of a child-queen, and the white flowers did not wither sooner in bastard than in legitimate hands.

"How the sun shines on you, as if you were a princess!" he soliloquized to her. "Ah! Nature is a terrible socialist; what republicans she would make of men if they listened to her. But there is no fear for them,—they are not fond enough of her school! You look very comfortably settled here, and how soon you will get life over. You are very fortunate. You will suffer a little bit,—paf! what of that? Everybody suffers that little bit sooner or later, and it grows sharper the longer it is put off. Suppose you were picked up by somebody and lived: it would be very bad for you. You would be a lovely woman, and lovely women are the devil's aides-de-camp. You would snare men in your yellow hair, and steal their substance with the breath of your lips, and dress up lying avarice as love, and make a miser's greed wear the smile of a cherub. Ah! that you would. And then would come age, a worse thing for women like you than crime or death; and you would suffer an agony with every wrinkle, and a martyrdom with every whitening lock; and you would grow hard, and haggard, and painted, and hideous even to the vilest among men; and you would be hissed off the stage in hatred by the mouths that once shouted your triumphs, while you would hear the fresh comers laugh as they rushed on to be crowned with the roses that once wreathed your own forehead. And then would come the end,—the hospital and the wooden shell, and the grave trampled flat to the dust as soon almost as made, while the world danced on in the sunlight unheeding. Ah! be wise. Die while you can, among your butterflies and flowers!"



The child, lying below there in her nest, looked up in his eyes again and laughed: "Viva!" she cried, while she clasped her grapes in her two small hands.

"Viva? What do you mean by that? Do you mean, imperfectly, to ask to live an Italian? Fie then! That is unphilosophic. Take the advice of two philosophers. Bolingbroke says there is so much trouble in coming into the world and in going out of it, that it is barely worth while to be here at all; and I tell you the same. He had the cakes and ale too, but the one got stale and the other bitter. What will it be for you who start with neither cakes nor ale? Life's not worth much to a man. It is worth just nothing at all to a woman. It is a mistake altogether; and lasts just long enough for all to find that out, but not long enough for any to remedy it. We always live the time required to get thoroughly uncomfortable, and as soon as we are in the track to sift the problem—paf!—out we go like a rush-light, the very moment we begin to burn brightly. Be persuaded by me, and don't think of living: you have a golden opportunity of getting quittance of the whole affair. Don't throw it away!"

The good advice of Experience was, as it always is, thrown away on the impetuosity of Ignorance. The child laughed still over her Chasselas bunch, murmuring still over and over again the nearest approach she knew to a name:—

"Viva—Viva—Viva!"

"The obstinacy of women prematurely developed. Why *will* you not know when you are well off? 'Those whom the gods love die young.' If you would just now prefer to have your mother's love instead of the gods', you are wrong. What have you before you? You will be marked 'outcast.' You will have nothing as your career except to get rich by snaring the foolish; or to be virtuous and starve on three halfpence a day, having a pauper's burial as reward for your chastity. If you live, your hands must be either soiled or empty. I would die among the clematis if I were you."

But the child, persistently regardless of wise counsel, only laughed still, and strove to struggle from her network of blossom and of moss.

"Your mind is set upon living,—what a pity!" murmured her solitary companion. "When your hair is white, how you will wish you had died when it was yellow;—everybody does, but while the yellow lasts nobody believes it! You want to live? So



Eve wanted the 'fruit of fairest colors.' If I were to help you to have your own way now, you would turn on me thirty years hence as your worst enemy. Were you able to understand reason—but your sex would prevent that, let alone your age. Let us ask Mistigri. Mistigri, is that Waif to live or to die?"

The companion and counselor, who lived in his pocket and was accustomed to be thus appealed to, had swung herself down on to the grass, and was now squatted on the rail beside him. The child, catching sight of the monkey, tried to stretch and stroke her; and Mistigri, who was always of an affable, and when she had eaten sufficient herself, of a generous turn of mind, extended her little black paw, and tendered a nut, as an overture to an acquaintance.

"*You* vote for life too?" cried Tricotrin. "Bah, Mistigri! I thought you so sensible—for your sex! When a discerning mother, above the weakness of womenkind, has arranged everything so neatly, we should be the most miserable sentimentalists to interfere."

As he spoke, the little creature, who had been vainly striving to free herself from her forest-cradle, ceased her efforts and looked up in piteous mute entreaty, her eyes wet and soft with glistening tears, her mouth trembling with an unspoken appeal.

He who saw a wounded bird only to help it, and met a lame dog only to carry it, was unable to resist that pathetic helplessness. He turned and lifted his voice.

"Grand'mère Virelois, are you there? Here is something in your way, not in mine."

In answer to the shout there came out from the low broken door of the ruined tower an old peasant woman, brown and bent and very aged, but blithe as a bird, and with her black eyes as bright as the eyes of a mouse, under the white pent-house of her high starched cap.

"What is it, good Tricotrin?" she asked, in that sweet, singing voice that makes the accent of many French peasant women so lingering and charming on the ear,—the voice that has in it all the contentment of the brave, cheery spirit within.

"A Waif and Stray," answered Tricotrin. "Whether from Mary Magdalene or Madame la Marquise is unknown; probably will never be known. Curses go home to roost, but chickens don't. The Waif is irrational: she thinks a mouthful of black bread better than easy extinction among the ferns. Claudine de

Tencin has left a feminine D'Alembert in a moss-cradle: are you inclined to play the part of the foster-mother?"

Grand'mère Virelois listened to the harangue, comprehending it no more than if he had spoken in Hebrew; but she was used to him, and thought nothing of that.

"What is it I am to see?" she asked again, peering curiously with lively interest among the leaves. Before he could answer she had caught sight of the child, with vehement amaze and ecstatic wonder; the speech had been as Hebrew to her, but the fact was substantial and indisputable. Crossing herself in her surprise, with a thousand expletives of pity and admiration, she bent her little withered but still active form beneath the rail, and stooped and raised the foundling—raised her, but only a little from the ground.

"Holy Virgin! Tricotrin!" she cried, "look here! the child is fastened. Help me!"

He looked quickly as she called him, and saw that the withes of osiers and the tendrils of wild vine had been netted so tightly around the limbs, tied here and there with strong twine, that the infant could never have escaped from its resting-place; it had evidently been so fastened that the child might perish there unseen. His face darkened as he looked.

"Murder, then! not mere neglect. Ah! this is Madame la Marquise at work, not Magdalene!" he murmured, as he slashed the network right and left with his knife, and set the Waif at liberty; while Grand'mère Virelois went into a woman's raptures on the young beauty of the "petit Gésu," and a woman's vehement censures of a sister's sin.

Tricotrin smoked resignedly, while her raptures and her diatribes expended themselves; it was long before either were exhausted.

"Don't abuse the mother," he interposed at last. "Everybody gets rid of troublesome consequences when they can. We've done no good in disturbing her arrangements. We have only disinterred a living blunder that she wished to bury."

"For shame, Tricotrin!" cried Grand'mère, quivering with horror, while she folded the child in her withered arms. "You can jest on such wickedness! You can excuse such a murderess!"

"Paf!" said Tricotrin, lightly blowing away a smoke ring. "The whole system of creation is a sliding scale of murders.



All the world over, life is only sustained by life being extinguished."

Grand'mère Virelois, who was a pious little woman, shuddered and clasped the child nearer.

"Ah—h—h! the vile woman! How will she see Our Lady's face on the last day?"

"How she will meet the world she lives in is more the question with her now, I imagine. An eminently sagacious woman! and you and I are two sentimentalists to interfere with her admirably artistic play. So you *would* live, little one? I wonder what you will make of what you have got! A Jeremiad if you are a good silly woman; a Can-can measure if you are a bad clever one. Which will it be, I wonder?"

"Mon Dieu, it is an angel!" murmured Grand'mère; "such hair, like silk,—such eyes,—such a rose for a mouth! And left to die of hunger and cold! Ah, may the Holy Mary find her out and avenge her crime, the wicked one!"

"The vengeance will come quick if the sinner live in a garret; it will limp very slowly if she shelter in a palace. Well, since you take that child in your arms, do you mean to find her the piece of bread the unphilosophic castaway will want?"

"Will I not! if I go without myself. Oh, the pretty little child! who could have left you? Wherever the mother dwells, may the good God hunt her down!"

"Deity as a detective? Not a grand idea that. Yet it is the heavenly office that looks dearest to man when it is exercised upon others! Grand'mère, answer me: Are you going to keep that Waif?"

The bright, brown, wrinkled, homely face of the good old woman grew perplexed.

"Ah, my friend, times are so bad, it is hard work to get a bit in the pot for one's self; and I stitch, stitch, stitch, and spin, spin, spin, till I am blind many a time. And yet the pretty child—with no one to care for it! I do not know,—she must be brought up hard if she come to me. Not a lentil even to put in the water and make one fancy it is soup, in some days these hard times! But do you know nothing more of her than this, Tricotrin?"

"Nothing."

His luminous eyes met hers full and frankly; she knew—all the nations where he wandered knew—that the affirmative of Tricotrin was more sure than the truth of most men's oaths.



"Then she must be abandoned here by some wretch to starve unseen?"

"It looks like it."

"Ah! the little angel! What does the barbarous brutal heart of stone deserve?"

"What it will get if it lodge in the breast that rags and tatters cover; what it will not get if it lodge in the breast that heaves under silks and laces."

"True enough! but the good God will smite in his own time. Oh, little one, how could they ever forsake thee?" cried Grand'mère, caressing afresh the child, who was laughing and well content in her friendly and tender hold.

"Then you are going to adopt her?"

"Adopt her? Mother of Jesus! I dare not say that. You know how I live, Tricotrin,—how hardly, though I try to let it be cheerfully. If I had a little more she should share it, and welcome; but as it is—not a mouthful of chestnuts, even, so often; not a drop of oil or a bit of garlic sometimes weeks together! She would be better off at the Foundling Hospital than with me. Besides, it is an affair for the mayor of the commune."

"Certainly it is. But if the most notable mayor can do nothing except send this foundling among the others, would you like better to keep her?"

Grand'mère Virelois was silent and thoughtful a minute; then her little bright eyes glanced up at him from under their white linen roofing, with a gleam in them that was between a smile and a tear.

"You know how I lost *them*, Tricotrin. One in Africa, one at the Barricades, one crushed under a great marble block, building the Préfet's palace. And then the grandchild too,—the only little one,—so pretty, so frail, so tender, killed that long bitter winter, because the food was so scarce, like the young birds dead on the snow! You know, Tricotrin? and what use is it to take her to perish like him, though in her laughter and her caresses I might think that he lived again?"

"I know!" said Tricotrin softly, with an infinite balm of pity, and of the remembrance that was the sweetest sympathy, in his voice. "Well, if M. le Maire can find none to claim her, she shall stay with you, Grand'mère: and as for the food, that shall not trouble you; I will have a care of that."

"*You?* Holy Jesus! how good!"

"Not in the least. I abetted her in her ignorant and ridiculous desire to exchange a pleasant death among the clematis for all the toil and turmoil of prolonged existences; I am clearly responsible for my share in the folly. I cut the meshes that her sagacious mother had knotted so hardly. I must accept my part in the onus of such unwarrantable interference. You keep the Waif; and I will be at the cost of her."

"But then, Tricotrin, you call yourself poor?"

"So I am. But one need not be a millionaire to be able to get a few crumbs for that robin. The creature persisted in living, and I humored her caprice. It was mock humanity, paltry sentiment; Mistigri was partly at fault, but I mostly. We must accept the results. They will be disastrous probably,—the creature is feminine,—but such as they are we must make the best of them."

"Then *you* will adopt her?"

"Not in the least. But I will see she has something to eat; and that you are able to give it her if her parents cannot be found. Here is a gold bit for the present minute; and when we know whether she is really and truly a Waif, you shall have more to keep the pot over your fire full and boiling. Adieu, Grand'mère."

With that farewell, he, heedless of the voluble thanks and praises that the old woman showered after him, and of the outcries of the child who called to Mistigri, put his pipe in his mouth, his violin in his pocket, and throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, brushed his way through the forest growth.

"Mock sentiment!" he said to himself. "You and I have done a silly thing, Mistigri. What will come of it?"

## THE STEEPLE-CHASE

From 'Under Two Flags'

THE bell was clanging and clashing passionately, as Cecil at last went down to the weights, all his friends of the Household about him, and all standing "crushers" on their champion; for their stringent *esprit de corps* was involved, and the Guards are never backward in putting their gold down, as all the world knows. In the inclosure, the cynosure of devouring



eyes, stood the King, with the *sang froid* of a superb gentleman, amid the clamor raging round him, one delicate ear laid back now and then, but otherwise indifferent to the din, with his coat glistening like satin, the beautiful tracery of vein and muscle, like the veins of vine-leaves, standing out on the glossy, clear-carved neck that had the arch of Circassia, and his dark, antelope eyes gazing with a gentle, pensive earnestness on the shouting crowd.

His rivals too were beyond par in fitness and in condition, and there were magnificent animals among them. Bay Regent was a huge raking chestnut, upward of sixteen hands, and enormously powerful, with very fine shoulders, and an all-over-like-going head; he belonged to a colonel in the Rifles, but was to be ridden by Jimmy Delmar of the 10th Lancers, whose colors were violet with orange hoops. Montacute's horse, Pas de Charge, which carried all the money of the Heavy Cavalry,—Montacute himself being in the Dragoon Guards,—was of much the same order: a black hunter with racing blood in him, loins and withers that assured any amount of force, and no fault but that of a rather coarse head, traceable to a slur on his 'scutcheon on the distaff side from a plebeian great-grandmother, who had been a cart mare,—the only stain in his otherwise faultless pedigree. However, she had given him her massive shoulders, so that he was in some sense a gainer by her, after all. Wild Geranium was a beautiful creature enough,—a bright bay Irish mare, with that rich red gloss that is like the glow of a horse-chestnut, very perfect in shape, though a trifle light, perhaps, and with not quite strength enough in neck or barrel; she would jump the fences of her own paddock half a dozen times a day for sheer amusement, and was game to anything.\* She was entered by Cartouche of the Enniskillens, to be ridden by "Baby Grafton," of the same corps, a feather-weight, and quite a boy, but with plenty of science in him. These were the three favorites; Day Star ran them close,—the property of Durham Vavassour, of the Scots Grays, and to be ridden by his owner,—a handsome flea-bitten gray sixteen-hander, with ragged hips, and action that looked a trifle stringhalt, but noble shoulders, and great force

\*The portrait of this lady is that of a very esteemed young Irish beauty of my acquaintance; she this season did seventy-six miles on a warm June day, and eat her corn and tares afterward as if nothing happened. She is six years old.

in the loins and withers: the rest of the field, though unusually excellent, did not find so many "sweet voices" for them, and were not so much to be feared; each starter was of course much backed by his party, but the betting was tolerably even on these four, all famous steeple-chasers,—the King at one time, and Bay Regent at another, slightly leading in the ring.

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under way, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbow glittered in the bright noon sun. As Forest King closed in, perfectly tranquil still, but beginning to glow and quiver all over with excitement, knowing as well as his rider the work that was before him, and longing for it in every muscle and every limb, while his eyes flashed fire as he pulled at the curb and tossed his head aloft, there went up a general shout of "Favorite!" His beauty told on the populace, and even somewhat on the professionals, though the Legs kept a strong business prejudice against the working powers of "the Guards' crack." The ladies began to lay dozens in gloves on him; not altogether for his points, which perhaps they hardly appreciated, but for his owner and rider,—who, in the scarlet and gold with the white sash across his chest, and a look of serene indifference on his face, they considered the handsomest man of the field. The Household is usually safe to win the suffrages of the sex.

In the throng on the course, Rake instantly bonneted an audacious dealer who had ventured to consider that Forest King was "light and curby in the 'ock." "You're a wise 'un, you are!" retorted the wrathful and ever eloquent Rake: "there's more strength in his clean fat legs, bless him! than in all the round thick mile-posts of *your* half-breeds, that have no more tendon than a bit of wood, and are just as flabby as a sponge!" Which hit the dealer home just as his hat was hit over his eyes,—Rake's arguments being unquestionable in their force.

The thoroughbreds pulled and fretted and swerved in their impatience; one or two over-contumacious bolted incontinently; others put their heads between their knees in the endeavor to draw their riders over their withers; Wild Geranium reared straight upright, fidgeted all over with longing to be off, passaged with the prettiest, wickedest grace in the world, and would have given the world to neigh if she had dared, but she knew it would be very bad style, so, like an aristocrat as she was, restrained,



herself; Bay Regent almost sawed Jimmy Delmar's arms off, looking like a Titan Bucephalus; while Forest King, with his nostrils dilated till the scarlet tinge on them glowed in the sun, his muscles quivering with excitement as intense as the little Irish mare's, and all his Eastern and English blood on fire for the fray, stood steady as a statue for all that, under the curb of a hand light as a woman's, but firm as iron to control, and used to guide him by the slightest touch.

All eyes were on that throng of the first mounts in the Service; brilliant glances by the hundred gleamed down behind hot-house bouquets of their chosen color, eager ones by the thousand stared thirstily from the crowded course, the roar of the Ring subsided for a second, a breathless attention and suspense succeeded it; the Guardsmen sat on their drags, or lounged near the ladies with their race-glasses ready, and their habitual expression of gentle and resigned weariness in nowise altered because the Household, all in all, had from sixty to seventy thousand on the event, and the Seraph mourned mournfully to his chee-root, "That chestnut's no end *fit*," strong as his faith was in the champion of the Brigades.

A moment's good start was caught—the flag dropped—off they went, sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment, and they were scattered over the first field; Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths, when Montacute, with his habitual "fast burst," sent Pas de Charge past them like lightning. The Irish mare gave a rush and got alongside of him; the King would have done the same, but Cecil checked him, and kept him in that cool swinging canter which covered the grass-land so lightly; Bay Regent's vast thundering stride was Olympian; but Jimmy Delmar saw his worst foe in the "Guards' crack," and waited on him warily, riding superbly himself.

The first fence disposed of half the field; they crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge; the King was all athirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the jumps as easily as a lapwing. The second fence proved a cropper to several; some awkward falls took place over it, and tailing commenced; after the third field, which was heavy plow, all knocked off but eight, and the real struggle began in

sharp earnest,—a good dozen who had shown a splendid stride over the grass being done up by the terrible work on the clods.

The five favorites had it all to themselves: Day Star pounding onward at tremendous speed, Pas de Charge giving slight symptoms of distress owing to the madness of his first burst, the Irish mare literally flying ahead of him, Forest King and the chestnut waiting on each other.

In the Grand Stand the Seraph's eyes strained after the Scarlet and White, and he muttered in his mustaches, "Ye gods, what's up? The world's coming to an end! Beauty's turned cautious!"

Cautious indeed—with that giant of Pytchley fame running neck to neck by him; cautious—with two-thirds of the course unrun, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious—with the blood of Forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead: but he would be reckless enough by-and-by; reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them, the heavy plowed land leading to them clotted and black and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder. Pas de Charge rose to the first: distressed too early, his hind feet caught in the thorn, and he came down, rolling clear of his rider; Montacute picked him up with true science, but the day was lost to the Heavy Cavalry men. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing, and ran even with him: Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer—true to her sex, she would not bear rivalry; but little Grafton, though he rode like a professional, was but a young one, and went too wildly—her spirit wanted cooler curb.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over; neither whip nor spur was needed. Bertie had only to leave the gallant temper and the generous fire that were roused in their might to go their way and hold their own.



His hands were low; his head a little back; his face very calm, —the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them: Brixworth lay before him. He knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before; the brook that has brought so many to grief over its famous banks, since cavaliers leaped it with their falcon on their wrist, or the mellow note of the horn rang over the woods in the hunting-days of Stuart reigns. They knew it well, that long dark line, shimmering there in the sunlight,—the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before; then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air. Brixworth was passed; the Scarlet and White, a mere gleam of bright color, a mere speck in the landscape, to the breathless crowds in the stand, sped on over the brown and level grassland: two and a quarter miles done in four minutes and twenty seconds. Bay Regent was scarcely behind him; the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires, and Jimmy Delmar rode like Grimshaw himself. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' crack." The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness, landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and "Baby" Graf-ton scarce knew enough to recover it, though he scoured on, nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge, much behind, refused the yawner: his strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first. Montacute struck the spurs into him with a savage blow over the head: the madness was its own punishment; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash. Sir Eyre was hurled out into the brook, and the hope of the Heavies lay there with his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken. Pas de Charge would never again see the starting-flag waved, or hear the music of the hounds, or feel the

gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying-notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing or looking or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed land; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind through that one fatal moment over Brixworth. The turning-flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's passed him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet beats," "A cracker on the King," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are over the fence first," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!"

Were they?

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going, most men, ay, and good riders too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock: he scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had changed. And his comrades of the Household, when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grass-lands and the coppices like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Seraph leading foremost and loudest,—a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air, like the blasts of trumpets, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding-feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult: the delirium of pace had got on him; a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him; and in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretched, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For that instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs, as they dashed the ground up, sounded like thunder, and for



whose herculean strength the plow had no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep now,—there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong, keen west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth; a passionate excitation was in him; every breath of winter air that rushed in its bracing currents round him seemed to lash him like a stripe—the Household to look on and see him beaten!

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil, under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke and had the mastery: he set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle. "O my beauty, my beauty!" he cried, all unconsciously half aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out, the stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning spontaneity, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled; with a magnificent bound like an antelope the gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck-to-neck race once more across the three meadows, with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all: that ditch of artificial water, with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together,—the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guards' horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose: "The chestnut beats!" "The gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent's caught him!" "Violet's winning, Violet's winning!" "The King's neck by neck!" "The King's beating!" "The Guards will get it!" "The Guards' crack has it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Violet will thrash him at the jump!" "Now for it!" "The Guards, the Guards, the Guards!" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, *no!*"

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the Grand Stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side

to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its further side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it was an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no Steward should have set. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale—pale with excitement—as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

“O my darling, my beauty—*now!*”

One touch of the spur—the first—and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort: a flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher, in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water, lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone.

Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the gray swept to the judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. “The Guards win, the Guards win!” and when his rider pulled up at the distance, with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glisten of the embroidered “Cœur Vaillant se fait Royaume,” Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

But as the crowd surged about him, and the mad cheering crowned his victory, and the Household in the splendor of their triumph and the fullness of their gratitude rushed from the drags and the stands to cluster to his saddle, Bertie looked as serenely



and listlessly nonchalant as of old, while he nodded to the Seraph with a gentle smile.

"Rather a close finish, eh? Have you any Moselle Cup going there? I'm a little thirsty."

Outsiders would much sooner have thought him defeated than triumphant; no one who had not known him could possibly have imagined that he had been successful; an ordinary spectator would have concluded that, judging by the resigned weariness of his features, he had won the race greatly against his own will, and to his own infinite ennui. No one could have dreamed that he was thinking in his heart of hearts how passionately he loved the gallant beast that had been victor with him, and that if he had followed out the momentary impulse in him, he could have put his arms round the noble-bowed neck and kissed the horse like a woman!

# OVID

(PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO)

(43 B. C.—17 A. D.)

BY FRANCIS W. KELSEY

**T**HE Augustan Roman came into a full and rich inheritance. Conquest had brought the civilized world into subjection to the city by the Tiber; contact with many peoples, and the adjustment of local institutions to a wide range of conditions, had enlarged the intellectual horizon of the conquerors, while the inpouring of wealth from subject provinces had made possible the leisure and the accumulation of resources essential to progress in matters of culture. Greece, with art, literature, and philosophy developed to a singular perfection, ministered to every longing of awakened taste, offering at the same time inspiration and models of excellence.

This broader and more cultivated life ushered in with the reign of Augustus found spontaneous expression in literature. In poetry two opposing tendencies contended for the mastery. With a few poets the thought of Rome's greatness was uppermost. The responsibility resting upon those whose mission it was "to rule the nations with their sway, to fix the terms of peace, to spare the conquered, and by war subdue the haughty," strengthened allegiance to the ideals of honor and virtue characteristic of the earlier period.

But there were many men who, recognizing the position of the Eternal City as the mistress of nations, yet were less moved by the contemplation of her greatness than attracted by the opportunities which an age of leisure and luxury afforded for self-gratification. As the centralization of governmental functions increased, less room was found for the display of those ambitions which had spurred the youth of the Republic to put forth their most earnest efforts. Contact with the Orient had introduced new forms of vice. As the strain of constant wars yielded to peace, there was a reaction from frugality to extravagance, from the practice of the hardier virtues to the extreme of self-indulgence. The energy that formerly had pressed the Roman eagles to the borders of the known world, flung itself into dissipation. Love, wine, and art were the watchwords of the day. The freshness and glamour could not endure; but they lasted long enough to inspire a group of poets who became the interpreters of this life of gayety



both for their own age and for future times. Four of these poets have often been mentioned together, in the order of succession: Cornelius Gallus, whose writings have perished, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

For the details of the life of Ovid we are indebted to the numerous personal references in his poems. He was born on the 20th of March, B. C. 43. His birthplace was Sulmò (now Solmona), a small town "abounding in cool waters," as he tells us; picturesquely situated in the midst of the Apennines, about ninety miles northeast of Rome. The Ovid family was ancient, of the equestrian rank; but possessed of only moderate means. The constant companion of the poet's youth was his brother Lucius, who was a year older than himself. The father was a practical man, apparently close in matters of business, but ambitious for his sons, to whom he gave the best education that the times afforded. It was his desire that both boys should devote themselves to the law; he placed them at Rome under the most distinguished masters. Lucius manifested an aptitude for legal studies, but the hapless Publius found his duty and his inclination in serious conflict. As he makes confession in the 'Tristia' (Book iv., x.):—

"To me, a lad, the service meet  
Of heaven-born maids did seem more sweet,  
And secretly the Muse did draw me to her feet.

"Oft cried my father, 'Still content  
To humor such an idle bent?  
Even Mæonian Homer did not leave a cent!'

"Stirred by his words, I cast aside  
The spell of Helicon, and tried  
To clothe my thought in phrase with plainest prose allied.

"But of themselves my words would run  
In flowing numbers, and when done,  
Whate'er I tried to write, in web of verse was spun."

In one part of his training, however, Ovid was not unsuccessful. The rhetorician Seneca heard him declaim; and says that "when he took pains he was considered a good declaimer," but that "argumentation of any kind was irksome to him," and that his discourse resembled "loose poetry." His rhetorical studies exerted much influence later on his verse.

When Ovid was nineteen years of age, the bond of unusual affection existing between his brother and himself was severed by the death of Lucius; at this time, he says, "I began to be deprived of half of myself." He made a feeble effort to enter civil life, and

held several petty offices; but routine was distasteful to him, and he preferred to keep himself free from "care-bringing ambition," while his passion for poetry constantly grew stronger:—

"Me the Aonian sisters pressed  
To court retirement safe, addressed  
To that which inclination long had urged as best.

"The poets of the time I sought,  
Esteemed them with affection fraught  
With reverence; as gods they all were in my thought."

At some time after his brother's death Ovid studied at Athens, and made an extended tour in Asia Minor and Sicily in company with the poet Macer. He became saturated with Greek culture; and many a passage in his poems has a local coloring due to his inspection of the spot described.

The earliest productions of our poet were recited in public when his "beard had only once or twice been cut." His songs were immediately popular. He became a member of the literary circle of Rome, and made the acquaintance of prominent men. Having sufficient means to free him from the necessity of labor for his own support, he mingled with the gay society of the metropolis, and wrote when in the mood for writing. He secured a house near the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, where he lived happily with his third wife; for the first wife, given to him "when little more than a boy," and a second wife also, had been speedily divorced.

So the years passed, in pleasure and in the pursuit of his art; and the poet fondly imagined that all would continue as it had been. But suddenly, in the latter part of the year 8 A. D., without a word of warning, an order came from the Emperor Augustus, directing him at once to take up his residence at Tomi, a dreary outpost on the Black Sea, south of the mouths of the Danube. He received the message when on the island of Elba. Returning to Rome, he made preparations for his departure; his picture of the distress and confusion of his last night at home ('*Tristia*,' Book i., iii.) is among the most pathetic in ancient literature. He crossed the stormy Adriatic in the month of December, and reached Tomi, after a long and wearisome journey, probably in the spring of 9 A. D. His wife remained in Rome to intercede for his pardon.

The pretext assigned for the decree of banishment was the publication of the poet's '*Art of Love*'; which, however, had been before the public for a decade, and was hardly worse in its tendencies than many other writings of the time. The real reason is often darkly hinted at by Ovid, but nowhere stated. To discuss the subject at



length would be idle: all things considered, it seems probable that the poet had involuntarily been a witness to something which, if known, would compromise some member of the imperial family; and that it was deemed expedient, as a matter of policy, to remove him as far from Rome as possible.

The decree was not a formal sentence of exile: Ovid was left in possession of his property, and did not lose the rights of citizenship. But his lot was nevertheless a hard one. The climate of Tomi was so severe that wine froze in the winter. The natives were half-civilized. The town was wholly without the comforts of life, and even subject to hostile attacks; especially in winter, when tribes from the north could cross the Danube on the ice. For a younger man, full of life and vigor, enforced residence at Tomi would have been a severe punishment: Ovid was past the age of fifty, beyond the period when men adjust themselves readily to new surroundings. Absence from the city for any reason was looked upon by the average Roman as exile; for the pleasure-loving poet the air of joyous Rome had been life itself. Who can wonder that his spirit was crushed by the weight of his misfortune? He sent to Augustus poem after poem, rehearsing his sorrows and begging for a remission of his sentence, or at least for a less inhospitable place of banishment. Yet he was not unkindly to those among whom his lot was cast. He learned the language of the people of Tomi, and composed in it some verses which the natives received with tumultuous applause; they honored him with exemption from public burdens. So long as Augustus lived there was some hope of pardon; but even this faded away when Tiberius came to the throne. The poet's health finally succumbed to the climate and to the strain; he died in 17 A. D., and was buried at Tomi.

The poems of Ovid may be conveniently arranged in three groups: Poems of Love, Mythological Poems ('Metamorphoses,' 'Fasti'), and Poems of Exile. The 'Metamorphoses' and a short fragment ('Hali-eutica') are written in hexameter verse; all his other poems are in the elegiac measure, which he brought to the highest perfection.

Noteworthy among the poems of the first group are the 'Love-Letters' ('Epistolæ Heroidum'), assumed to have been written by the heroines of the olden times to their absent husbands or lovers. Penelope writes to Ulysses how she lived in constant anxiety for his safety all through the long and weary Trojan war, and begs him to return and put an end to her unbearable loneliness. Briseis, apologizing for her letter "writ in bad Greek by a barbarian hand," implores Achilles either to slay her or bid her come back to him. The fair CEnone, deserted for Helen, reproaches Paris with his fickleness; Medea rages with uncontrollable fury as she recalls to Jason the rites of his new marriage; and Dido with fond entreaty presses

Æneas to abide at Carthage. Every imaginable phase of passionate longing and despair comes to expression in these cleverly conceived epistles, which in the development of thought and in the arrangement of words show abundant traces of the poet's rhetorical studies.

The 'Loves' ('Amores') consist of forty-nine short poems, written at different times, and arranged in three books. While the variety of topics touched upon is great, the 'Loves' as a whole celebrate the charms of Corinna, whom the poet presents as his mistress. But there is reason to suppose that Corinna was altogether a fiction, created by the poet's fancy to furnish a concrete attachment for his amatory effusions. The most pleasing of these poems is the elegy on the death of a pet parrot, which has often been imitated; but the poet hardly anywhere strikes a higher level than in the bold prophecy of his immortality, at the end of the first book.

The 'Loves' were followed by 'Ars Amatoria' (Art of Love), which was published about 2 B. C. This was a didactic poem in three books, concerned with the methods of securing and retaining the affections. The first two books are addressed to men, the third to the fair sex. While characterized by psychological insight and a style of unusual finish, this work reflects conditions so foreign to those of our day that it does not appeal to modern taste, and it is very little read. A supplementary book on 'Love-Cures' ('Remedia Amoris') published three or four years later, recommends various expedients for delivering one's self from the thralldom of the tender passion.

The 'Fasti' (Calendar) is arranged in six books, one for each month from January to June. Ovid clearly intended to include also the remaining months of the year, but was prevented by his banishment; the part completed received its final revision at Tomi. Under each month the days are treated in their order; the myths and legends associated with each day are skillfully interwoven with the appropriate details of worship, and a certain amount of astronomical information. Thus, under March 15th, we find a mention of the festival of Anna Perenna, with an entertaining account of the rites and festivals in her honor; then come the various stories which are told to explain how her worship at Rome originated; lastly there is a reference to the assassination of Julius Cæsar, who fell on that date. The following day, March 16th, is passed with the statement that in the morning the fore part of the constellation Scorpio becomes visible. Apart from the charm of the 'Fasti' as literature, the numerous references to Roman history and institutions, and to details of topography, lend to the poem a peculiar value for the student.

The most important work of Ovid is the 'Metamorphoses,' or 'Transformations,' which comprises about eleven thousand lines, and



is divided into fifteen books. From one of the elegies written at Tomi ('Tristia,' Book i., vii.), we learn that when the poet was banished the work was still incomplete; in a fit of desperation he burned the manuscript, but as some of his friends had copies, the poem was preserved. In point of structure, thought, and form the 'Metamorphoses' has characteristics that ally it with both epic and didactic poetry; but it is more nearly akin to the latter class than to the former. The purpose is to set forth, in a single narrative, the changes of form which, following current myths, had taken place from the beginning of things down to the poet's own time.

The poem begins with the evolution of the world out of chaos; it closes with the transformation of Julius Cæsar into a star. Between these limits the poet has blended as it were into a single movement two hundred and sixteen stories of marvelous change. For the last two books he drew largely upon Roman sources; the rest of the matter was taken from the Greek,—the stories following one another in a kind of chronological order. Notwithstanding the diversity and amount of the material utilized in the poem, the parts are so well harmonized, and the transitions are so skillfully made, that the reader is carried along with interest almost unabated to the end.

The 'Sorrows' ('Tristia'), in five books, are made up of short poems written during the first four years of Ovid's residence at Tomi; they depict the wretchedness of his condition, and plead for mercy. Of a similar purport are the 'Letters from the Black Sea' ('Epistulæ ex Ponto'), in four books, which are addressed to various persons at Rome, and belong to the period from 12 A. D. to near the end of the poet's life. The 'Letters' particularly show a marked decline in poetical power.

Besides these and a few other extant poems, Ovid left several works that have perished. Chief among them was a tragedy called 'Medea,' to which Quintilian gave high praise.

Poetry with Ovid was the spontaneous expression of an ardent and sensuous nature; his ideal of poetic art was the ministry of pleasure. There is in his verse a lack of seriousness which stands in marked contrast with the tone of Virgil, or even of Horace. His point of view at all times is that of the drawing-room or the dinner-table; the tone of his poetry is that of the cultivated social life of his time. No matter what the theme, the same lightness of touch is everywhere noticeable. Up to this time, poetic tradition had kept the gods above the level of common life: Ovid treats them as gentlemen and ladies accustomed to good society, whose jealousies, intrigues, and bickerings read very much like a modern novel. In this as in his treatment of love he simply manifested a tendency of his age. His easy relation with the reader gives him a peculiar charm as a story-teller.

As a poet, Ovid possessed a luxuriant imagination, and great facility in the use of language. His manner is usually simple and flowing. His verse is often pathetic, never intense; sometimes elevated, never sublime; abounding in humorous turns, frequently with touches of delicate irony. It is marred sometimes by incongruous or revolting details, or by an excess of particulars which should be left to the imagination of the reader; and also by a repetition of ideas or phrases intended to heighten the effect, but in reality weakening it. In view of the amount of poetry which Ovid produced, it is surprising that the average of quality is so high. He left more than twice as many lines as Virgil, four times as many as Horace, and more than fifteen times as many as Catullus.

Ovid has always been a favorite poet, though read more often in selections than as a whole. To his influence is due the wide acquaintance of modern readers with certain classical myths, as those of Phaëthon and of Pyramus and Thisbe. In the earlier periods of English literature he was more highly esteemed than now, when critical and scientific tendencies are paramount, and the finished poetry of Horace and Virgil is more popular than the more imaginative but less delicate verse of our poet. Milton knew much of Ovid by heart; the authors in whom he took most delight were, after Homer, Ovid and Euripides.

The concreteness of Ovid's imagination has given him an influence greater than that of any other ancient poet in the suggestion of themes for artistic treatment, from Guido's 'Aurora' to the prize paintings at the École des Beaux-Arts.

*Harriet W. Kelley*

**BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.**—There is a notable Elizabethan version of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' by Arthur Golding, published in London 1565-7. It is in ballad metre, usually of fourteen syllables, and has much poetic merit. It is considered certain that Shakespeare was well acquainted with this book. Sandys's 'Metamorphoses' appeared in 1626. The translation of many portions of the (Metamorphoses) by Dryden is well known, and is now easily accessible in the Chandos Classics. There is a version of the (Metamorphoses) entire in blank verse, by Henry King (1871), and one by F. J. Miller in the Loeb Classical Library. Professor Grant Showerman translated the (Heroides) and (Amores) for the same series.

There is a very convenient brief monograph on Ovid in the (Ancient Classics for English Readers,) written by Alfred Church. Less sym-



pathetic than Church's treatment, and not quite complete, is the section on Ovid in Professor Sellar's (*Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.*) There is an excellent essay on Ovid by Professor E. K. Rand in (*Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects*) (Boston, 1912).

There is no complete library edition, nor indeed any annotated edition for English readers, of Ovid entire, nor even of the '*Metamorphoses.*' The '*Heroides*' have been carefully edited by Palmer, the '*Fasti*' by Hallam. Selections from the '*Metamorphoses*' and other poems (*virginibus puerisque*) are in wide use as school text-books.

[These citations are all taken either from the volume Ovid in '*Ancient Classics,*' or from Vol. cxlix. of the '*Chandos Classics.*']

#### ON THE DEATH OF CORINNA'S PARROT

OUR parrot, sent from India's farthest shore,  
 Our parrot, prince of mimics, is no more.  
 Throng to his burial, pious tribes of air,  
 With rigid claw your tender faces tear!  
 Your ruffled plumes, like mourners' tresses, rend,  
 And all your notes, like funeral trumpets, blend!  
 Mourn all that cleave the liquid skies; but chief,  
 Beloved turtle, lead the general grief,—  
 Through long harmonious days the parrot's friend,  
 In mutual faith still loyal to the end!  
 What boots that faith? those splendid hues and strange?  
 That voice so skilled its various notes to change?  
 What to have won my gentle lady's grace?  
 Thou diest, hapless glory of thy race.  
 Red joined with saffron in thy beak was seen,  
 And green thy wings beyond the emerald's sheen;  
 Nor ever lived on earth a wiser bird,  
 With lisping voice to answer all he heard.

'Twas envy slew thee: all averse to strife,  
 One love of chatter filled thy peaceful life;  
 For ever satisfied with scantiest fare,  
 Small time for food that busy tongue could spare.  
 Walnuts and sleep-producing poppies gave  
 Thy simple diet, and thy drink the wave.  
 Long lives the hovering vulture, long the kite  
 Pursues through air the circles of his flight;

Many the years the noisy jackdaws know,  
 Prophets of rainfall; and the boding crow  
 Waits, still unscathed by armed Minerva's hate,  
 Three ages three times told, a tardy fate.  
 But he, our prattler from earth's farthest shore,  
 Our human tongue's sweet image, is no more.  
 Thus still the ravening Fates our best devour,  
 And spare the mean till life's extremest hour.  
 Why tell the prayers my lady prayed in vain,  
 Borne by the stormy south wind o'er the main?  
 The seventh dawn had come, the last for thee;  
 With empty distaff stood the fatal Three:  
 Yet still from failing throat thy accents rung;  
 Farewell, Corinna! cried thy dying tongue.  
 There stands a grove with dark-green ilex crowned  
 Beneath the Elysian hill, and all around  
 With turf undying shines the verdant ground.  
 There dwells, if true the tale, the pious race:  
 All evil birds are banished from the place;  
 There harmless swans unbounded pasture find;  
 There dwells the phoenix, single of his kind;  
 The peacock spreads his splendid plumes in air;  
 The kissing doves sit close, an amorous pair;  
 There, in their woodland home a guest allowed,  
 Our parrot charms the pious listening crowd.  
 Beneath a mound of justly measured size,  
 Small tombstone, briefest epitaph, he lies:  
 "His mistress's darling"—that this stone may show  
 The prince of feathered speakers lies below.

Translation of Alfred Church.

#### FROM SAPPHO'S LETTER TO PHAON

**A** SPRING there is, where silver waters show,  
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;  
 A flowery lotus spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.  
 Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood;  
 She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain,  
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main!



There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;  
 There injured lovers, leaping from above,  
 Their flames extinguish and forget to love.  
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned;  
 In vain he loved,—relentless Pyrrha scorned:  
 But when from hence he plunged into the main,  
 Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain.  
 Hence, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw  
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."  
 She spoke, and vanished with the voice;—I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
 I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove  
 And much I fear; but ah! how much I love!  
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;  
 Let female fears submit to female fires.  
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
 Ye gentle gales, below my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below!  
 And then, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!  
 On Phœbus's shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
 And this inscription shall be placed below:—  
 "Here she who sung to him that did inspire,  
 Sappho to Phœbus, consecrates her lyre;  
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee,—  
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

Translation of Pope.

#### A SOLDIER'S BRIDE (LAODAMIA)

**A** H! TROJAN women (happier far than we),  
 Fain in your lot would I partaker be!  
 If ye must mourn o'er some dead hero's bier,  
 And all the dangers of the war are near,  
 With you at least the fair and youthful bride  
 May arm her husband, in becoming pride;  
 Lift the fierce helmet to his gallant brow,  
 And with a trembling hand his sword bestow;  
 With fingers all unused the weapon brace,  
 And gaze with fondest love upon his face!

How sweet to both this office she will make,—  
 How many a kiss receive, how many take!  
 When all equipped she leads him from the door,  
 Her fond commands how oft repeating o'er:  
 "Return victorious, and thine arms enshrine—  
 Return, beloved, to these arms of mine!"  
 Nor shall these fond commands be all in vain:  
 Her hero-husband will return again.  
 Amid the battle's din and clashing swords  
 He still will listen to her parting words;  
 And if more prudent, still, ah! not less brave,  
 One thought for her and for his home will save.

Translation of Miss E. Garland.

### THE CREATION

OF BODIES changed to various forms I sing.  
 Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,  
 Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,  
 Till I my long laborious work complete;  
 And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,  
 Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.  
 Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,  
 And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,  
 One was the face of nature, if a face;  
 Rather a rude and indigested mass:  
 A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,  
 Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.  
 No sun was lighted up, the world to view;  
 No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;  
 Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,  
 Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie;  
 Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown:  
 But earth and air and water were in one.  
 Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,  
 And water's dark abyss unnavigable.  
 No certain form on any was impressed:  
 All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.  
 For hot and cold were in one body fixed,  
 And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.  
 But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,  
 To these intestine discords put an end.



Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were driven,  
 And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.  
 Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;  
 The next of kin contiguously embrace;  
 And foes are sundered by a larger space.  
 The force of fire ascended first on high,  
 And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.  
 Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;  
 Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.  
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng  
 Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.  
 About her coasts unruly waters roar,  
 And rising on a ridge, insult the shore.  
 Thus when the God, whatever God was he,  
 Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,  
 That no unequal portions might be found,  
 He molded earth into a spacious round;  
 Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,  
 And bade the congregated waters flow.  
 He adds the running springs and standing lakes;  
 And bounding banks for winding rivers makes,—  
 Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most  
 In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost;  
 He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains  
 With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

Translation of Dryden.

### BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

IN PHRYGIAN ground

Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompassed round,  
 Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,—  
 One a hard oak, a softer linden one:  
 I saw the place, and them by Pittheus sent  
 To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.  
 Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt  
 Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:  
 Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise  
 Of mortal men concealed their deities:  
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;  
 And many toilsome steps together trod;  
 For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked,—  
 Not one of all the thousand but was locked.

At last an hospitable house they found,—  
 An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,  
 Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound.  
 There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there  
 Had lived long married, and a happy pair;  
 Now old in love; though little was their store,  
 Inured to want, their poverty they bore,  
 Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.  
 For master or for servant here to call,  
 Was all alike, where only two were all.  
 Command was none, where equal love was paid;  
 Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,  
 Now stooping, entered through the little door;  
 The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)  
 A common settle drew for either guest,  
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.  
 But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays  
 Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise,—  
 Coarse, but the best she had: then takes the load  
 Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad  
 The living coals, and lest they should expire,  
 With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;  
 It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows  
 Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.  
 With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these  
 And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.  
 The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on  
 (Like burnished gold the little seether shone):  
 Next took the coleworts which her husband got  
 From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);  
 She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best  
 She culled, and then with handy care she dressed.  
 High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:  
 Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,  
 And from the sooty rafter drew it down,  
 Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:  
 Yet a large portion of a little store,  
 Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.  
 This in the pot he plunged without delay,  
 To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.  
 The time between, before the fire they sat,  
 And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.



A beam there was, on which a beechen pail  
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:  
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set  
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,  
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.  
This done, the host produced the genial bed.  
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,  
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;  
But coarse old garments,—yet such robes as these  
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.  
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,  
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.  
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,—  
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,  
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,  
So was the mended board exactly reared;  
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint,—  
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.  
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen  
The party-colored olive, black and green;  
Autumnal cornels next in order served,  
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;  
A garden salad was the third supply,  
Of endive, radishes, and succory:  
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,  
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis's busy care  
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.  
All these in earthenware were served to board;  
And next in place an earthen pitcher, stored  
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.  
This was the table's ornament and pride,  
With figures wrought: like pages at his side  
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,  
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.  
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,  
And to the table sent the smoking lard:  
On which with eager appetite they dine,—  
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;  
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,  
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.  
The second course succeeds like that before:  
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store  
Dry figs and grapes and wrinkled dates were set  
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:

All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,  
 Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.  
 But the kind hosts their entertainment grace  
 With hearty welcome, and an open face;  
 In all they did, you might discern with ease  
 A willing mind and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,  
 Though often emptied, were observed to fill,  
 Filled without hands, and of their own accord  
 Ran without feet, and danced about the board.  
 Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast  
 With wine, and of no common grape, increased;  
 And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,  
 Excusing as they could their country fare.  
 One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),  
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,  
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:  
 Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;  
 She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:  
 Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,  
 And would not make her master's compliment;  
 But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,  
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies.  
 He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,  
 And saved her life; then what he was, declared,  
 And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,  
 "Shall justly perish for impiety:  
 You stand alone exempted; but obey  
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way:  
 Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height  
 Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,  
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.  
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,  
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;  
 Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes:  
 Lost in a lake the floated level lies;  
 A watery desert covers all the plains,  
 Their cot alone as in an isle remains;  
 Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore  
 Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,  
 Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,  
 Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk  
 to grow.



A stately temple shoots within the skies:  
 The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:  
 The pavement polished marble they behold,  
 The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of  
                   gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:—  
 "Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;  
 And thou, O woman, only worthy found  
 To be with such a man in marriage bound."

Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,  
 Philemon thus prefers their joint request:—  
 "We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,  
 And offer at your altars rites divine:  
 And since not any action of our life  
 Has been polluted with domestic strife,  
 We beg one hour of death; that neither she  
 With widow's tears may live to bury me,  
 Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear  
 My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race  
 In the same tenor all the appointed space:  
 Then, when their hour was come, while they relate  
 These past adventures at the temple gate,  
 Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen  
 Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green;  
 Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,  
 And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood.  
 New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,  
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;  
 Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,  
 They give and take at once their last adieu:  
 At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;  
 At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.  
 Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows  
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;  
 The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,—  
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.  
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,  
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;  
 And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,—  
 "The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,  
 And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

Translation of Dryden.

A GREWSOME LOVER

A PROMONTORY, sharpening by degrees,  
 Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas;  
 On either side, below, the water flows:  
 This airy walk the giant lover chose;  
 Here in the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,  
 Their shepherd followed, and securely fed.  
 A pine so burly, and of length so vast,  
 That sailing ships required it for a mast,  
 He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;  
 But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.  
 A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,  
 Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth;  
 Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,  
 And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.  
 I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,  
 Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;  
 On Acis's bosom I my head reclined:  
 And still preserve the poem in my mind.

"O lovely Galatea, whiter far  
 Than falling snows and rising lilies are;  
 More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright;  
 Erect as alders, and of equal height;  
 More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin  
 Than Orient shells, that on the shores are seen;  
 Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;  
 Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;  
 More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;  
 And softer to the touch than down of swans,  
 Or curds new turned; and sweeter to the taste  
 Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste;  
 More clear than ice, or running streams that stray  
 Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.

"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke  
 Than bullocks, unreclaimed to bear the yoke;  
 And far more stubborn than the knotted oak;  
 Like sliding streams, impossible to hold:  
 Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:  
 More warping than the willow, to decline  
 My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;  
 Immovable, and fixed in thy disdain;  
 Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;



More violent than is the rising flood;  
And the praised peacock is not half so proud;  
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;  
And more outrageous than a mother-bear;  
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,  
And more revengeful than a trodden snake;  
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,  
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.  
All other faults with patience I can bear;  
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

"Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun  
My love, but to my wished embraces run;  
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;  
And much repent of your unwise delay.

"My palace, in the living rock, is made  
By nature's hand: a spacious pleasing shade,  
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.  
My garden filled with fruits you may behold,  
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;  
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue,  
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.  
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,  
Proud to be gathered by so white a hand;  
Autumnal cornels later fruit provide,  
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:  
Not those of common kinds; but such alone  
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown.  
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,  
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;  
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;  
And yours shall be the product of the year.

"The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside  
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,  
And those that folded in the caves abide.  
Ask not the numbers of my growing store:  
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.  
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,  
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree;  
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight  
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;  
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;  
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.  
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served  
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.

Nor are these household dainties all my store.  
 The fields and forests will afford us more;  
 The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar;  
 All sorts of venison; and of birds the best,—  
 A pair of turtles taken from the nest.  
 I walked the mountains, and two cubs I found,  
 Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground:  
 So like, that no distinction could be seen;  
 So pretty, they were presents for a queen;  
 And so they shall: I took them both away;  
 And keep, to be companions of your play.

“O raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above  
 The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.  
 Come, Galatea, come, and view my face:  
 I late beheld it in the watery glass,  
 And found it lovelier than I feared it was.  
 Survey my towering stature, and my size:  
 Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,  
 Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread.  
 My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)  
 Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,  
 As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.  
 Nor think, because my limbs and body bear  
 A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,  
 My shape deformed: what fouler sight can be  
 Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?  
 Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;  
 And birds, without their feathers and their train.  
 Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace  
 From bushy limbs and from a bearded face.  
 My forehead with a single eye is filled,  
 Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.  
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,  
 Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.  
 Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,  
 Like you, am of the watery family;  
 I make you his, in making you my own.  
 You I adore, and kneel to you alone;  
 Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,  
 And only fear the lightning of your eyes.  
 Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be  
 Disdained, if others were disdained with me.  
 But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer  
 The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.



But let the stripling please himself; nay more,  
 Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor:  
 The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,  
 These giant limbs endued with giant might."

Translation of Dryden.

### THE SUN-GOD'S PALACE

SUBLIME on lofty columns, bright with gold  
 And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid  
 With ivory, rose the palace of the sun,  
 Approached by folding gates with silver sheen  
 Radiant; material priceless, yet less prized  
 For its own worth than what the cunning head  
 Of Mulciber thereon had wrought: the globe  
 Of earth, the seas that wash it round, the skies  
 That overhang it. 'Mid the waters played  
 Their gods cærulean. Triton with his horn  
 Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,  
 And old Ægeon, curbing with firm hand  
 The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there  
 Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,  
 Some on the rocks their tresses green to dry,  
 Some dolphin-borne to ride; nor all in face  
 The same, nor different;—so should sisters be.  
 Earth showed her men, and towns, and woods, and beasts,  
 And streams, and nymphs, and rural deities;  
 And over all the mimic heaven was bright  
 With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve  
 Of the great portal figured,—six on each.

Translation of Henry King.

### A TRANSFORMATION

WEARY and travel-worn,—her lips unwet  
 With water,—at a straw-thatched cottage door  
 The wanderer knocked. An ancient crone came  
 forth  
 And saw her need, and hospitable brought  
 Her bowl of barley-broth, and bade her drink.  
 Thankful she raised it; but a graceless boy  
 And impudent stood by, and, ere the half

Was drained, "Ha! ha! see how the glutton swills!"  
 With insolent jeer he cried. The goddess's ire  
 Was roused; and as he spoke, what liquor yet  
 The bowl retained, full in his face she dashed.  
 His cheeks broke out in blotches; what were arms  
 Turned legs, and from the shortened trunk a tail  
 Tapered behind. Small mischief evermore  
 Might that small body work: the lizard's self  
 Was larger now than he. With terror shrieked  
 The crone, and weeping, stooped her altered child  
 To raise; the little monster fled her grasp  
 And wriggled into hiding. Still his name  
 His nature tells, and, from the star-like spots  
 That mark him, known as Stello, crawls the Newt.

Translation of Henry King.

#### EFFECT OF ORPHEUS'S SONG IN HADES

SO SANG he, and, accordant to his plaint,  
 As wailed the strings, the bloodless ghosts were moved  
 To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus  
 Unheeded slipped the wave; Ixion's wheel  
 Forgot to whirl; the Vulture's bloody feast  
 Was stayed; awhile the Belides forbore  
 Their leaky urns to dip; and Sisypus  
 Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,  
 The iron cheeks of the Eumenides  
 Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm  
 Nor king nor queen had heart to say him nay.  
 Forth from a host of new-descended shades  
 Eurydice was called; and halting yet,  
 Slow with her recent wound, she came alive,  
 On one condition to her spouse restored,—  
 That, till Avernus's vale is passed and earth  
 Regained, he look not backward, or the boon  
 Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm  
 Upward against the steep and fronting hill,  
 Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led;  
 And now the upper air was all but won,  
 When, fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength,  
 And yearning to behold the form he loved,  
 An instant back he looked—and back the shade  
 That instant fled! The arms that wildly strove



To clasp and stay her, clasped but yielding air!  
 No word of plaint even in that second death  
 Against her lord she uttered,—how could love  
 Too anxious be upbraided?—but one last  
 And sad "Farewell!" scarce audible, she sighed,  
 And vanished to the ghosts that late she left.

Translation of Henry King.

### THE POET'S FAME

SO CROWN I here a work that dares defy  
 The wrath of Jove, the fire, the sword, the tooth  
 Of all-devouring Time! Come when it will  
 The day that ends my life's uncertain term,—  
 That on this corporal frame alone hath power  
 To work extinction,—high above the Stars  
 My nobler part shall soar; my Name remain  
 Immortal; wheresoe'er the might of Rome  
 O'erawes the subject Earth, my Verse survive  
 Familiar in the mouths of men! and if  
 A bard may prophesy, while time shall last  
 Endure, and die but with the dying world!

Translation of Henry King.

## THOMAS NELSON PAGE

(1854-)

**T**HOMAS NELSON PAGE "had the good fortune," to quote from his own felicitous description of his birthplace, as recorded in the Homeric combat 'Pulaski's Tunament,' "to come from the old county of Hanover, as that particular division of the State of Virginia is affectionately called by nearly all who are so lucky as to have seen the light amid its broom-straw fields and heavy forests." This occurrence took place in 1854; and if the future author exhibited discrimination in the choice of a birthplace, he was even more happy in the time of his advent. A little earlier, and the prejudices of his section might have obscured the fact that other as well as his ancestral acres were robed in the hue which is the color of their prevalent crop; and a little later, his sketches of Virginia life before and during the War would not have been reminiscences. It is also worth while to note, for the effect on the literature of his inventions, that he belongs to an honorable and historic family; on the maternal side the descendant of Governor Nelson, and on the paternal of gentleman landholders, high in wisdom and council since the settlement of the State.

He was educated at the University of Virginia, and practiced law in Richmond. In 1883 he published a volume of negro dialect poems with A. C. Gordon, entitled 'Befo' de War,' among which is the favorite and pathetic ballad 'My Boy Cree'; and in 1884 'Marse Chan,' his first pronounced success, appeared in the Century Magazine. The now famous 'Meh Lady,' 'Ole Stracted,' and 'Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin,' with several other stories written for the periodicals, were published in the volume entitled 'In Ole Virginia.' This and 'Two Little Confederates' (1888), an autobiography, 'On Newfound River' (1891), 'The Burial of the Guns' (1894), and all the sketches except the first and last in 'Elsket' (1891), are pictures of Virginia life before, or during, the Civil War.

In later years he has shown a greater versatility, writing verse as well as prose, history and biography as well as fiction, and novels as well as short stories. With this increased range, however, Virginia remains the theme of his discourse. (Red Rock) (1898), (Gordon Keith) (1903), and (John Marvel, Assistant,) (1909) are perhaps his most characteristic novels. Two volumes on Robert E. Lee pay tributes to the Virginian ideal in history.

What Mr. Page would have been in another age, country, and station, it is difficult to surmise, except that he must have been a man



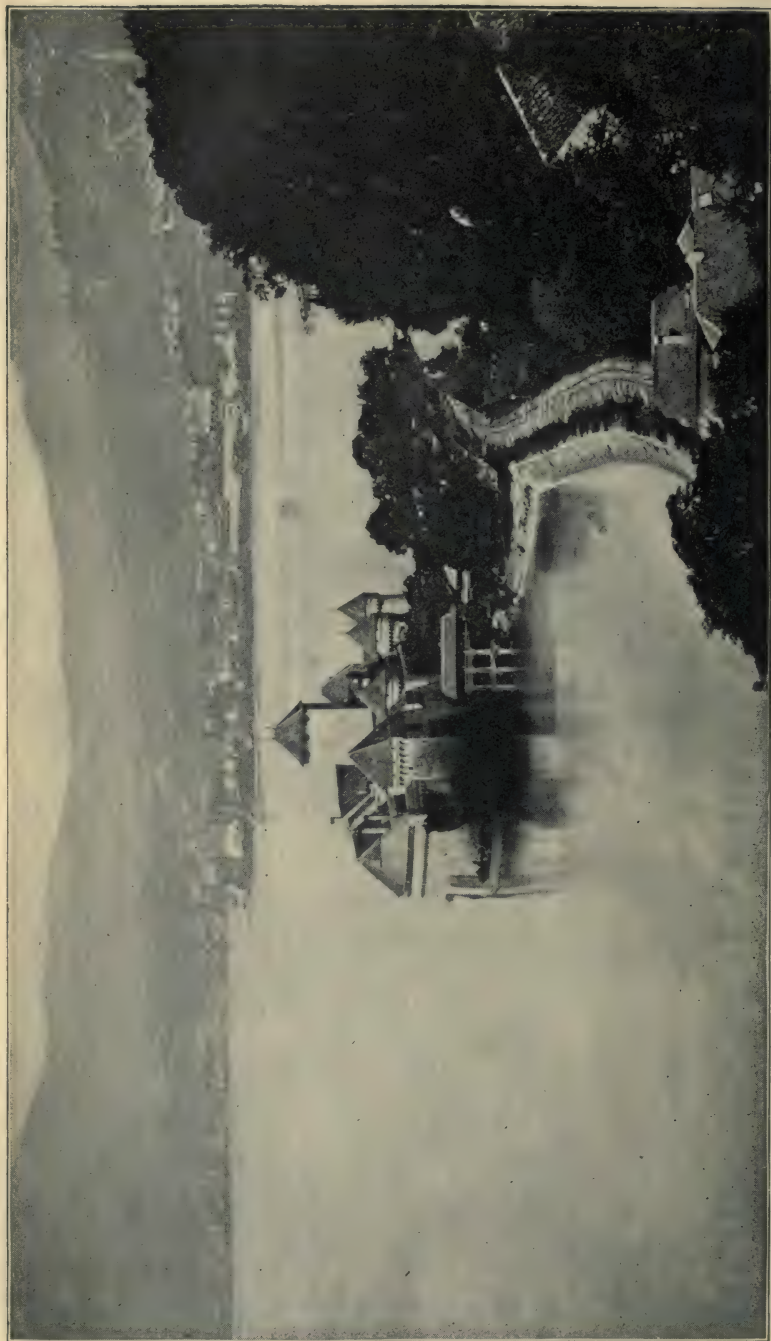
of letters. Tradition possesses him in a remarkable degree; and if he owes much to his experiences when, a little barefoot boy, he hunted deserters in the pines, and hid behind a rail fence to see what the battle was like,—the small sovereign of a hungry domain suffering the fortunes of war,—he owes as much to the lore he gleaned in neither school nor class-room, but from the shelves of a dark old library, where Horace rubbed brown calf shoulders with 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and the Elizabethan dramatists with the 'Bucolics.' Nor can the author's point of view be ignored in his slightest sketch; for it was that of one who lived under a régime and a code that was patriarchal in its government, impractical, chivalrous, whose fashion is passing away, and whose history is best preserved in his own volumes. It taught him that all women were beautiful, and gracious, and proud, and good, and distractingly fascinating, only becoming meek and gentle when surrendering on their own terms; and the men, at least the young men, are *preux chevaliers*, straight, and strong, and religious, and fire-eaters, till the timid reader trembles in their company lest he may give offense. These ideal and delightful personages might have come out of an Arthurian legend. Did they indeed step from a brown volume—"Meh Lady" and "Marse Chan," Bruce and Margaret of Newfound River? Or are they of that stuff that dreams are made of, and the embodiment of his own beliefs?

No discussion of Mr. Page's writing can go far without a reference to the manner in which his stories are told. With what one is tempted to call a consummate art,—but that their secret is open to every reader, and that they show as little trace of labor as one of the bird-songs of his own pine forests,—these beautiful and loving personations are thrown against a dark background. The fair maiden is contrasted with her black foster-sister; Sir Galahad with his humble servitor. And the true story is told, as it can best be told in fiction's form, of the great system of slavery,—of the traits it engendered and the characters it formed.

And how subtle the instinct that the defense, not of the institution but of its victims, both master and slave, is maintained not by the white man but by the black, who in his simple fashion tells the story of the lives of his "white people," of whom he is one, whose riches and splendor and nobility all aggrandize his own greatness. The lovely and touching idyls, 'Marse Chan,' 'Meh Lady,' 'Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin,'—pathetic and humorous, and such a picture of ante-bellum Virginia life as is seldom found in our literature,—are told by an old negro, who through the illusive haze of memory sees the social pageant pass by, till the day when the trumpet sounded and he rode to the wars by his master's side, that master's black angel, guarding and defending him from the foes who were







CASTLE OF CHILLON

come to rescue the slave. In all these stories the negro, not the white man, is the hero; like Brer Rabbit, it is he to whom are shrewdness and wisdom and the finer traits that rabbits are not supposed to possess, as loyalty and generosity. And that another, not thine own self, may praise thee, the description of the magnificence of the old régime is not related by its modest and loyal son, but by the slave; obviously a dispassionate and unprejudiced witness.

Mr. Page is scarcely less happy in his treatment of another character, the "poor white." This type is peculiar to the soil, and to know him one must live with him; he occupied before the War the middle ground between the gentry and the negro, and was condescended to by both. We see these men in a class and individually in 'Two Little Confederates' and 'On Newfound River,' especially in the admirable trial scene when the county magnate bullies the justice, and his humble adherents, Hall and Jim Mills, drawl out their patron's wisdom. And we see them again, reborn through courage and patriotism, in the noble and stirring series of stories named for the first in the volume, 'The Burial of the Guns.'

Mr. Page's position in letters has been recognized by many honors, including honorary degrees from several universities and membership in the American Academy. In 1913 he was appointed Ambassador to Italy.

## THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS

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LEE surrendered the remnant of his army at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, and yet a couple of days later the old colonel's battery lay intrenched right in the mountain pass where it had halted three days before. Two weeks previously it had been detailed with a light division, sent to meet and repel a force which it was understood was coming in by way of the southwest valley, to strike Lee in the rear of his long line from Richmond to Petersburg. It had done its work. The mountain pass had been seized and held, and the Federal force had not gotten by that road within the blue rampart which guarded on that side the heart of Virginia. This pass, which was the key to the main line of passage over the mountains, had been assigned by the commander of the division to the old colonel and his old battery, and they had held it. The position taken by the battery had been chosen with a soldier's eye. A better place could not have been selected to hold the pass. It was its highest point, just where the road crawled over the shoulder of the mountain along



the limestone cliff, a hundred feet sheer above the deep river, where its waters had cut their way in ages past, and now lay deep and silent, as if resting after their arduous toil before they began to boil over the great boulders which filled the bed a hundred or more yards below.

The little plateau at the top guarded the descending road on either side for nearly a mile; and the mountain on the other side of the river was the centre of a clump of rocky, heavily timbered spurs, so inaccessible that no feet but those of wild animals or of the hardest hunter had ever climbed it. On the side of the river on which the road lay, the only path out over the mountain except the road itself was a charcoal-burner's track, dwindling at times to a footway known only to the mountain folk, which the picket at the top could hold against an army. The position, well defended, was impregnable; and it was well defended. This the general of the division knew when he detailed the old colonel, and gave him his order to hold the pass until relieved, and not let his guns fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew both the colonel and his battery. The battery was one of the oldest in the army. It had been in the service since April 1861, and its commander had come to be known as "the wheel-horse of his division." He was perhaps the oldest officer of his rank in his branch of the service. Although he had bitterly opposed secession, and was many years past the age of service when the War came on, yet as soon as the President called on the State for her quota of troops to coerce South Carolina, he had raised and uniformed an artillery company, and offered it, not to the President of the United States, but to the governor of Virginia.

It is just at this point that he suddenly looms up to me as a soldier; the relation he never wholly lost to me afterward, though I knew him for many, many years of peace. His gray coat with the red facing and the bars on the collar; his military cap; his gray flannel shirt—it was the first time I ever saw him wear anything but immaculate linen; his high boots; his horse caparisoned with a black high-peaked saddle, with crupper and breast-girth, instead of the light English hunting-saddle to which I had been accustomed,—all come before me now as if it were but the other day. I remember but little beyond it, yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, his leaving home, and the scenes which immediately preceded it; the excitement created by the news of

the President's call for troops; the unanimous judgment that it meant war; the immediate determination of the old colonel, who had hitherto opposed secession, that it must be met; the suppressed agitation on the plantation, attendant upon the tender of his services and the governor's acceptance of them.

The prompt and continuous work incident to the enlistment of the men, the bustle of preparation, and all the scenes of that time, come before me now. It turned the calm current of the life of an old and placid country neighborhood, far from any city or centre, and stirred it into a boiling torrent, strong enough, or fierce enough, to cut its way and join the general torrent which was bearing down and sweeping everything before it. It seemed but a minute before the quiet old plantation, in which the harvest, the corn-shucking, and the Christmas holidays alone marked the passage of the quiet seasons, and where a strange carriage or a single horseman coming down the big road was an event in life, was turned into a depot of war supplies, and the neighborhood became a parade-ground. The old colonel—not a colonel yet, nor even a captain, except by brevet—was on his horse by daybreak, and off on his rounds through the plantations and the pines, enlisting his company. The office in the yard, heretofore one in name only, became one now in reality; and a table was set out piled with papers, pens, ink, books of tactics and regulation, at which men were accepted and enrolled. Soldiers seemed to spring from the ground, as they did from the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the days of Cadmus. Men came up the high-road or down the paths across the fields, sometimes singly, but oftener in little parties of two or three, and asking for the captain, entered the office as private citizens and came out soldiers enlisted for the war. There was nothing heard of on the plantation except fighting; white and black, all were at work, and all were eager; the servants contended for the honor of going with their master; the women flocked to the house to assist in the work of preparation,—cutting out and making underclothes, knitting socks, picking lint, preparing bandages, and sewing on uniforms,—for many of the men who had enlisted were of the poorest class, far too poor to furnish anything themselves, and their equipment had to be contributed mainly by wealthier neighbors. The work was carried on at night as well as by day, for the occasion was urgent. Meantime the men were being drilled by the captain and his lieutenants, who had been militia officers



of old. We were carried to see the drill at the cross-roads, and a brave sight it seemed to us: the lines marching and counter-marching in the field, with the horses galloping as they wheeled amid clouds of dust, at the hoarse commands of the excited officers, and the roadside lined with spectators of every age and condition.

I recall the arrival of the messenger one night, with the telegraphic order to the captain to report with his company at "Camp Lee" immediately; the hush in the parlor that attended its reading; then the forced beginning of the conversation afterwards in a somewhat strained and unnatural key, and the captain's quick and decisive outlining of his plans. Within the hour a dozen messengers were on their way in various directions to notify the members of the command of the summons, and to deliver the order for their attendance at a given point next day. It seemed that a sudden and great change had come. It was the actual appearance of what had hitherto only been theoretical—war. The next morning the captain, in full uniform, took leave of the assembled plantation, with a few solemn words commending all he left behind to God; and galloped away up the big road to join and lead his battery to the war, and to be gone just four years.

Within a month he was on the "Peninsula" with Magruder, guarding Virginia on the east against the first attack. His camp was first at Yorktown and then on Jamestown Island, the honor having been assigned his battery of guarding the oldest cradle of the race on this continent. It was at "Little Bethel" that his guns were first trained on the enemy, and that the battery first saw what they had to do; and from this time until the middle of April 1865 they were in service, and no battery saw more service or suffered more in it. Its story was a part of the story of the Southern Army in Virginia. The captain was a rigid disciplinarian, and his company had more work to do than most new companies. A pious churchman, of the old puritanical type not uncommon to Virginia, he looked after the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his men; and his chaplain or he read prayers at the head of his company every morning during the War. At first he was not popular with the men, he made the duties of camp life so onerous to them: it was "nothing but drilling and praying all the time," they said. But he had not commanded very long before they came to know the stuff that was

in him. He had not been in service a year before he had had four horses shot under him; and when later on he was offered the command of a battalion, the old company petitioned to be one of his batteries, and still remained under his command. Before the first year was out the battery had, through its own elements and the discipline of the captain, become a cohesive force, and a distinct integer in the Army of Northern Virginia. Young farmer recruits knew of its prestige, and expressed preference for it of many batteries of rapidly growing or grown reputation.

Owing to its high stand, the old and clumsy guns with which it had started out were taken from it, and in their place was presented a battery of four fine brass twelve-pound Napoleons of the newest and most approved kind, and two three-inch Parrotts,—all captured. The men were as pleased with them as children with new toys. The care and attention needed to keep them in prime order broke the monotony of camp life. They soon had abundant opportunities to test their power. They worked admirably, carried far, and were extraordinarily accurate in their aim. The men from admiration of their guns grew to have first a pride in and then an affection for them, and gave them nicknames as they did their comrades: the four Napoleons being dubbed "The Evangelists," and the two rifles being "The Eagle," because of its scream and force, and "The Cat," because when it became hot from rapid firing "it jumped," they said, "like a cat." From many a hill-top in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania the Evangelists spoke their hoarse message of battle and death; the Eagle screamed her terrible note, and the Cat jumped as she spat her deadly shot from her hot throat. In the Valley of Virginia; on the levels of Henrico and Hanover; on the slopes of Manassas; in the woods of Chancellorsville; on the heights of Fredericksburg; at Antietam and Gettysburg; in the Spottsylvania wilderness; and again on the Hanover levels and on the lines before Petersburg, the old guns through nearly four years roared from fiery throats their deadly messages. The history of the battery was bound up with the history of Lee's army. A rivalry sprang up among the detachments of the different guns, and their several records were jealously kept. The number of duels each gun was in was carefully counted, every scar got in battle was treasured; and the men around their camp fires, at their scanty messes, or on the march, bragged of them among themselves and avouched them as witnesses. New recruits coming



in to fill the gaps made by the killed and disabled readily fell in with the common mood and caught the spirit like a contagion. It was not an uncommon thing for a wheel to be smashed in by a shell; but if it happened to one gun oftener than to another there was envy. Two of the Evangelists seemed to be especially favored in this line, while the Cat was so exempt as to become the subject of some derision. The men stood by the guns till they were knocked to pieces; and when the fortune of the day went against them, had with their own hands oftener than once saved them after most of their horses were killed.

This had happened in turn to every gun; the men at times working like beavers, in mud up to their thighs and under a murderous fire, to get their guns out. Many a man had been killed tugging at trail or wheel when the day was against them; but not a gun had ever been lost. At last the evil day arrived. At Winchester a sudden and impetuous charge for a while swept everything before it, and carried the knoll where the old battery was posted; but all the guns were got out by the toiling and rapidly dropping men, except the Cat, which was captured with its entire detachment working at it until they were surrounded and knocked from the piece by cavalymen. Most of the men who were not killed were retaken before the day was over, with many guns; but the Cat was lost. She remained in the enemy's hands, and probably was being turned against her old comrades and lovers. The company was inconsolable. The death of comrades was too natural and common a thing to depress the men beyond what such occurrences necessarily did; but to lose a gun! It was like losing the old colonel; it was worse: a gun was ranked as a brigadier; and the Cat was equal to a major-general. The other guns seemed lost without her; the Eagle especially, which generally went next to her, appeared to the men to have a lonely and subdued air. The battery was no longer the same: it seemed broken and depleted, shrunken to a mere section. It was worse than Cold Harbor, where over half the men were killed or wounded. The old captain, now colonel of the battalion, appreciated the loss, and apprehended its effect on the men as much as they themselves did, and application was made for a gun to take the place of the lost piece; but there was none to be had, as the men said they had known all along. It was added—perhaps by a department clerk—that if they wanted a gun to take the place of the one they had lost, they



had better capture it. "By —, we will," they said,—adding epithets intended for the department clerk in his "bomb-proof," not to be printed in this record;—and they did. For some time afterwards, in every engagement into which they got, there used to be speculation among them as to whether the Cat were not there on the other side; some of the men swearing they could tell her report, and even going to the rash length of offering bets on her presence.

By one of those curious coincidences, as strange as anything in fiction, a new general had in 1864 come down across the Rapidan to take Richmond, and the old battery had found a hill-top in the line in which Lee's army lay stretched across the "Wilderness" country to stop him. The day, though early in May, was a hot one, and the old battery, like most others, had suffered fearfully. Two of the guns had had wheels cut down by shells, and the men had been badly cut up; but the fortune of the day had been with Lee, and a little before nightfall, after a terrible fight, there was a rapid advance: Lee's infantry sweeping everything before it, and the artillery, after opening the way for the charge, pushing along with it; now unlimbering as some vantage ground was gained, and using canister with deadly effect; now driving ahead again so rapidly that it was mixed up with the muskets when the long line of breastworks was carried with a rush, and a line of guns were caught still hot from their rapid work. As the old battery, with lathered horses and smoke-grimed men, swung up the crest and unlimbered on the captured breastwork, a cheer went up which was heard even above the long general yell of the advancing line; and for a moment half the men in the battery crowded together around some object on the edge of the redoubt, yelling like madmen. The next instant they divided; and there was the Cat, smoke-grimed and blood-stained and still sweating hot from her last fire, being dragged from her muddy ditch by as many men as could get hold of trail-rope or wheel, and rushed into her old place beside the Eagle, in time to be double-shotted with canister to the muzzle, and to pour it from among her old comrades into her now retiring former masters. Still, she had a new carriage, and her record was lost, while those of the other guns had been faithfully kept by the men. This made a difference in her position for which even the bullets in her wheels did not wholly atone; even Harris, the sergeant of her detachment, felt that.

It was only a few days later, however, that abundant atonement was made. The new general did not retire across the Rapidan after his first defeat, and a new battle had to be fought: a battle if anything more furious, more terrible, than the first, when the dead filled the trenches and covered the fields. He simply marched by the left flank, and Lee, marching by the right flank to head him, flung himself upon him again at Spottsylvania Court House. That day the Cat, standing in her place behind the new and temporary breastwork thrown up when the battery was posted, had the felloes of her wheels, which showed above the top of the bank, entirely cut away by minie bullets, so that when she jumped in the recoil her wheels smashed and let her down. This covered all old scores. The other guns had been cut down by shells or solid shot; but never before had one been gnawed down by musket-balls. From this time all through the campaign the Cat held her own beside her brazen and bloody sisters; and in the cold trenches before Petersburg that winter, when the new general—Starvation—had joined the one already there, she made her bloody mark as often as any gun on the long lines.

Thus the old battery had come to be known, as its old commander, now colonel of a battalion, had come to be known by those in yet higher command. And when, in the opening spring of 1865, it became apparent to the leaders of both armies that the long line could not longer be held if a force should enter behind it, and sweeping the one partially unswept portion of Virginia, cut the railways in the southwest, and a man was wanted to command the artillery in the expedition sent to meet this force, it was not remarkable that the old colonel and his battalion should be selected for the work. The force sent out was but small; but the long line was worn to a thin one in those days, and great changes were taking place, the consequences of which were known only to the commanders. In a few days the commander of the expedition found that he must divide his small force, for a time at least, to accomplish his purpose; and sending the old colonel with one battery of artillery to guard one pass, must push on over the mountain by another way to meet the expected force, if possible, and repel it before it crossed the farther range. Thus the old battery, on an April evening of 1865, found itself toiling alone up the steep mountain road which leads above the river to the gap, which formed the chief pass in



that part of the Blue Ridge. Both men and horses looked, in the dim and waning light of the gray April day, rather like shadows of the beings they represented than the actual beings themselves. And any one seeing them as they toiled painfully up, the thin horses floundering in the mud, and the men, often up to their knees, tugging at the sinking wheels,—now stopping to rest, and always moving so slowly that they seemed scarcely to advance at all,—might have thought them the ghosts of some old battery lost from some long gone and forgotten war on that deep and desolate mountain road. Often when they stopped, the blowing of the horses and the murmuring of the river in its bed below were the only sounds heard, and the tired voices of the men when they spoke among themselves seemed hardly more articulate sounds than they. Then the voice of the mounted figure on the roan horse half hidden in the mist would cut in, clear and inspiring, in a tone of encouragement more than of command, and everything would wake up: the drivers would shout and crack their whips; the horses would bend themselves on the collars and flounder in the mud; the men would spring once more to the mud-clogged wheels, and the slow ascent would begin again.

The orders of the colonel, as has been said, were brief: To hold the pass until he received further instructions, and not to lose his guns. To be ordered, with him, was to obey. The last streak of twilight brought them to the top of the pass; his soldier's instinct and a brief recognizance made earlier in the day told him that this was his place, and before daybreak next morning the point was as well fortified as a night's work by weary and supperless men could make it. A prettier spot could not have been found for the purpose: a small plateau, something over an acre in extent, where a charcoal-burner's hut had once stood, lay right at the top of the pass. It was a little higher on either side than in the middle, where a small brook, along which the charcoal-burner's track was yet visible, came down from the wooded mountain above; thus giving a natural crest to aid the fortification on either side, with open space for the guns, while the edge of the wood coming down from the mountain afforded shelter for the camp.

As the battery was unsupported, it had to rely on itself for everything: a condition which most soldiers by this time were accustomed to. A dozen or so of rifles were in the camp, and

with these pickets were armed and posted. The pass had been seized none too soon; a scout brought in the information before nightfall that the invading force had crossed the farther range before that sent to meet it could get there, and taking the nearest road had avoided the main body opposing it, and been met only by a rapidly moving detachment,—nothing more than a scouting party,—and now were advancing rapidly on the road on which they were posted, evidently meaning to seize the pass and cross the mountain at this point. The day was Sunday; a beautiful spring Sunday: but it was no Sabbath for the old battery. All day the men worked, making and strengthening their redoubt to guard the pass; and by the next morning, with the old battery at the top, it was impregnable. They were just in time. Before noon their vedettes brought in word that the enemy were ascending the mountain; and the sun had hardly turned when the advance guard rode up, came within range of the picket, and were fired on.

It was apparent that they supposed the force there only a small one, for they retired and soon came up again reinforced in some numbers; and a sharp little skirmish ensued, hot enough to make them more prudent afterwards, though the picket retired up the mountain. This gave them encouragement and probably misled them, for they now advanced boldly. They saw the redoubt on the crest as they came on, and unlimbering a section or two, flung a few shells up at it, which either fell short or passed over without doing material damage. None of the guns was allowed to respond, as the distance was too great with the ammunition the battery had; and indifferent as it was, it was too precious to be wasted in a duel at an ineffectual range. Doubtless deceived by this, the enemy came on in force; being obliged by the character of the ground to keep almost entirely to the road, which really made them advance in column. The battery waited. Under orders of the colonel, the guns standing in line were double-shotted with canister; and loaded to the muzzle, were trained down to sweep the road at from four to five hundred yards' distance. And when the column reached this point, the six guns, aimed by old and skillful gunners, at a given word swept road and mountain-side with a storm of leaden hail. It was a fire no mortal man could stand up against; and the practiced gunners rammed their pieces full again, and before the smoke had cleared or the reverberation had died away among the



mountains, had fired the guns again and yet again. The road was cleared of living things when the draught setting down the river drew the smoke away; but it was no discredit to the other force, for no army that was ever uniformed could stand against that battery in that pass. Again and again the attempt was made to get a body of men up under cover of the woods and rocks on the mountain-side, while the guns below utilized their better ammunition from longer range; but it was useless. Although one of the lieutenants and several men were killed in the skirmish, and a number more were wounded, though not severely, the old battery commanded the mountain-side, and its skillful gunners swept it at every point the foot of man could scale. The sun went down, flinging his last flame on a victorious battery still crowning the mountain pass. The dead were buried by night in a corner of the little plateau, borne to their last bivouac on the old gun-carriages which they had stood by so often—which the men said would "sort of ease their minds."

The next day the fight was renewed, and with the same result. The old battery in its position was unconquerable. Only one fear now faced them: their ammunition was getting as low as their rations; another such day or half-day would exhaust it. A sergeant was sent back down the mountain to try to get more, or if not, to get tidings. The next day it was supposed the fight would be renewed; and the men waited, alert, eager, vigilant, their spirits high, their appetite for victory whetted by success. The men were at their breakfast—or what went for breakfast; scanty at all times, now doubly so, hardly deserving the title of a meal, so poor and small were the portions of corn meal, cooked in their frying-pans, which went for their rations—when the sound of artillery below broke on the quiet air. They were on their feet in an instant, and at the guns, crowding upon the breastwork to look or to listen; for the road, as far as could be seen down the mountain, was empty except for their own picket, and lay as quiet as if sleeping in the balmy air. And yet volley after volley of artillery came rolling up the mountain. What could it mean? That the rest of their force had come up and was engaged with that at the foot of the mountain? The colonel decided to be ready to go and help them; to fall on the enemy in the rear: perhaps they might capture the entire force. It seemed the natural thing to do; and the guns were limbered up in an incredibly short time, and a roadway made through the

intrenchment,—the men working like beavers under the excitement. Before they had left the redoubt, however, the vedettes sent out returned and reported that there was no engagement going on, and the firing below seemed to be only practicing. There was quite a stir in the camp below; but they had not even broken camp. This was mysterious. Perhaps it meant that they had received reinforcements, but it was a queer way of showing it. The old colonel sighed as he thought of the good ammunition they could throw away down there, and of his empty limber-chests. It was necessary to be on the alert, however: the guns were run back into their old places, and the horses picketed once more back among the trees. Meantime he sent another messenger back,—this time a courier, for he had but one commissioned officer left,—and the picket below was strengthened.

The morning passed and no one came; the day wore on, and still no advance was made by the force below. It was suggested that the enemy had left; he had at least gotten enough of that battery. A reconnoissance, however, showed that he was still encamped at the foot of the mountain. It was conjectured that he was trying to find a way around to take them in the rear, or to cross the ridge by the foot-path. Preparation was made to guard more closely the mountain path across the spur; and a detachment was sent up to strengthen the picket there. The waiting told on the men, and they grew bored and restless. They gathered about the guns in groups and talked; talked of each piece some, but not with the old spirit and vim: the loneliness of the mountain seemed to oppress them,—the mountains stretching up so brown and gray on one side of them, and so brown and gray on the other, with their bare dark forests sighing from time to time as the wind swept up the pass. The minds of the men seemed to go back to the time when they were not so alone, but were part of a great and busy army; and some of them fell to talking of the past, and the battles they had figured in, and of the comrades they had lost. They told them off in a slow and colorless way, as if it were all part of the past as much as the dead they named. One hundred and nineteen times they had been in action. Only seventeen men were left of the eighty odd who had first enlisted in the battery; and of these four were at home crippled for life. Two of the oldest men had been among the half-dozen who had fallen in the skirmish just the day before. It looked tolerably hard to be killed that way after



passing for four years through such battles as they had been in; and both had wives and children at home, too, and not a cent to leave them to their names. They agreed calmly that they'd have to "sort of look after them a little," if they ever got home. These were some of the things they talked about as they pulled their old worn coats about them, stuffed their thin, weather-stained hands in their ragged pockets to warm them, and squatted down under the breastwork to keep a little out of the wind. One thing they talked about a good deal was something to eat. They described meals they had had at one time or another as personal adventures, and discussed the chances of securing others in the future as if they were prizes of fortune. One listening, and seeing their thin, worn faces and their wasted frames, might have supposed they were starving; and they were, but they did not say so.

Towards the middle of the afternoon there was a sudden excitement in the camp. A dozen men saw them at the same time: a squad of three men down the road at the farthest turn, past their picket; but an advancing column could not have created as much excitement, for the middle man carried a white flag. In a minute every man in the battery was on the breastwork. What could it mean! It was a long way off, nearly half a mile, and the flag was small,—possibly only a pocket-handkerchief or a napkin; but it was held aloft as a flag unmistakably. A hundred conjectures were indulged in. Was it a summons to surrender? A request for an armistice for some purpose? Or was it a trick to ascertain their number and position? Some held one view, some another. Some extreme ones thought a shot ought to be fired over them to warn them not to come on: no flags of truce were wanted. The old colonel, who had walked to the edge of the plateau outside the redoubt, and taken his position where he could study the advancing figures with his field-glass, had not spoken. The lieutenant who was next in command to him had walked out after him, and stood near him, from time to time dropping a word or two of conjecture in a half-audible tone: but the colonel had not answered a word; perhaps none was expected. Suddenly he took his glass down, and gave an order to the lieutenant: "Take two men and meet them at the turn yonder; learn their business; and act as your best judgment advises. If necessary to bring the messenger farther, bring only the officer who has the flag, and halt him at that rock yonder,

where I will join him." The tone was as placid as if such an occurrence came every day. Two minutes later the lieutenant was on his way down the mountain, and the colonel had the men in ranks. His face was as grave and his manner as quiet as usual, neither more nor less so. The men were in a state of suppressed excitement. Having put them in charge of the second sergeant, the colonel returned to the breastwork. The two officers were slowly ascending the hill, side by side; the bearer of the flag, now easily distinguishable in his jaunty uniform as a captain of cavalry, talking, and the lieutenant in faded gray, faced with yet more faded red, walking beside him with a face white even at that distance, and lips shut as though they would never open again. They halted at the big boulder which the colonel had indicated, and the lieutenant, having saluted ceremoniously, turned to come up to the camp; the colonel, however, went down to meet him. The two men met, but there was no spoken question; if the colonel inquired, it was only with the eyes. The lieutenant spoke, however. "He says—" he began and stopped, then began again—"he says General Lee—" again he choked, then blurted out, "I believe it is all a lie—a damned lie."

"Not dead? Not killed?" said the colonel quickly.

"No, not so bad as that: surrendered; surrendered his entire army at Appomattox day before yesterday. I believe it is all a damned lie," he broke out again, as if the hot denial relieved him. The colonel simply turned away his face, and stepped a pace or two off; and the two men stood motionless back to back for more than a minute. Then the colonel stirred.

"Shall I go back with you?" the lieutenant asked huskily.

The colonel did not answer immediately. Then he said, "No: go back to camp and await my return." He said nothing about not speaking of the report. He knew it was not needed. Then he went down the hill slowly alone, while the lieutenant went up to the camp.

The interview between the two officers beside the boulder was not a long one. It consisted of a brief statement by the Federal envoy of the fact of Lee's surrender two days before, near Appomattox Court House, with the sources of his information, coupled with a formal demand on the colonel for his surrender. To this the colonel replied that he had been detached and put under command of another officer for a specific purpose; and that his orders were to hold that pass, which he should do



until he was instructed otherwise by his superior in command. With that they parted ceremoniously, the Federal captain returning to where he had left his horse in charge of his companions a little below, and the old colonel coming slowly up the hill to camp. The men were at once set to work to meet any attack which might be made. They knew that the message was of grave import, but not of how grave. They thought it meant that another attack would be made immediately, and they sprang to their work with renewed vigor, and a zeal as fresh as if it were but the beginning and not the end.

The time wore on, however, and there was no demonstration below, though hour after hour it was expected and even hoped for. Just as the sun sank into a bed of blue cloud, a horseman was seen coming up the darkened mountain from the eastward side, and in a little while practiced eyes reported him one of their own men—the sergeant who had been sent back the day before for ammunition. He was alone, and had something white before him on his horse—it could not be the ammunition; but perhaps that might be coming on behind. Every step of his jaded horse was anxiously watched. As he drew near, the lieutenant, after a word with the colonel, walked down to meet him, and there was a short colloquy in the muddy road: then they came back together and slowly entered the camp—the sergeant handing down a bag of corn which he had got somewhere below, with the grim remark to his comrades, "There's your rations;" and going at once to the colonel's camp-fire, a little to one side among the trees, where the colonel awaited him. A long conference was held: and then the sergeant left to take his luck with his mess, who were already parching the corn he had brought for their supper, while the lieutenant made the round of the camp; leaving the colonel seated alone on a log by his camp-fire. He sat without moving, hardly stirring, until the lieutenant returned from his round. A minute later the men were called from the guns and made to fall into line. They were silent, tremulous with suppressed excitement; the most sun-burned and weather-stained of them a little pale; the meanest, raggedest, and most insignificant not unimpressive in the deep and solemn silence with which they stood, their eyes fastened on the colonel, waiting for him to speak. He stepped out in front of them; slowly ran his eyes along the irregular line up and down, taking in every man in his glance, resting on some longer than on

others,—the older men.—then dropped them to the ground; and then suddenly, as if with an effort, began to speak. His voice had a somewhat metallic sound, as if it were restrained; but it was otherwise the ordinary tone of command. It was not much that he said:—simply that it had become his duty to acquaint them with the information which he had received: that General Lee had surrendered two days before at Appomattox Court House, yielding to overwhelming numbers; that this afternoon, when he had first heard the report, he had questioned its truth, but that it had been confirmed by one of their own men, and no longer admitted of doubt; that the rest of their own force, it was learned, had been captured, or had disbanded, and the enemy was now on both sides of the mountain: that a demand had been made on him that morning to surrender too; but he had orders which he felt held good until they were countermanded, and he had declined. Later intelligence satisfied him that to attempt to hold out further would be useless, and would involve needless waste of life: he had determined, therefore, not to attempt to hold their position longer; but to lead them out, if possible, so as to avoid being made prisoners, and enable them to reach home sooner and aid their families. His orders were not to let his guns fall into the enemy's hands, and he should take the only step possible to prevent it. In fifty minutes he should call the battery into line once more, and roll the guns over the cliff into the river; and immediately afterwards, leaving the wagons there, he would try to lead them across the mountain, and as far as they could go in a body without being liable to capture; and then he should disband them, and his responsibility for them would end. As it was necessary to make some preparations, he would now dismiss them to prepare any rations they might have, and get ready to march.

All this was in the formal manner of a common order of the day; and the old colonel had spoken in measured sentences, with little feeling in his voice. Not a man in the line had uttered a word after the first sound—half exclamation, half groan—which had burst from them at the announcement of Lee's surrender. After that they had stood in their tracks like rooted trees, as motionless as those on the mountain behind them, their eyes fixed on their commander; and only the quick heaving up and down the dark line, as of horses over-laboring, told of the emotion which was shaking them. The colonel, as he ended, half



turned to his subordinate officer at the end of the dim line, as though he were about to turn the company over to him to be dismissed; then faced the line again, and taking a step nearer, with a sudden movement of his hands towards the men as though he would have stretched them out to them, began again:—

“Men,” he said, and his voice changed at the word, and sounded like a father’s or a brother’s,—“My men, I cannot let you go so. We were neighbors when the war began—many of us, and some not here to-night; we have been more since then,—comrades, brothers in arms; we have all stood for one thing,—for Virginia and the South; we have all done our duty—tried to do our duty; we have fought a good fight, and now it seems to be over, and we have been overwhelmed by numbers, not whipped—and we are going home. We have the future before us: we don’t know just what it will bring, but we can stand a good deal. We have proved it. Upon us depends the South in the future as in the past. You have done your duty in the past; you will not fail in the future. Go home and be honest, brave, self-sacrificing, God-fearing citizens, as you have been soldiers, and you need not fear for Virginia and the South. The War may be over; but you will ever be ready to serve your country. The end may not be as we wanted it, prayed for it, fought for it; but we can trust God: the end in the end will be the best that could be; even if the South is not free, she will be better and stronger that she fought as she did. Go home and bring up your children to love her; and though you may have nothing else to leave them, you can leave them the heritage that they are sons of men who were in Lee’s army.”

He stopped; looked up and down the ranks again, which had instinctively crowded together and drawn around him in a half-circle; made a sign to the lieutenant to take charge, and turned abruptly on his heel to walk away. But as he did so, the long pent-up emotion burst forth. With a wild cheer the men seized him; crowding around and hugging him, as with protestations, prayers, sobs, oaths—broken, incoherent, inarticulate—they swore to be faithful, to live loyal forever to the South, to him, to Lee. Many of them cried like children; others offered to go down and have one more battle on the plain. The old colonel soothed them, and quieted their excitement; and then gave a command about the preparations to be made. This called them to order at once; and in a few minutes the camp was as orderly and

quiet as usual: the fires were replenished; the scanty stores were being overhauled; the place was selected and being got ready, to roll the guns over the cliff; the camp was being ransacked for such articles as could be carried, and all preparations were being hastily made for their march.

The old colonel having completed his arrangements, sat down by his camp-fire with paper and pencil, and began to write; and as the men finished their work they gathered about in groups, at first around their camp-fires, but shortly strolled over to where the guns still stood at the breastwork, black and vague in the darkness. Soon they were all assembled about the guns. One after another they visited, closing around it and handling it from muzzle to trail, as a man might a horse to try its sinew and bone, or a child to feel its firmness and warmth. They were for the most part silent; and when any sound came through the dusk from them to the officers at their fire, it was murmurous and fitful as of men speaking low and brokenly. There was no sound of the noisy controversy which was generally heard, the give-and-take of the camp-fire, the firing backwards and forwards that went on on the march: if a compliment was paid a gun by one of its special detachment, it was accepted by the others; in fact, those who had generally run it down now seemed most anxious to accord the piece praise. Presently a small number of the men returned to a camp-fire, and building it up, seated themselves about it, gathering closer and closer together until they were in a little knot. One of them appeared to be writing, while two or three took up flaming chunks from the fire and held them as torches for him to see by. In time the entire company assembled about them, standing in respectful silence, broken only occasionally by a reply from one or another to some question from the scribe. After a little there was a sound of a roll-call; and reading and a short colloquy followed; and then two men, one with a paper in his hand, approached the fire beside which the officers sat still engaged.

"What is it, Harris?" said the colonel to the man with the paper, who bore remnants of the chevrons of a sergeant on his stained and faded jacket.

"If you please, sir," he said with a salute, "we have been talking it over, and we'd like this paper to go in along with that you're writing." He held it out to the lieutenant, who was the nearer and had reached forward to take it. "We s'pose you're



ago in' to bury it with the guns," he said hesitatingly, as he handed it over.

"What is it?" asked the colonel, shading his eyes with his hands.

"It's just a little list we made out in and among us," he said, "with a few things we'd like to put in, so's if any one ever hauls 'em out they'll find it there to tell what the old battery was; and if they don't, it'll be in one of 'em down thar till judgment, an' it'll sort of ease our minds a bit." He stopped and waited, as a man who had delivered his message. The old colonel had risen and taken the paper, and now held it with a firm grasp, as if it might blow away with the rising wind. He did not say a word, but his hand shook a little as he proceeded to fold it carefully; and there was a burning gleam in his deep-set eyes, back under his bushy gray brows.

"Will you sort of look over it, sir, if you think it's worth while? We was in a sort of hurry, and we had to put it down just as we come to it; we didn't have time to pick our ammunition: and it ain't written the best in the world, nohow." He waited again; and the colonel opened the paper and glanced down at it mechanically. It contained first a roster, headed by the list of six guns, named by name: "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke," and "John," "The Eagle," and "The Cat"; then of the men, beginning with the heading—

"Those killed."

Then had followed, "Those wounded," but this was marked out. Then came a roster of the company when it first entered service; then of those who had joined afterward; then of those who were present now. At the end of all there was this statement, not very well written, nor wholly accurately spelt:—

"To Whom it may Concern: We, the above members of the old battery known, etc., of six guns, named, etc., commanded by the said Col. etc., left on the 11th day of April, 1865, have made out this roll of the battery, them as is gone and them as is left, to bury with the guns, which the same we bury this night. We're all volunteers, every man; we joined the army at the beginning of the war, and we've stuck through to the end; sometimes we ain't had much to eat, and sometimes we aint had nothin'; but we've fought the best we could 119 battles and skirmishes as near as we can make out in four years, and never lost a gun. Now we're ago in' home. We aint

surrendered; just disbanded; and we pledges ourselves to teach our children to love the South and General Lee; and to come when we're called anywheres an' anytime, so help us God."

There was a dead silence whilst the colonel read.

"'Tain't entirely accurate, sir, in one particular," said the sergeant apologetically: "but we thought it would be playin' it sort o' low down on the Cat if we was to say we lost her, unless we could tell about gittin' of her back, and the way she done since; and we didn't have time to do all that." He looked around as if to receive the corroboration of the other men, which they signified by nods and shuffling.

The colonel said it was all right, and the paper should go into the guns.

"If you please, sir, the guns are all loaded," said the sergeant; "in and about our last charge, too: and we'd like to fire 'em off once more, jist for old times' sake to remember 'em by, if you don't think no harm could come of it?"

The colonel reflected a moment, and said it might be done: they might fire each gun separately as they rolled it over, or might get all ready and fire together, and then roll them over—whichever they wished. This was satisfactory.

The men were then ordered to prepare to march immediately, and withdrew for the purpose. The pickets were called in. In a short time they were ready, horses and all, just as they would have been to march ordinarily; except that the wagons and caissons were packed over in one corner by the camp, with the harness hung on poles beside them, and the guns stood in their old places at the breastwork ready to defend the pass. The embers of the sinking camp-fires threw a faint light on them standing so still and silent. The old colonel took his place; and at a command from him in a somewhat low voice, the men, except a detail left to hold the horses, moved into company-front facing the guns. Not a word was spoken except the words of command. At the order each detachment went to its gun; the guns were run back, and the men with their own hands ran them up on the edge of the perpendicular bluff above the river, where, sheer below, its waters washed its base, as if to face an enemy on the black mountain the other side. The pieces stood ranged in the order in which they had so often stood in battle; and the gray, thin fog, rising slowly and silently from the river deep



down between the cliffs, and wreathing the mountain-side above, might have been the smoke from some unearthly battle, fought in the dim pass by ghostly guns, yet posted there in the darkness, manned by phantom gunners, while phantom horses stood behind, lit vaguely up by phantom camp-fires. At the given word the laniards were pulled together; and together as one the six black guns, belching flame and lead, roared their last challenge on the misty night, sending a deadly hail of shot and shell, tearing the trees and splintering the rocks of the farther side, and sending the thunder reverberating through the pass and down the mountain, startling from its slumber the sleeping camp on the hills below, and driving the browsing deer and the prowling mountain-fox in terror up the mountain.

There was silence among the men about the guns for one brief instant: and then such a cheer burst forth as had never broken from them even in battle; cheer on cheer, the long, wild, old familiar "Rebel yell" for the guns they had fought with and loved.

The noise had not died away, and the men behind were still trying to quiet the frightened horses, when the sergeant—the same who had written—received from the hand of the colonel a long package or roll, which contained the records of the battery furnished by the men and by the colonel himself, securely wrapped to make them water-tight; and it was rammed down the yet warm throat of the nearest gun,—the Cat,—and then the gun was tamped to the muzzle to make her water-tight, and like her sisters, was spiked, and her vent tamped tight. All this took but a minute; and the next instant the guns were run up once more to the edge of the cliff; and the men stood by them with their hands still on them. A deadly silence fell on the men, and even the horses behind seemed to feel the spell. There was a long pause, in which not a breath was heard from any man, and the southing of the tree-tops above and the rushing of the rapids below were the only sounds. They seemed to come from far, very far away. Then the colonel said quietly, "Let them go, and God be our helper; Amen." There was the noise in the darkness of trampling and scraping on the cliff-top for a second,—the sound as of men straining hard together,—and then with a pant it ceased all at once; and the men held their breath to hear. One second of utter silence; then one prolonged, deep, resounding splash, sending up a great mass of

white foam as the brass pieces together plunged into the dark water below, and then the sougling of the trees and the murmur of the river came again with painful distinctness. It was full ten minutes before the colonel spoke, though there were other sounds enough in the darkness; and some of the men, as the dark outstretched bodies showed, were lying on the ground flat on their faces. Then the colonel gave the command to fall in, in the same quiet, grave tone he had used all night. The line fell in, the men getting to their horses and mounting in silence; the colonel put himself at their head and gave the order of march, and the dark line turned in the darkness, crossed the little plateau between the smoldering camp-fires and the spectral caissons with the harness hanging beside them, and slowly entered the dim charcoal-burner's track. Not a word was spoken as they moved off. They might all have been phantoms. Only, the sergeant in the rear, as he crossed the little breastwork which ran along the upper side and marked the boundary of the little camp, half turned and glanced at the dying fires, the low, newly made mounds in the corner, the abandoned caissons, and the empty redoubt, and said slowly, in a low voice to himself,—

"Well, by God!"



## EDOUARD PAILLERON

(1834-1899)

THE modern French drama is rich in the portrayal of the fashions and morals of the hour; and the office of the stage-play as a satire without much theatricalism in it, is brilliantly exercised in the case of such men as Pailleron, Prevost, Hervieu, and Donnay. M. Pailleron is in some sense the dean of the contemporary school, which paints its pictures and speaks its lessons through the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the Gymnase. Born in Paris September 18th, 1834, the author of 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie' (Society Where One is Bored) was a notary's clerk until about the year 1861, when he fairly made literature his profession. As a novelist, a poet, and ultimately as a playwright, he soon began to gain recognized individuality. His first distinct success came in 1868, with the sparkling satiric comedy mentioned above, 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie'; although a preceding play, 'Le Monde où l'On s'Amuse' (Society Where One is Amused), had won favor. 'Society Where One is Bored' was produced in 1882, at the national theatre. Its success was immediate, its run was long-continued, and it is extremely popular in repertory to-day. To its merits is due the elevation of its author to the Académie in 1884. From that time, M. Pailleron's career has been essentially theatrical. His conception of the drama is not only that of the perceptive and skillful playwright, but the man who delineates character with an exact and vivid literary touch. These qualities have been still more perfectly exhibited in M. Pailleron's second great success of 1893,—one which even surpassed any that had preceded it,—his complex comedy 'Cabotins'; and once more was a Pailleron comedy the sensation of the Théâtre Français. For one winter this sparkling piece, with its pictures of bohemian life, its ironical depiction of bureaucracy and machine politics, and its effectiveness merely as an emotional drama, held the attention of all Paris; and in ceasing to be a novelty, 'Cabotins' does not appear to have less vitality before a later public. In 1896 M. Pailleron (who



ÉDOUARD PAILLERON

has gradually become a more deliberate worker in the drama, putting forth his pieces with considerable intervals between them) produced at the Théâtre Français two small social comedies, or what the French call "proverbes,"—that is to say, little sketches in two or three scenes only, cleverly illustrating some familiar saying,—collectively entitled 'Better Try Gentleness than—Force.' These trifles, however, have not been significant in adding to his reputation.

The finest flower of Pailleron's talent undoubtedly is to be found in 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie,' with its studies of drawing-room politics, its contrasts of spontaneous human nature with tiresome formality, and its amusing situations. But 'Cabotins' is not a whit inferior to it as a tableau of contrasting phases of French life, including an amusing portrayal of a temperamental and adroit young politician, a natural manœuvrer and leader in the race; and there are also admirable scenes that range from the frolicsomeness of an artist's lodging-house to a drawing-room in the aristocratic centre of Paris. The quality of clear conception, the gift of an admirably just literary expression, are of the essence of M. Pailleron's best work. Like Dumas, he is a portrait-maker and a censor through the play-house—though concerning himself with higher moral and social problems than the author of 'La Dame aux Camellias' and 'Le Fils Naturel.'

### SOCIETY WHERE ONE IS BORED

From 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie'

[The scene represents a small drawing-room, partly library and partly reception-room, opening upon a much larger apartment, in the residence of the Countess de Cérán. Conspicuous is a huge table covered with journals, formidable-looking reviews, and "blue-books." A general air of formality and oppressiveness. François, a particularly formal-looking valet, is searching among the papers heaped on the table for a lost letter (which becomes amusingly essential to complications of the plot later in the play). As he is turning over things, Paul Raymond and his wife Jeanne, who have been asked to pay a visit of a few days to Madame de Cérán, enter the room. They have apparently just arrived from the railway station, are carrying their hand-luggage, and are a young and lively-looking married pair.]

FRANÇOIS [*at the table*].—Hunt! hunt! [*turning over the papers again*].—Colonial Review, Diplomatic Review, Archæological Review—

Jeanne—Ah! some one in sight at last. [*Calling to François gayly.*] Is Madame de Cérán—



Paul [*catching hold of her hand, and in a low voice*—Keep quiet! [*Gravely to François.*] Is Madame the Countess de Cérans at home?

François—Yes, monsieur.

Jeanne [*gayly*—Very well; then go and tell her that Monsieur and Madame Paul Raymond—

Paul [*catching hold of her hand again, and speaking again in a very formal tone*—Will you kindly inform her that M. Raymond, *sous-préfet* of Agenis,\* and Madame Raymond, have come from Paris, and are waiting her here.

Jeanne [*interrupting*—And that—

Paul [*with the same alternation of manner and tone as before*—Will you keep quiet! [*To François.*] Go, my friend.

François [*evidently impressed*—Yes, yes; Monsieur le Sous-Préfet. [*Aside.*] They are a newly married couple! [*Aloud.*] Permit me to relieve Monsieur le Sous-Préfet.

[*François takes their traveling-bags and rugs and goes out.*]

Jeanne—That is well enough; but, Paul, will you kindly tell me—

Paul—No "Paul" here, if you please. You will have to call me "M. Raymond," my dear, from the minute you set foot in *this* house.

Jeanne—What do you mean? Ridiculous! And you say that with *such* an expression on your face! [*Laughing.*]

Paul [*with an assumed severity*—Jeanne, no laughing here, I beg of you.

Jeanne—Really, Paul, are you going to scold me? Nonsense! [*She throws her arms around his neck. Paul disengages himself, and draws away from her reproachfully.*]

Paul—Unlucky creature! That was the only thing that was lacking! *Cannot* you restrain yourself?

Jeanne [*surprised*—Really, Paul, you begin to bore me.

Paul—Ah! Precisely! Now that time you sounded the very keynote of things. Have you forgotten already all that I have been saying to you on the railway this morning?

Jeanne—No; but I thought you were joking.

\*The office of *sous-préfet* in the French municipal system is one subordinate to that of *préfet*, which is practically a mayoralty.

*Paul* [horried]—Joking! Joking in this place! See here, Jeanne, do you wish to become the wife of a *préfet* or not? Yes or no?

*Jeanne*—Why, yes; if it is anything to you.

*Paul*—Very well then; now listen to me once more, and *do* be careful. Here we are. The Countess of Céran has done me the honor to ask me to present my young wife to her, and to spend some days at her château de Saint-Germain. Now the social circle of Madame de Céran, as a centre of politics, is one of the three or four most important in Paris. You think you have come here on a visit of pleasure. Not a bit of it! We are not here at all to amuse ourselves. I have come here only a *sous-préfet*, and I propose to go out of it a full *préfet*; and that good thing—my promotion—depends on three persons: on Madame de Céran, on myself, and on you.

*Jeanne*—On *me*! What have I got to do with it?

*Paul*—A great deal. My dear Jeanne, the world judges a man by his wife, and it is for that reason I want to put you on your guard. This is no place for you to be your natural and lively self. My dear little girl, you must put on a manner suitable to the task that we have in hand,—gravity without arrogance, a sweetly thoughtful smile; you must keep your eyes open, listen carefully, talk little. Oh, I don't mean to say you must not be complimentary to people. No, as much of *that* as you choose: and you may also quote—that is a very good thing, though they must be short quotations—good, deep ones. In physiology you must allude to Hegel; in literature you must cite Richter; in politics—

*Jeanne*—But, Paul, I cannot talk politics.

*Paul* [severely]—Here all the women talk politics.

*Jeanne* [dolefully]—I don't understand a thing about it.

*Paul*—The women here don't understand a thing about it, but that doesn't make any difference: you must talk it all the same. Cite Pufendorf and Machiavelli as if they had been your relatives; allude to the Council of Trent as if you had presided at it. As to your amusements—well, while you are here, you can expect chamber music, walks around the garden, whist;—that is all I can promise you: and so, what with only high-necked dresses, and the few words of Latin that I have put into your head,—why, my dear, I will wager that before a week is over,



people will say about you: "Now that little Madame Raymond, *she* is simply made to be the wife of a statesman!" And in the kind of society where we are just now, let me tell you that when people say that a woman is made to be the wife of a statesman, her husband is not very far from being one.

*Jeanne*—What! *You* wish to be a statesman!

*Paul*—Yes! So that I need not be an exception to everybody else!

*Jeanne*—But since Madame de Céran belongs to the Opposition, to what post can she help you?

*Paul*—Dear simpleton that you are! In whatever concerns political places, my dear child, between the Conservatives and their opponents there is only a mere shade of difference. The Conservatives do the asking, and the people that belong to the Opposition do the accepting. No, no, *Jeanne*, once for all, it is here in this very house that are made—and more than made—reputations, situations, elections, and all that sort of thing. Such a fashionable house as this, where under the excuse of talking about literature, fine arts, even the clumsy wire-pullers bring about their purposes,—such a house as this, I say, is the back door of the ministries, the ante-room of academies, the laboratory of success.

*Jeanne*—How dreadful! But what sort of society is there here?

*Paul*—Society here, my child, is a sort of Hôtel de Rambouillet in 1881: it is a society where people talk and where people pose, where pedantry takes the place of science, sentimentality that of sentiment, and a silly fussing that of delicacy; where no one ever says what he thinks, and where no one ever thinks what he says; where keeping at whatever you have in your mind to bring about is a special policy; where friendship is calculation; where even gallantry is a means of managing things: it is a society where one sucks his cane in the vestibule and chews on his tongue in the drawing-room. In a word, a very serious society indeed!

*Jeanne*—But then, that is the society where one is always bored.

*Paul*—Precisely.

*Jeanne*—But if one is bored there, what influence can it have?

*Paul*—What influence! Ah, innocence! innocence! What influence, if it bores you? An enormous influence! Don't you see

that as French people, we have a horror of boredom which we carry almost to the point of veneration? To a Frenchman, being bored is a terrible deity, whose worship is carried on in full dress. The Frenchman does not understand a serious affair except under that form of worship. I don't tell you that he always keeps it up, but he does not believe it any the less firmly—preferring to believe it rather than really to see much of it. We French people, gay at heart, have grown into a habit of despising so to be; we have lost our faith in the good sense of open laughter; a people skeptical, talkative, has come to put faith in those who are silent. A race expansive and cheerful has come to allow itself to be imposed upon by the pedantic solemnity, by the pretentious nullity, of people wearing white cravats; yes, in politics, in science, in art, in literature, in everything! We make fun of them, we hate them, we run away from them like the plague; but somehow they alone have won our secret admiration and absolute confidence. What influence, then, does boredom have? Ah, my dear child, learn that there are in the world only two sorts of people: those who cannot submit to being bored, and who are nothing at all; and those who can submit to being bored, and who are simply everything,—besides those who habitually bore others!

*Jeanne* [with a gesture of disappointment]—To a charming household you have brought me on a visit, you wretched man!

*Paul* [very solemnly]—*Jeanne*, do you wish to be the wife of a *préfet*—yes or no?

*Jeanne*—Oh, really, I simply never could—

*Paul*—Nonsense! You can put up with it eight days.

*Jeanne*—Eight days? Without talking, without laughing! Without even embracing you!

*Paul*—Certainly not, before other people; but when we are alone by ourselves—and then in corners,—now do behave yourself,—that will be charming. Why, I'll give you regular rendez-vous—in the garden, anywhere—just as we used to do before our marriage, you remember.

*Jeanne*—Oh, very well then, it's all right! It's all right! I shall get on somehow. [She opens the piano, and begins to play a lively air from the 'Fille de Madame Angot.']

*Paul* [alarmed]—Stop! stop! what are you playing?

*Jeanne*—Why, it is from the operetta that we heard yesterday.



*Paul*—Thoughtless creature! Now see how you profit by the sber lessons that I have been giving you! If any one should come! If any one should hear you! *Will* you be sensible! [*François appears at the end of the room.*] Too late! [*Jeanne cleverly changes the air of the opera to a grave passage in a symphony from Beethoven.*] Beethoven! Bravo! [*Pretends to follow the air with great attention.*] Ah! decidedly there is no music except that of the Conservatory!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

## A SCIENTIST AMONG LADIES

From 'The World of Boredom'

[In M. de Bellac, the hero of the following scene, the dramatist portrays the superficial, pretentious, and conceited man of letters, who passes for a deep thinker, and probably believes himself such; and whose practical success is largely due to the adulation of a coterie of women, infatuated with what they consider philosophy, but in reality carried away by mere sentimentality for its drawing-room expounder. As the curtain rises, Madame de Cérans, hostess of the assembled company, is about to conduct the ladies into the next apartment; when one of them, Madame de Loudan, takes her by the arm.]

MADAME DE LOUDAN [*in an affected tone*—O countess! countess! before we go, *do* let us carry out the little plot that we have just been making against M. de Bellac. [*Going to Bellac, she says beseechingly:*] M. Bellac—

*Bellac* [*smiling conceitedly*—Marquise—?

*Madame de Loudan*—We are all begging one favor of you.

*Bellac* [*graciously*—You mean the favor that you do in asking it of me?

*All the Ladies* [*to each other*—Oh, how charmingly he said that!

*Madame de Loudan*—The poetry that we are going into the other room to hear will probably take the entire evening. This will be our last chance for a ray of illumination from *you*. Do recite us something—will you not? Now, before we all go—just as little a thing as you choose. We don't wish to tax your genius, but something—anything—only speak. Every word you will say will fall on us like manna!

Suzanne—Yes, yes, *please* do, M. Bellac.

Madame Arriégo—Do be so kind, M. Bellac.

The Baroness—We are all absolutely at your feet, M. Bellac.

Bellac [*protesting*—O ladies! ladies!

Madame de Loudan—Come over here and help us, Lucy—you who are his Muse! You ask him too.

Lucy—Certainly I ask him.

Suzanne—For my part, I will have it so, whether M. Bellac likes it or not!

The Ladies [*whispering together*—Oh! oh!

Madame de Céran—Suzanne, you forget yourself.

Bellac—Oh, from the moment when anybody takes to violence—

Madame de Loudan—Oh, he consents! he consents! An arm-chair! An arm-chair! [*A general movement of delight among all the ladies surrounding Bellac.*]

Madame Arriégo—Will you have a table?

Madame de Loudan—Would you like us to draw back a little from you?

Madame de Céran—Yes, just make a little more room around him, please, ladies.

Bellac—Really! really! I beg of you—no stage setting—nothing that suggests giving a lesson, a lecture,—in a word, pedantry. Rather, my dear ladies, let us turn it into a conversation; you to ask me whatever questions you please.

Madame Loudan [*joining her hands together*—O dear M. Bellac, can we ask you something about your new book?

Suzanne—O M. Bellac, *please*—

Bellac—Ah, irresistible prayers! But in spite of them—yes, in spite of them, suffer me to refuse. Before my book is given to everybody, no one human being must know anything about it.

Madame de Loudan [*slyly*—Not even one single person—in particular?

Bellac—O marquise, as Fontenelle once said to Madame de Coulanges, "Take care! you are getting close to a secret."

All the Ladies [*with great enthusiasm*—Ah! charming!

The Baroness [*in a low voice to Madame de Loudan*—How much wit he has!



*Madame de Loudan*—He has something better than wit, my dear.

*The Baroness*—What do you mean?

*Madame de Loudan*—The man absolutely has wings—you shall see—he positively has wings!

*Bellac* [*looking around the circle*]*—*Ladies, I think you will all agree that this is neither the place nor the hour to enter upon those eternal problems with which souls whose intellectual flight is as high as yours, continually torment themselves,—the mysterious enigmas of life and of the Great Beyond.

*The Ladies* [*to each other*]*—*Ah! the Great Beyond, my dear; the Great Beyond!

*Bellac*—Such a topic reserved, I am at your orders: and as I speak there occurs to me one of those questions eternally agitated, never decided; upon which, with your permission, I should like to express an opinion in a few words.

*The Ladies*—Yes, yes; speak! speak!

*Bellac* [*sitting down in the arm-chair*]*—*And I should like to say what I have to say about it in view of a triple end. The topic that I have in mind is—love—

*The Ladies* [*all together, awed, and with enthusiasm*]*—*Ah!

*Bellac*—Yes, of love. Oh, weakness which is a force! Sentiment which is a faith! The only one perhaps which knows no atheists.

*The Ladies*—Ah! ah! Charming!

*Madame de Loudan* [*to the Baroness*]*—*Didn't I tell you he positively had wings, my dear—just listen!

*Bellac*—I had come here this morning intending to speak, à propos of the topic of German literature, of a certain philosophy which makes mere instinct the base and the rule of all of our actions and of all of our thoughts.

*The Ladies* [*protesting*]*—*Oh! oh!

*Bellac*—I take this occasion to assert that that opinion is not at all mine, and that I repulse it with all the energy of a soul that is proud to exist.

*The Ladies*—Oh, admirable!

*The Baroness* [*in a low voice to Madame de Loudan*]*—*Did you ever see a man with such a beautiful hand?

*Bellac*—No, ladies, no: love is not, as the German philosopher said, purely a passion belonging to the species,—a deceptive

illusion by which nature dazzles men, to accomplish its ends No, no, a hundred times no! It is impossible that it should be so if we really have souls.

*The Ladies*—Yes, yes; bravo!

*Bellac*—Let us leave to the sophists, and to vulgar natures, those theories that debase the human heart; let us not even discuss them; let us answer them by silence, by the language of forgetfulness.

*The Ladies*—Charming! charming!

*Bellac*—Heaven forbid that I should ever deny the sovereign influence of beauty upon the tottering wills of men. [*Looking meaningly around him.*] I see before me in such a moment as this only too much of what would enable me victoriously to refute any error as to that.

*The Ladies*—Ah! ah!

*Bellac*—But above this beauty which is perceptible and perishable, my dear ladies, there is another beauty, unconquerable by time, invisible to the eye, and which the purified spirit alone can perceive and love with a refined and immaterial love. That species of love, my dear ladies, is the very principle of love itself, the bringing together of two souls, and their elevation above all the mud of this terrestrial world,—their united flight into the infinite blue of the Ideal.

*The Ladies* [*all together*].—Bravo! bravo!

[*As Bellac says these last words, the old Duchesse de Réville, who has been sitting quite forward of the group of his admirers, embroidering diligently, exclaims in a tone of contempt:*]

There you have stuff and nonsense for you with a vengeance!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson



## THE STORY OF GRIGNEUX

From 'Cabotins'

[The following dialogue occurs between a young sculptor, Pierre Cardevent, who has had the misfortune to fall in love apparently outside of his sphere, and Grigneux, an old painter, whose life has been a failure. Grigneux takes an affectionate interest in the young man's career. The scene is a drawing-room, where the two are for a few moments alone by themselves; the episode occurring in the second act of the play.]

PIERRE [*to Grigneux, who looks anxiously at him on entering the room*—Ah! it is you, is it? Well, you can reassure yourself, my old Grigneux. It is finished. It is finished.

Grigneux—What? What is finished?

Pierre—My romance—as you called it a while ago.

Grigneux [*incredulously*]—Finished?

Pierre—Yes, Mademoiselle Valentine tells me that she does not wish to see me, that I must forget her, because—well, I don't know just why, but I do know that she doesn't wish to see me again. Oh, my romance has not been a long one, eh? [*with a forced laugh*] and you were so afraid of its having another winding-up: well, here is its winding-up; I hope you are satisfied with it. Would you like me to say that I am satisfied too?

Grigneux [*gravely*]—How you love her!

Pierre—So then this is what people call loving anybody. [*Sarcastically.*] Well, well, it is a lively business! Think of it! During ten days I have been expecting that girl at the studio—to go on with her portrait—as if I were waiting for the good God himself! This very evening I have left my mother alone to come to this house, and here I am: obliged to make myself agreeable to a lot of people who bore me to death, in a drawing-room, in fashionable society! I, Cardevent the sculptor! Look at me, in a coat that worries me, a cravat that strangles me, with pomade on my hair! Yes, with pomade! I put it on my hair, on my honor! [*laughing*] and all that so that I could hear this young lady tell me that I must forget her, and that “everything is finished”! Really, it is all very stupid! I have never been so stupid about anything in all my life. But then it's done now. So much the better. I have had enough, thank you!

Grigneux—O my poor Pierre, you are hard hit.

*Pierre*—Very well then, I must get over it. It is simply a matter of resolution.

*Grigneux*—Yes; but you must resolve to be resolved.

*Pierre*—Don't be afraid; you shall see.

*Grigneux*—It is because I *have* "seen" that I am afraid.

*Pierre*—Oh, come now! There is no such thing as a love which one cannot kill with one stroke of his own will.

*Grigneux*—Do you think so? Listen to me. Pierre, I knew, a long time ago, an artist far less gifted than you, but having just as you have a real passion for his art, and a strong faith in his own youth: he was a man who would have been somebody for all I know; only—a woman came into his life, a woman who shattered all these promises, and who made of that man's life the most lamentable thing in the world.

*Pierre*—And how did that happen?

*Grigneux*—Oh, always the same story! He had as a neighbor a young girl, a pianist, who got along as well as she could in life, earning her bread by giving lessons. She was intelligent, she was proud, she was a little impulsive. She believed that this poor fellow possessed genius. You see that a charm for him hung about her. And besides all this, she was as pretty—as pretty—well, as this Valentine here whom you love; and what is more, she had the same name. [*Grigneux pauses as if becoming lost in remembrances.*]

*Pierre*—Well, what happened?

*Grigneux*—What happened? He loved her and he married her! It had to be so; it was written in the book of fate. To fall in love—for an artist that is a danger to begin with; but for an artist to marry, to bring a woman into the secret of your work,—that is to say, all your efforts, doubts, pangs of artistic creation,—a woman who has begun by believing in you as in God, and who imagines that it is enough for you to make a gesture as God might, in order to create something,—oh, that is an irreparable mistake! I tell you, Pierre, women do not understand anything except success. Now this poor creator of whom I am speaking, tried in vain to be a creator all the week long, without even taking time to rest himself on the seventh day; but *he* got nothing out of his chaos. Success never came; but on the contrary, failures succeeded failures. Little by little, everybody ceased to expect anything from him, to hope anything for him,—except the man himself, whose hope was of the kind that becomes



grotesque by its persistence. People laughed at him all around him. From the time that the laughing began he was judged and condemned. The young woman whom he had loved and married, she joined the laughers. I leave out the details. It is enough to say that when there was only one sort of treason that could be committed against him, the thing which was sure to happen happened: one evening his wife fled from the house of this creature whom fate had vanquished,—the ridicule of whom was in everybody's mouth. She fled, to go heaven knows whither, in company with nobody knew whom.

*Pierre*—And he? What did he do then?

*Grigneux*—Well, during a whole week, out of his senses with grief and rage, he hunted all around the town after her; but of course he could find out nothing. Then he fled in his turn; and he went down and shut himself up in Italy in a little village near Naples. There it was that eight months later the news of his wife's death met him while he was reading one day a French newspaper. But for all that he stayed down there, an exile, for twenty years; even to the time when, an old man, worn out, unrecognizable, he came back to Paris, the place where every one can lose himself and forget himself: and there he ended up by living under a false name; concealed, miserable, and alone.

*Pierre*—So! The worse for him then. A man who cannot recover himself under an insult is a coward.

*Grigneux*—Yes: well then, that man of whom I have been telling you, he was—myself!

*Pierre* [*greatly shocked*—You, Grigneux! You!

*Grigneux* [*becoming more and more carried away from himself*]  
—Yes, I am more of a coward than you would believe—for I love her still; and, afraid lest I love her less, I have done no searching into her story since I came back here. I wish to know nothing more than I know of her guilty past. Yes, I have been determined that so far as I am concerned she shall have no existence from the day when I ceased to see her. I have been resolved that she shall dwell in my mind only as she was before her sin: that death shall bury her forever, pure in its pardoning mystery. Oh, I am a coward in more than that, if you care to know it: for I love her for always; yes, for always! [*He speaks in a constantly increasing excitement.*] And since I have lost her in reality, I bring her back to me in my dreams; and it is for that that I take that poison which gives a man dreams. And

with them, oh then she comes back—I can hear her—she speaks to me—I answer her—she draws near to me—I can feel her hand upon my shoulders again—she is there—I see her! [*He breaks off and remains in a sort of ecstatic silence.*]

*Pierre* [terrified]—Grigneux! Grigneux!

*Grigneux* [as if awakening]—And then, little by little, her voice dies away, the vision effaces itself, and so she leaves me alone,—and so miserable that I must try to go through it all again. Oh, I know perfectly well that my reason is going, that my body is wearing out. So much the better! Only my body separates me from her where she is now. So let it perish as soon as it can, and my soul will take its wings to join hers!

*Pierre* [much affected]—My friend, my poor friend!

*Grigneux* [passing his hand over his forehead and returning to himself]—Pierre, see what love makes of an old man like me; what it can do to a young man like you. Oh, you see now why it is that I tell you, "Fly from it." My dear boy, I have nobody in the world to love except you. I have nothing to expect in life except what will come through you in your future. And your future is so bright. Oh, I beg of you, I beseech you, do not be a traitor to me, to yourself; do not at least rob me of what should be your glory!

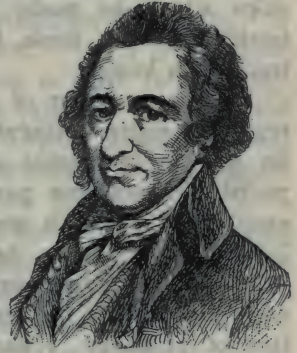
Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson



## THOMAS PAINE

(1737-1809)

**W**HETHER, as he himself believed, his services to the cause of American independence deserved to be mentioned with those of Washington and Jefferson, or not, the pamphlets of Thomas Paine were doubtless in their time "half-battles." Clear, logical, homely, by turns warning, appealing, or commanding, now sharply satirical, now humorous, now pathetic, always desperately in earnest, always written in admirably simple English, they constituted their author, in the judgment of many, the foremost pamphleteer of the eighteenth century. In the phrase of Matthew Arnold, he saw things steadily and saw them whole, whenever he was able to see them at all,—which, with his myopic vision, was by no means always. Before his day, moreover, pamphlets and open letters had been for the classes. Atticus, Brutus, Civitas, Cato, Phil-anglus, when they appeared in print, wore mask and buskins, and addressed themselves to gentlemen who knew their classics, and who expected academic speech. Paine addressed the masses as he would have talked to them in the street. His turn for phrases was notable. "Our trade will always be a protection." "Neutrality is a safer convoy than a man-of-war." "It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while by her dependence on Britain she is made the make-weight in the scale of European politics." "Nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration of independence." "This proceeding may at first appear strange and difficult. A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right." All these sentences, and many even better, he wrote six months before the 4th of July, 1776, while many genuine patriots still trembled at the thought of separation from the mother country.



THOMAS PAINE

The imported citizen who showed such perspicacity and courage was at this time thirty-nine years of age, and had been for two years

assistant editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, at a salary of £50 a year. Born in Norfolkshire, the son of an English staymaker, a Quaker, and poor, he had been by turns a staymaker, a sailor, an exciseman, a tobacconist, and an usher in a school at £25 a year, when he determined to emigrate and to establish a girls' school in Philadelphia. On a fortunate day in the summer of 1774, at the London house of his friend David Williams,—the radical who, with himself, was presently to receive the honor of French citizenship,—the humble usher met the "ingenious Dr. Franklin," who took a great liking to him, advised him as to his future career, and wrote him cordial letters of introduction to friends in Philadelphia. That he was a very likable man, both at this time and later in life, is shown, among other evidence, by a familiar letter to Goldsmith, desiring "the honor of his company at the tavern for an hour or two, to partake of a bottle of wine"; by the prediction of the brilliant Horne Tooke that whoever should be at a certain dinner party, Paine would be sure to say the best things said; and by the friendships which he made so easily. In middle age, at least, he was fastidious in his dress, inclined to elegance in his manners, and attractive in looks.

In 1775, a paper of his against slavery brought him the kindly regard of many distinguished Americans, and the friendship of Franklin was an invaluable guarantee. In January 1776 appeared anonymously Paine's first pamphlet, 'Common Sense.' It was variously ascribed to Franklin and the two Adamsses; and when the irascible John went to France, he found himself, to his chagrin, introduced as "the famous Adams, author of 'Common Sense.'" "The success it met with," wrote the author, "was beyond anything since the invention of printing. I gave the copyright up to every State in the Union, and the demand ran to not less than a hundred thousand copies." In his opinion the Declaration of Independence followed "as soon as 'Common Sense' could spread through such an extensive country." Nearly a year later came the first number of *The Crisis*, beginning "These are the times that try men's souls,"—a number which, read as a gospel in America, was condemned to be burned by the hangman in England. Later issues followed, some a few paragraphs in length, some many pages, printed wherever there was a printing-press, often on brown paper in the scarcity of white, and distributed to every enlisted man and every village politician.

In 1780 the country was virtually bankrupt, the army starving and mutinous, and Congress without money or credit. Paine, then clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, wrote a fiery letter inclosing his whole salary, five hundred dollars, and urging the establishment of a volunteer relief fund. Three hundred thousand pounds (inflated



Pennsylvania currency) was raised, and a relief bank founded, which presently, at the instance of Robert Morris, became the "Bank of North America." The next year, Paine, as private secretary, accompanied Colonel Laurens to France to negotiate a loan with that King Louis, one of whose judges the ex-staymaker was presently to become! In 1783 Morris besought its author to resume the *Crisis*, and rouse reluctant patriotism to pay its debts and obey the orders of Congress. The second paper of the new series contained the famous passage: "We sometimes experience sensations to which language is not equal. The conception is too bulky to be born alive, and in the torture of thinking we stand dumb. Our feelings, imprisoned by their magnitude, find no way out; and in the struggle for expression every finger tries to be a tongue." The last *Crisis*, published after the treaty of peace, is a noble and eloquent setting forth of the greatness of the American opportunity.

For all this laborious and constant toil, Paine, holding the Quaker theory that the preacher must take no pay, received not a single penny. "I could never reconcile it to my principles," he wrote, "to make any money by my politics or my religion." "In a great affair, where the happiness of man is at stake, I love to work for nothing; and so fully am I under the influence of this principle that I should lose the spirit, the pleasure, and the pride of it, were I conscious that I looked for reward." But after the war, Pennsylvania set apart £500 (currency) for his actual expenses; New Jersey gave him a small place at Bordentown; New York settled upon him a confiscated Tory farm at New Rochelle; and finally Congress voted him \$3,000, most of which he had already spent in the service of the nation. From 1783 to 1787 Paine spent most of his time in Philadelphia, engaged in scientific pursuits, the avocation of the cultivated gentleman of his time. One of his experiments was literally to set the river on fire for the entertainment of General Washington, whose guest he was for some time at Rocky Creek, near Philadelphia. Among other contrivances he invented an iron bridge of a single arch, the idea being suggested to him by the mechanism of a spider's web.

To lay his model before the French Academy of Sciences, he sailed for Havre in 1787; and then began the stormy fifteen years of his life in England and France. Science he loved, but politics was his very life. He was well received in Paris; but Paris was already on the road to revolution. It had no time for the study of bridges, and he had no heart for anything but affairs. When the Bastille was taken, Lafayette sent the key to his "master," Washington, through the hands of Paine, who wrote: "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes

to the right place." He became once more a pamphleteer, and presently a member of the Assembly that condemned the King to death; a condemnation which he opposed with magnificent courage from the tribune itself, in the face of a furiously hostile audience, and against which he voted in a hopeless minority. Before long he himself became a 'suspect'; and a prisoner for eleven months, to be released at last, broken in health, energy, and fortunes. Before these evil days, however,—from 1791 to 1793,—he had been busy in England rousing radical sentiment, working at first heartily with Burke, and after the publication of that statesman's 'Reflections,' furiously against him. "Mr. Burke's mind," he wrote, "is above the homely sorrows of the vulgar. He can feel only for a king or for a queen. The countless victims of tyranny have no place in his sympathies. He is not afflicted with the reality of distress touching on his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird." Paine's crowning offense at that time was the publication of 'The Rights of Man'; for England stood in terror of the Revolution. The Church, the professions, trade, good society, alike condemned all who defended or even explained it; and as a dangerous agitator, but especially as a treasonable writer, Paine was presently outlawed by the government.

From the time of his release from prison in '94 to that of his return to the United States, on the invitation of Jefferson, in 1802, little is known of Paine's life. He was very poor, his associates seem to have been unworthy of him, he was growing old, his health was wretched, and the habit of brooding over what he thought the injustice and ingratitude of the American people led him at times to drink more than was good for him. He still wrote,—papers on finance, 'The Rights of Man,' 'Agrarian Justice,' the last part of the 'Age of Reason' (the first book of which he had completed but not revised at the time of his arrest by the Committee of Public Safety: a work which gave him the reputation of a foe to Christianity),—but the old fire was burned out. His last seven years in America were most unhappy. Old friends fell away. The acerbity of his temper and the sensitiveness of his vanity kept new ones aloof. The bitterness of politics colored judgment, and he was accused of offenses he had never committed and of conduct impossible to him. An old man at seventy-two, he died broken with many griefs, to be remembered by a later age as "the great Commoner of Mankind."



## FROM "THE CRISIS"

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THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to TAX*) but "*to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER*"; and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that he has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils: and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain

can look up to heaven for help against us; a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretense as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth [fifteenth] century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision,—the inevitable consequences of a long retreat,—bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centred in one; which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kinds of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.



Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish himself between temper and principle; and I am as confident as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not, nor does not, want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defense of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy; and thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city: should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined; if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle States: for he cannot go everywhere; it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the Tories have: he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish with all the devotion of a Christian that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two-years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge; call it rather the self-resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the *good of all*, have staked their *own all* upon a seemingly

doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness: eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on *this* State or *that* State, but on *every* State: up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel: better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone,—turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but “*show your faith by your works*,” that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me or those that are in it, and to “*bind me in all cases whatsoever*” to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel, and welcome,—I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing



allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons, too, who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them; they solace themselves with the hopes that the enemy, if he succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice: and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war; the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf, and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is, partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace: "*a peace which passeth all understanding,*" indeed! a peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are well armed: this perhaps is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, *that* State must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is the principal link in the chain of mutual love; and woe be to that State that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction; and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapors of imagination: I bring reason to your ears, and, in language as plain as A B C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle: and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenseless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that with a handful of men we

sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate; for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp; and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils: a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians—and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture and weep over it! and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

COMMON SENSE.

December 23d, 1776.

## THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

From the paper written on taking charge of the newly founded Pennsylvania Magazine, 1775. Reprinted from Moncure D. Conway's edition of 'The Writings of Thomas Paine.' Copyright 1894, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**I**N A country whose reigning character is the love of science, it is somewhat strange that the channels of communication should continue so narrow and limited. The weekly papers are at present the only vehicles of public information. Convenience and necessity prove that the opportunities of acquiring and communicating knowledge ought always to enlarge with the circle of population. America has now outgrown the state of infancy: her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood; and science in all its branches has not only blossomed, but even ripened on the soil. The cottages as it were of yesterday have grown to villages, and the villages to cities; and while



proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, as if sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes hither for recovery.

The present enlarged and improved state of things gives every encouragement which the editor of a new magazine can reasonably hope for. The failure of former ones cannot be drawn as a parallel now. Change of times adds propriety to new measures. In the early days of colonization, when a whisper was almost sufficient to have negotiated all our internal concerns, the publishing even of a newspaper would have been premature. Those times are past; and population has established both their use and their credit. But their plan, being almost wholly devoted to news and commerce, affords but a scanty residence to the Muses. Their path lies wide of the field of science, and has left a rich and unexplored region for new adventures.

It has always been the opinion of the learned and curious, that a magazine, when properly conducted, is the nursery of genius; and by constantly accumulating new matter, becomes a kind of market for wit and utility. The opportunities which it affords to men of abilities to communicate their studies, kindle up a spirit of invention and emulation. An unexercised genius soon contracts a kind of mossiness, which not only checks its growth, but abates its natural vigor. Like an untenanted house it falls into decay, and frequently ruins the possessor. . . .

There is nothing which obtains so general an influence over the manners and morals of a people as the press; from *that*, as from a fountain, the streams of vice or virtue are poured forth over a country: and of all publications, none are more calculated to improve or infect than a periodical one. All others have their rise and their exit; but *this* renews the pursuit. If it has an evil tendency, it debauches by the power of repetition; if a good one, it obtains favor by the gracefulness of soliciting it. Like a lover, it woos its mistress with unabated ardor, nor gives up the pursuit without a conquest.

The two capital supports of a magazine are Utility and Entertainment: the first is a boundless path, the other an endless spring. To suppose that arts and sciences are exhausted subjects, is doing them a kind of dishonor. The divine mechanism of creation reproves such folly, and shows us by comparison the imperfection of our most refined inventions. I cannot believe that this species of vanity is peculiar to the present age only. I

have no doubt but that it existed before the Flood, and even in the wildest ages of antiquity. 'Tis folly we have inherited, not created; and the discoveries which every day produces have greatly contributed to dispossess us of it. Improvement and the world will expire together; and till that period arrives, we may plunder the mine, but can never exhaust it! That "*We have found out everything*," has been the motto of every age. Let our ideas travel a little into antiquity, and we shall find larger portions of it than now; and so unwilling were our ancestors to descend from this mountain of perfection, that when any new discovery exceeded the common standard the discoverer was believed to be in alliance with the Devil. It was not the ignorance of the age only, but the vanity of it, which rendered it dangerous to be ingenious. The man who first planned and erected a tenable hut, with a hole for the smoke to pass and the light to enter, was perhaps called an able architect; but he who first improved it with a chimney could be no less than a prodigy: yet had the same man been so unfortunate as to have embellished it with glass windows, he might probably have been burnt for a magician. Our fancies would be highly diverted could we look back and behold a circle of original Indians haranguing on the sublime perfection of the age; yet 'tis not impossible but future times may exceed us almost as much as we have exceeded them.

I would wish to extirpate the least remains of this impolitic vanity. It has a direct tendency to unbrace the nerves of invention, and is peculiarly hurtful to young colonies. A magazine can never want matter in America, if the inhabitants will do justice to their own abilities. Agriculture and manufactures owe much of their improvement in England to hints first thrown out in some of their magazines. Gentlemen whose abilities enabled them to make experiments, frequently chose that method of communication on account of its convenience. And why should not the same spirit operate in America? I have no doubt of seeing, in a little time, an American magazine full of more useful matter than I ever saw an English one: because we are not exceeded in abilities, have a more extensive field for inquiry; and whatever may be our political state, *our happiness will always depend upon ourselves*.

Something useful will always arise from exercising the invention, though perhaps, like the witch of Endor, we shall raise up a being we did not expect. We owe many of our noblest



discoveries more to accident than wisdom. In quest of a pebble we have found a diamond, and returned enriched with the treasure. Such happy accidents give additional encouragement to the making experiments; and the convenience which a magazine affords of collecting and conveying them to the public, enhances their utility. Where this opportunity is wanting, many little inventions, the forerunners of improvement, are suffered to expire on the spot that produced them; and as an elegant writer beautifully expresses on another occasion, they "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

In matters of humor and entertainment there can be no reason to apprehend a deficiency. Wit is naturally a volunteer, delights in action, and under proper discipline is capable of great execution. 'Tis a perfect master in the art of bush-fighting; and though it attacks with more subtilty than science, has often defeated a whole regiment of heavy artillery. Though I have rather exceeded the line of gravity in this description of wit, I am unwilling to dismiss it without being a little more serious. 'Tis a qualification which, like the passions, has a natural wildness that requires governing. Left to itself, it soon overflows its banks, mixes with common filth, and brings disrepute on the fountain. We have many valuable springs of it in America, which at present run purer streams than the generality of it in other countries. In France and Italy, 'tis froth highly fomented. In England it has much of the same spirit, but rather a browner complexion. European wit is one of the worst articles we can import. It has an intoxicating power with it, which debauches the very vitals of chastity, and gives a false coloring to every thing it censures or defends. We soon grow fatigued with the excess, and withdraw like gluttons sickened with intemperance. On the contrary, how happily are the sallies of innocent humor calculated to amuse and sweeten the vacancy of business! We enjoy the harmless luxury without surfeiting, and strengthen the spirits by relaxing them.

I consider a magazine as a kind of beehive, which both allures the swarm and provides room to store their sweets. Its division into cells gives every bee a province of his own; and though they all produce honey, yet perhaps they differ in their taste for flowers, and extract with greater dexterity from one than from another. Thus we are not all Philosophers, all Artists, nor all Poets.

## JOHN GORHAM PALFREY

(1796-1881)



IN THE preface to the fourth volume of his 'History of New England,' John Gorham Palfrey sets forth his conception of the significance of the work upon which he is engaged.

"The history of New England," he writes, "is considered to be dry and unpicturesque. But by peculiar titles it deserves, beyond the record of dynastic intrigues and wars, to be known to the philosophical student of man and society, of Divine Providence, and of the progress of the race. In more stirring narratives one may read of the conflicts of furious human passions, of the baseness of men in high degree, of revolutions due to nothing worthy and issuing in nothing profitable. In the colonial history of New England, we follow the strenuous action of intelligent and honest men in building up a free, strong, enlightened, and happy State. With sagacity, promptitude, patience, and constancy, they hold their ground from age to age. Each generation trains the next in the lessons of liberty, and advances it to further attainments; and when the time comes for the result of the modest process to be disclosed, behold the establishment of the political independence of America, and the boundless spread of principles which are working for good in the politics of the world."



JOHN G. PALFREY

Mr. Palfrey's New England ancestry must have influenced him not a little in forming this estimate of the importance of New England's development in the economy of international affairs. He himself was of a prominent Massachusetts family; his blood was rich in traditions of honor and godliness; he was an outgrowth of the soil upon which many generations had fought for the maintenance of high principles. His grandfather, Colonel William Palfrey, had been a paymaster-general in the Revolutionary army. Later he was appointed by the young Republic consul-general to France, but the vessel on which he sailed was lost at sea. John Gorham Palfrey was born at Boston in 1796. He graduated from Harvard in 1815, and in 1818 he accepted the charge of the Brattle Street Unitarian Church in his native city. The ministry was not



altogether congenial to him, and he entered gradually into other fields of activity. From 1831 to 1839 he held the Dexter professorship of Sacred Literature at Harvard; and from 1836 to 1843 he edited the *North American Review*. Towards the close of his editorship he was drawn into politics, or rather into the dignified and wholly worthy political life possible to a New England gentleman fifty years ago. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842; from 1844 to 1847 he was Secretary of State. The anti-slavery movement was attaining strength in the East during these years: Mr. Palfrey, who was a strong abolitionist, contributed a series of articles to the *Boston Whig* on the 'Progress of the Slave Power.' In 1847 he was sent to Congress as an anti-slavery Whig. Subsequently he was defeated in an election for the governorship of Massachusetts. After this defeat he devoted himself exclusively to his literary labors, taking office only once again, when from 1861 to 1866 he held the postmastership of Boston. He died at Cambridge in 1881.

Among Mr. Palfrey's minor works are his biography of his grandfather in Jared Sparks's 'Dictionary of American Biography'; his lectures on the 'Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities,' and his 'Evidences of Christianity.' His chief claim to distinction as a man of letters is founded, however, upon his 'History of New England.' The first three volumes of this important and significant work contain the record of New England's development under the Stuart dynasty. The fourth and fifth volumes bring the narrative to the year 1765.

Mr. Palfrey's merits as a historian are chiefly those of scholarship. He has drawn freely upon a large number of sources for the material of his work, and he has made organic use of this material. His historical record, while lacking in dramatic and humanistic elements, is remarkable for its clarity and dignity. It is written with the candor and sympathy of one who has become the spiritual heir to the fruits of the struggles which he describes. Through his scholarship, and through his catholic view of the significance of history, he is entitled to high rank among American historians.

## SALEM WITCHCRAFT

From 'A Compendious History of New England.' Copyright 1873, by John Gorham Palfrey; 1883, by John Carver Palfrey. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

**A** YET worse trouble confronted the new Governor. He found a part of the people whom he was to rule in a state of distress and consternation, by reason of certain terrible manifestations during the last few weeks before his coming, attributed by them to the agency of the Devil, and of wicked men, women, and children, whom he had confederated with himself, and was using as his instruments.

The people of Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, like all other Christian people at that time and later,—at least, with extremely rare individual exceptions,—believed in the reality of a hideous crime called *witchcraft*. They thought they had Scripture for that belief, and they knew they had law for it, explicit and abundant; and with them law and Scripture were absolute authorities for the regulation of opinion and of conduct.

In a few instances, witches were believed to have appeared in the earlier years of New England. But the cases had been sporadic. The first instance of an execution for witchcraft is said to have occurred in Connecticut, soon after the settlement [1647, May 30th]; but the circumstances are not known, and the fact has been doubted. A year later, one Margaret Jones, of Charlestown in Massachusetts, and it has been said, two other women in Dorchester and Cambridge, were convicted and executed for the goblin crime. These cases appear to have excited no more attention than would have been given to the commission of any other felony, and no judicial record of them survives. A case much more observed was that of Mrs. Ann Hibbins, the widow of an immigrant of special distinction. He had been agent for the colony in England, and one of the Assistants. He had lost his property, and the melancholy and ill-temper to which his disappointed wife gave way appear to have exposed her to misconstructions and hatred; in the sequel of which she was convicted as a witch, and after some opposition on the part of the magistrates was hanged [1656, June].

With three or four exceptions,—for the evidence respecting the asserted sufferers at Dorchester and Cambridge is imperfect, —no person appears to have been punished for witchcraft in



Massachusetts, nor convicted of it, for more than sixty years after the settlement, though there had been three or four trials of other persons suspected of the crime. At the time when the question respecting the colonial charter was rapidly approaching an issue, and the public mind was in feverish agitation, the ministers sent out a paper of proposals for collecting facts concerning witchcraft [1681, May]. This brought out a work from President Mather entitled 'Illustrious Providences,' in which that influential person related numerous stories of the performances of persons leagued with the Devil [1684, January 31st].

The imagination of his restless young son was stimulated, and circumstances fed the flame. In the last year of the government of Andros [1688], a daughter, thirteen years old, of John Goodwin,—a mason living at the South End of Boston,—had a quarrel with an Irish washerwoman about some missing clothes. The woman's mother took it up, and scolded provokingly. Thereupon the wicked child, profiting, as it seems, by what she had been hearing and reading on the mysterious subject, "cried out upon her," as the phrase was, as a witch, and proceeded to act the part understood to be fit for a bewitched person; in which behavior she was presently joined by three others of the circle, one of them only four or five years old. Now they would lose their hearing, now their sight, now their speech; and sometimes all three faculties at once. They mewed like kittens; they barked like dogs. They could read fluently in Quaker books, in the 'Oxford Jests,' and in the 'Book of Common Prayer'; but not in the 'Westminster Catechism,' nor in John Cotton's 'Milk for Babes.' Cotton Mather prayed with one of them; but she lost her hearing, he says, when he began, and recovered it as soon as he finished. Four Boston ministers and one of Charlestown held a meeting, and passed a day in fasting and prayer, by which exorcism the youngest imp was "delivered." The poor woman, crazed with all this pother,—if in her right mind before,—and defending herself unskillfully in her foreign gibberish and with the volubility of her race, was interpreted as making some confession. A gossiping witness testified that six years before, she had heard another woman say that she had seen the accused come down a chimney. She was required to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English,—an approved test; but being a Catholic, she had never learned it in that language. She could recite it, after a fashion, in Latin; but she was no scholar, and made some

mistakes. The helpless wretch was convicted and sent to the gallows.

Cotton Mather took the oldest "afflicted" girl to his house, where she dexterously played upon his self-conceit to stimulate his credulity. She satisfied him that Satan regarded him as his most terrible enemy, and avoided him with especial awe. When he prayed or read in the Bible, she was seized with convulsion fits. When he called to family devotion, she would whistle, and sing, and scream, and pretend to try to strike and kick him; but her blows would be stopped before reaching his body, indicating that he was unassailable by the Evil One. Mather published an account of these transactions, with a collection of other appropriate matter. The treatise circulated not only in Massachusetts, but widely also in England, where it obtained the warm commendation of Richard Baxter; and it may be supposed to have had an important effect in producing the more disastrous delusion which followed three years after. The Goodwin children soon got well: in other words, they were tired of their atrocious foolery; and the death of their victim gave them a pretense for a return to decent behavior.

Mr. Samuel Parris was minister of a church in a part of Salem which was then called Salem Village, and which now as a separate town is known by the name of Danvers. He was a man of talents, and of repute for professional endowments, but avaricious and wrong-headed. Among his parishioners, at the time of his settlement and afterwards, there had been angry disputes about the election of a minister, which had never been composed. Neighbors and relations were embittered against each other. Elizabeth Parris, the minister's daughter, was now nine years old. A niece of his, eleven years old, lived in his family. His neighbor, Thomas Putnam, the parish clerk, had a daughter named Ann, twelve years of age. These children, with a few other young women, of whom two were as old as twenty years or thereabouts, had become possessed with a wild curiosity about the sorceries of which they had been hearing and reading, and used to hold meetings for study, if it may be so called, and practice. They learned to go through motions similar to those which had lately made the Goodwin children so famous. They forced their limbs into grotesque postures, uttered unnatural outcries, were seized with cramps and spasms, became incapable of speech and of motion. By-and-by they interrupted public worship.



Abigail Williams, Parris's niece, called aloud in church to the minister to "stand up and name his text." Ann Putnam cried out, "There is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat, as it hangs on the pin in the pulpit." The families were distressed. The neighbors were alarmed. The physicians were perplexed and baffled, and at length declared that nothing short of witchcraft was the trouble.

The families of the "afflicted children" assembled for fasting and prayer. Then the neighboring ministers were sent for, and held at Mr. Parris's house a prayer-meeting which lasted through the day. The children performed in their presence, and the result was a confirmation by the ministers of the opinion of the doctors. Of course the next inquiry was by whom the manifest witchcraft was exercised. It was presumed that the unhappy girls could give the answer. For a time they refused to do so. But at length, yielding to an importunity which it had become difficult to escape unless by an avowal of their fraud, they pronounced the names of Good, Osborn, and Tituba.

Tituba—half Indian, half negro—was a servant of Mr. Parris, brought by him from the West India Islands or the Spanish Main, where he had formerly been a merchant. Sarah Good was an old woman, miserably poor. Sarah Osborn had been prosperous in early life. She had been married twice, and her second husband was still living, but separated from her. Her reputation was not good, and for some time she had been bedridden, and in a disturbed nervous state. In the meeting-house of Salem village [March 1st], with great solemnity, and in the presence of a vast crowd, the three accused persons were arraigned before John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, of Salem, members of the Colonial Council. The "afflicted children" were confronted with them; prayer was made; and the examination proceeded with a questioning of Sarah Good, the other prisoners being for the time withdrawn.

When Good declared that she was falsely accused Hathorne "desired the children all of them to look at her; . . . and so they all did; . . . and presently they were all tormented." The prisoner was made to touch them, and then their torment ceased; the received doctrine being that by this contact the Satanic influence which had been emitted from the witch was drawn back into her. Similar proceedings were had with the other two prisoners. Tituba, whether in collusion with her young mistress,

or as was afterwards said, in consequence of having been scourged by Mr. Parris, confessed herself to be a witch, and charged Good and Osborn with being her accomplices. The evidence was then thought unexceptionable, and the three were committed to jail for trial.

Martha Corey and Rebecca Nourse were next cried out against. Both were church-members of excellent character; the latter seventy years of age. They were examined by the same magistrates, and sent to prison [March 21st—March 24th], and with them a child of Sarah Good, only four or five years old, also charged with diabolical practices. Mr. Parris preached upon the text, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Sarah Cloyse, understanding the allusion to be to Nourse, who was her sister, went out of church, and was accordingly cried out upon, examined, and committed. Elizabeth Procter was another person charged. The Deputy-Governor and five magistrates came to Salem for the examination of the two prisoners last named [April 11th]. Procter appealed to one of the children who was accusing her. "Dear child," she said, "it is not so; there is another judgment, dear child:" and presently they denounced as a witch her husband, who stood by her side [April 18th]. A week afterwards, warrants were issued for the apprehension of four other suspected persons; and a few days later [April 30th] for three others, one of whom, Philip English, was the principal merchant of Salem. On the same day, on the information of one of the possessed girls, an order was sent to Maine for the arrest of George Burroughs, formerly a candidate for the ministry at Salem Village, and now minister of Wells. The witness said that Burroughs, besides being a wizard, had killed his first two wives, and other persons whose ghosts has appeared to her and denounced him.

Charges now came in rapidly. George Jacobs, an old man, and his granddaughter, were sent to prison [May 10th]. "You tax me for a wizard," said he to the magistrates: "you may as well tax me for a buzzard; I have done no harm." They tried him with repeating the Lord's Prayer, which it was thought impossible for a witch to do. According to Parris's record, "he missed in several parts of it." His accusers persisted. "Well, burn me or hang me," said he, "I will stand in the truth of Christ; I know nothing of the matter, any more than the child that was born to-night." Among others, John Willard was now



apprehended. As a constable he had served in the arrest and custody of some of the reputed witches. But he came to see the absurdity of the thing, and was said to have uttered something to the effect that it was the magistrates that were bewitched, and those who cheered them on. Willard was forthwith cried out against as a wizard, and committed for trial [May 18th].

Affairs were in this condition when the King's Governor arrived [May 14th]. About a hundred alleged witches were now in jail, awaiting trial. Their case was one of the first matters to which his attention was called. Without authority for so doing,—for by the charter which he represented, the establishment of judicial courts was a function of the General Court,—he proceeded to institute a special commission of Oyer and Terminer, consisting of seven magistrates, first of whom was the hard, obstinate, narrow-minded Stoughton. The commissioners applied themselves to their office without delay. Their first act [June 2d] was to try Bridget Bishop, against whom an accusation twenty years old, and retracted by its author on his death-bed, had been revived. The court sentenced her to die by hanging, and she was accordingly hanged at the end of eight days. Cotton Mather, in his account of the proceedings, relates that as she passed along the street under guard, Bishop "had given a look towards the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem, and immediately a dæmon, invisibly entering the house, tore down a part of it." It may be guessed that a plank or a partition had given way under the pressure of the crowd of lookers-on collected for so extraordinary a spectacle.

At the end of another four weeks the court sat again [June 30th], and sentenced five women, two of Salem, and one each of Amesbury, Ipswich, and Topsfield, all of whom were executed, protesting their innocence [July 19th]. In respect to one of them, Rebecca Nourse, a matron eminent for piety and goodness, a verdict of acquittal was first rendered. But Stoughton sent the jury out again, reminding them that in her examination, in reference to certain witnesses against her who had confessed their own guilt, she had used the expression, "they came among us." Nourse was deaf, and did not catch what had been going on. When it was afterwards repeated to her, she said that by the *coming among us* she meant that they had been in prison together. But the jury adopted the court's interpretation of the words as signifying an acknowledgment that they had met at a witch orgy.

The Governor was disposed to grant her a pardon. But Parris, who had an ancient grudge against her, interfered and prevailed. On the last communion day before her execution, she was taken into church, and formally excommunicated by Noyes, her minister.

Of six persons tried at the next session of the court [August 5th], the Reverend George Burroughs, a graduate of Harvard College, was one. At a certain point of the proceedings the young people pretending to have suffered from him stood mute. Stoughton asked who hindered them from telling their story. "The Devil, I suppose," said Burroughs. "Why should the Devil be so careful to suppress evidence against you?" retorted the judge, and with the jury this encounter of wits told hardly against the prisoner [August 19th]. His behavior at his execution strongly impressed the spectators in his favor. "When he was upon the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocence, with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present. His prayer (which he concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer) was so well worded, and uttered with such composedness, and such (at least, seeming) fervency of spirit as was very affecting, and drew tears from many, so that it seemed to many the spectators would hinder the execution. Cotton Mather, who was present on horseback, made them a quieting harangue. The accusers said the Black Man stood and dictated to him."

In the course of the next month, in which the Governor left Boston for a short tour of inspection in the Eastern country, fifteen persons—six women in one day, and on another eight women and one man—were tried, convicted, and sentenced. Eight of them were hanged [September 9th, September 17th, September 22d, September 19th]. The brave Giles Corey, eighty years of age, being arraigned, refused to plead. He said that the whole thing was an imposture, and that it was of no use to put himself on his trial, for every trial had ended in a conviction,—which was the fact. It is shocking to relate that, suffering the penalty of the English common law for a contumacious refusal to answer,—the *peine forte et dure*,—he was pressed to death with heavy weights laid on his body. By not pleading he intended to protect the inheritance of his children, which, as he had been informed, would by a conviction of felony have been forfeit to the crown.



In the following month [October] the malady broke out in another neighborhood. One Ballard, of the town of Andover, whose wife was ill in a way that perplexed their medical friend, sent to Salem to see what light could be obtained from the witch-detectors there. A party of them came to his help, and went to work with vigor. More than fifty persons at Andover fell under accusation, some of the weaker minded of whom were brought to confess themselves guilty not only of afflicting their neighbors, but of practicing such exercises as riding on animals and on sticks through the air.

There were no executions, however, after those which have been mentioned as occurring on one day of each of four successive months. There had been twenty human victims, Corey included; besides two dogs, their accomplices in the mysterious crime. Fifty persons had obtained a pardon by confessing; a hundred and fifty were in prison awaiting trial; and charges had been made against two hundred more. The accusers were now flying at high quarries. Hezekiah Usher, known to the reader as an ancient magistrate of fair consideration, was complained of; and Mrs. Thacher, mother-in-law of Corwin, the justice who had taken the earliest examinations. Zeal in pushing forward the prosecutions began to seem dangerous; for what was to prevent an accused person from securing himself by confession, and then revenging himself on the accuser by arraigning him as a former ally?

Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister of Beverly who had been active in the prosecutions, and Dudley Bradstreet of Andover, the old Governor's son, who had granted warrants for the commitment of some thirty or forty alleged witches, were now accused. The famous name of John Allyn, Secretary of Connecticut, was uttered in whispers. There had even begun to be a muttering about Lady Phips, the Governor's wife; and Mr. Willard, then minister of the Old South Church in Boston, and afterwards head of the College, who, after yielding to the infatuation in its earliest stage, had made himself obnoxious and suspected by partially retracing his steps. People began now to be almost as wild with the fear of being charged with witchcraft, or having the charge made against their friends, as they had been with the fear of suffering from its spells. The visitation, shocking as it had been, had been local. It had been almost confined to some towns of Essex County. In other parts of the

province the public mind was calmer, or was turned in the different direction of disgust at the insane tragedies, and dread of their repetition. A person in Boston, whose name had begun to be used dangerously by the informers at Andover, instituted an action for defamation, laying his damages at a thousand pounds; a measure which, while it would probably have been ruinous to him had he made a mistake in choosing his time, was now found, at the turning of the tide, to have a wholesome effect.

After the convictions which were last mentioned, the Commission Court which had conducted the trials adjourned for two months. Thanks to the good sense of the people, it never met again. Before the time designated for its next session, the General Court of the Province assembled, and the cry of the oppressed and miserable came to their ear. The General Court superseded the Court of Special Commission, the agent of all the cruelty, by constituting a regular tribunal of supreme jurisdiction [November 25th]. When that court met at the appointed time, reason had begun to resume her sway; and the grand jury at once threw out more than half of the presentments [1693, January 3d]. They found true bills against twenty-six persons. The evidence against these was as good as any that had proved fatal in former trials; but only three of the arraigned were found guilty, and all these were pardoned. One of them may have owed her conviction to a sort of rude justice: she had before confessed herself a witch, and charged her husband, who was hanged on her information. Stoughton, who had been made Chief Justice, showed his disapprobation of the pardons by withdrawing from the bench with passionate anger [February 21st]. Phips wrote to the Lords of Trade a disingenuous letter, in which he attempted to divert from himself, chiefly at Stoughton's expense, whatever blame might be attached to the recent transactions; it even appeared to imply, what was contrary to the fact, that the executions did not begin till after his departure from Boston to the Eastern country.

The drunken fever-fit was now over, and with returning sobriety came profound contrition and disgust. A few still held out against the return of reason. There are some men who never own that they have been in the wrong; and a few men who are forever incapable of seeing it. Stoughton, with his bulldog stubbornness, that might in other times have made him a St. Dominic, continued to insist that the business had been all



right, and that the only mistake was in putting a stop to it. Cotton Mather was always infallible in his own eyes. In the year after the executions he had the satisfaction of studying another remarkable case of possession in Boston; but when it and the treatise which he wrote upon it failed to excite much attention, and it was plain that the tide had set the other way, he soon got his consent to let it run at its own pleasure, and turned his excursive activity to other objects. Saltonstall, horrified by the rigor of his colleagues, had resigned his place in the commission at an early period of the operations. When reason returned, Parris, the Salem minister, was driven from his place by the calm and decent, but irreconcilable, indignation of his parishioners. Noyes, his well-intentioned but infatuated neighbor in the First Parish, devoting the remainder of his life to peaceful and Christian service, caused his church to cancel by a formal and public act [1712] their excommunication of the blameless Mrs. Nourse, who had died his peculiar victim.

Members of some of the juries, in a written public declaration, acknowledged the fault of their wrongful verdicts, entreated forgiveness, and protested that, "according to their present minds, they would none of them do such things again, on such grounds, for the whole world; praying that this act of theirs might be accepted in way of satisfaction for their offense." A day of General Fasting was proclaimed by authority, to be observed throughout the jurisdiction, in which the people were invited to pray that "whatever mistakes on either hand had been fallen into, either by the body of this people, or by any orders of men, referring to the late tragedy raised among us by Satan and his instruments, through the awful judgment of God, he would humble them therefor, and pardon all the errors of his servants and people." On that day [1696, January 14th] Judge Sewall rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston, handed to the desk a paper acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that the Divine displeasure thereof might be stayed against the country, his family, and himself," and remained standing while it was read by the minister. To the end of his long life, the penitent and much-respected man kept every year a private day of humiliation and prayer on the same account. Twenty-eight years after, he prays in an entry in his diary in reference to the transaction, "The good and gracious God be pleased to save New England, and me and

my family!" Ann Putnam, one of the three beginners of the mischief, after thirteen years, came out of the long conflict between her conscience and her shame, with a most affecting declaration of her remorse and grief, now on record in the books of the Danvers church. Twenty years after, the General Court made grants to the heirs of the sufferers, in acknowledgment of their pecuniary losses. "Some of them [the witch accusers] proved profligate persons," says Governor Hutchinson, "abandoned to all vice; others passed their days in obscurity and contempt."



## WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE

(1826-1888)

**A** STRANGE personality, inviting a strange life, a career of curious and indeed of highly romantic interest, yet of imperfect fruitfulness—such is the summary of Palgrave's individuality, and of his sixty-two busy years of work and wandering. An assortment of mysteries, intangible and confused, hung about him while he lived. His death did not answer many significant and open personal questions. Scholar, poet, soldier, missionary-priest, traveler, lecturer, learned Orientalist and linguist, Arabian explorer, doctor, spy, secret agent, diplomatist,—Palgrave was all these; and in them all the real Palgrave appeared, to friend or to foe, chiefly in fragmentary and uncertain aspects.

The second son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the English historical writer and antiquarian, William Gifford Palgrave was born in Westminster, January 24th, 1826. He distinguished himself in belles-lettres as a Charterhouse schoolboy, and graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, when only twenty, after an exceptionally short University residence. The East had already much attracted him. Rejecting high opportunities of distinction opening to him in England through his father's powerful influences, he entered the Indian service as a lieutenant in the Eighth Bombay Regiment. His superior education, his firmness of mind, and his temperamental adaptation for Eastern military life, insured his advance in the service; but here again Palgrave's tendency to turn from anything like committing himself in a given direction, and working out his material welfare in commonplace method, seem to have affected his future. His head was already full of Oriental literature; and it is said that not a little merely through his study of such a work as 'Antar,' he felt he must meet the less familiar life and less accessible peoples of the East on another than military footing,—one far more intimate. He had, too, at this time strong religious convictions and aspirations. He entered the Roman Catholic Church, became a Jesuit in Madras, and was ordained a priest.



WILLIAM G. PALGRAVE

For the next fifteen years Palgrave was an extremely hard-worked Jesuit missionary in Southern India. In June 1853 he went to Rome. There he met with distinguished attention, though in an unobtrusive—in fact, almost a clandestine—way. It may be said that he was early a complete master of half a dozen European tongues, in addition to as many of the languages or dialects of the East. He learned a language with something like preternatural quickness; though he forgot one quite as suddenly, as soon as not needed in his affairs. In the autumn of the year that had found him in Rome, he was sent to Syria, and conducted most successfully some valuable missionary undertakings at Zahleh. He was a born proselytist. Syria and the Syrians, Arabia and the Arabians, became an open book to him. With the persecution of the Maronite Christians from the Druses, the Maronites were anxious that he should be their actual leader in the war. This, however, he declined to do, although he bestirred himself actively, quite as far as any priest could becomingly go, in the task of the practical military instruction of the dismayed Maronites. The massacre of June 1861 nearly cost him his life; in fact, he just escaped. His Syrian mission now interrupted, he became an Occidental again. He revisited Europe; lectured in Great Britain on the Syrian massacres, and was requested by Napoleon III. of France to furnish authoritative data as to them. This he did with much success, meeting with a most cordial personal interest on the Emperor's part.

So perfectly could Palgrave assume the Oriental,—especially the Arab, Syrian, or Levantine,—so complete had become his knowledge of the races of the East and of shades of Eastern character and religion, that in 1862, after his return to Syria, he undertook one of the most dangerous and adventurous tests of his genius for acting in character. Mohammedanism he had by heart. He was able to be a Mussulman among Mussulmans. He knew every shade of Islamic orthodoxy and Islamic heterodoxy; and he could quote the higgling commentators on the Koran as literally as he could cite the Most Perspicuous Book itself. The French government felt special interest at this time in learning definite particulars of the attitude toward France of Central Arabia proper, with its group of little known central tribes, and isolated towns and peoples; and France also wished to ascertain how far the finer Arabian blood stock could be procured for bettering the breed of French horses. At the same time Palgrave himself was desirous of determining whether Central Arabia offered a real and safe field for Catholic mission work. The district he was asked to traverse and to study on these errands included that portion of Arabia most out of touch with all European sounding; and more of a difficulty than that, it was one savagely fanatical in its



Mohammedan orthodoxy. It was a territory in which no European traveler would be tolerated. To visit it invited death. Palgrave accordingly began and completed his tour in disguise. He penetrated to Hofhuf, Raïd, and to other centres of Mohammedan and Wahabee religiosity, as a traveling Syrian physician. He nearly came to grief two or three times; but by his assurance and his perfect familiarity with his surroundings, he escaped more than some troublesome and passing suspicions. He even gained the actual favor of the most exclusive authorities of the Peninsula; and pursuing his explorations, drew his various conclusions with complete success, and returned with his head on his shoulders, to write one of the most fascinating records of Arabian wanderings ever penned—his 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia' (1865).

No sooner was one task of travel ended than Palgrave was ready for a new one. An Abyssinian journey occupied the summer of 1865, when he was commissioned to obtain the release of Mr. Cameron, the consul, and of other English captives, from the clutches of King Theodore. He remained in Egypt, under government instructions, till 1866; and then after a short visit to England he became the British consular representative at Soukhoum Kalé. Many years of government service, travel, and exploration followed, including wanderings (frequently in disguise) through Asia Minor, the Euphrates country, Anatolia, and Persia. He continued his consular duties by accepting posts in Manila and Bangkok, and also studied Farther India assiduously while residing in it. Finally the current of his interests and official appointments set westerly; and after consular services in the West Indies and Uruguay, he died at Montevideo in September 1888. During the latter portion of his life he became sufficiently interested in Shintoism to lapse from his Christian belief; but before his death he repudiated what had been but an imperfect apostasy, and received the last sacraments of the church of his youth and middle age. His remains were brought with affectionate care from the Uruguay city where he passed away. He is buried in Fulham.

So far as Palgrave's mind and work, and especially his exquisite knowledge of Eastern life and peoples, have a literary representation, we find it in the 'Narrative' of his risky expedition through Central Arabia; and not less clearly in one bit of fiction of astonishing brilliancy, sincerity, and vividness. This last is 'Hermann Agha.' It is to all intents a love story, withal a short and sad one. The material in this tale, wholly Oriental, and modern-Oriental as well, is slight. There is little between its covers, when we compare the slender book with the elaborate romances of less authoritative but more pretentious tale-tellers in Orientalism. But it is a transcript from the

passionate heart and the fatalistic soul of the East. The directness and emotional intensity of the story hold the reader under an irresistible spell from beginning to end. It has been said, on one or another authority, that in 'Hermann Agha' Palgrave ventured (disguised to the last) to embody a considerable autobiographic element, and reminiscences that were quite personal to himself. This can scarcely be clear to the uninitiated reader of 'Hermann Agha'; but hardly a character or passage in the tale reads like the creation of a novelist's mere fancy, however sensitive or robust.

### THE NIGHT RIDE IN THE DESERT

From 'Hermann Agha'

[Hermann Agha, the narrator and hero of Palgrave's dramatic love story of Arabia, has learned that his affianced wife Zahra is being carried away into a distant part of the desert country by the Emeer Daghfel, who has the consent of Zahra's parents to a marriage with the young girl. Hermann, his friends Moharib, Aman, and Modarrib, and others, make up a small troop and hurry to overtake the bridal train. The following admirable descriptive episode is part of the chapter setting forth their romantic pursuit.]

WE ALL left the garden together; there was plenty of occupation for every one in getting himself, his horse, his weapons, and his traveling-gear, ready for the night and the morrow. Our gathering-place was behind a dense palm grove that cut us off from the view and observation of the village; there our comrades arrived, one after another, all fully equipped, till the whole band of twelve had reassembled. The cry of the night prayers, proclaimed from the mosque roof, had long died away into silence; the last doubtful streak of sunset faded from the west, accompanied by the thin white crescent of the young moon; night still cloudless, and studded with innumerable stars, depth over depth, reigned alone. Without a word we set forth into what seemed the trackless expanse of desert, our faces between west and south,—the direction across which the Emeer Daghfel and his caravan were expected to pass.

More than ever did the caution now manifested by my companions, who were better versed than myself in adventures of the kind, impress me with a sense, not precisely of the danger, but of the seriousness of the undertaking. Two of the Benoo-Riah, —Harith and Modarrib,—whom the tacit consent of the rest designated for that duty, took the advance as scouts, riding far



out ahead into the darkness, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left, in order that timely notice might be given to the rest of us should any chance meeting or suspicious obstacle occur on the way. A third, Ja'ad es-Sabāsib himself, acted, as beseemed his name, for guide; he rode immediately in front of our main body. The rest of us held close together, at a brisk walking pace, from which we seldom allowed our beasts to vary; indeed, the horses themselves, trained to the work, seemed to comprehend the necessity of cautiousness, and stepped on warily and noiselessly.

Every man in the band was dressed alike. Though I retained, I had carefully concealed my pistols; the *litham* disguised my foreign features, and to any superficial observer, especially at night, I was merely a Bedouin of the tribe, with my sword at my side, and my lance couched, Benoo-Riah fashion, alongside of my horse's right ear. Not a single word was uttered by any one of the band, as following Ja'ad's guidance—who knew every inch of the ground, to my eyes utterly unmeaning and undistinguishable—we glided over the dry plain. At another time I might perhaps have been inclined to ask questions, but now the nearness of expectation left no room for speech. Besides, I had been long enough among the men of the desert to have learnt from them their habit of invariable silence when journeying by night. Talkative at other times, they then become absolutely mute. Nor is this silence of theirs merely a precaution due to the insecurity of the road, which renders it unadvisable for the wayfarer to give any superfluous token of his presence: it is quite as much the result of a powerful, though it may well be most often an unconscious, sympathy with the silence of nature around.

Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins and the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once worshiped Dog Star, and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze; and looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak: till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below, a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn, then vanishes.

Silent: not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight. The Wolf's Tail has not yet

shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heavens is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech. The very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared forever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us: you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice—what you will. It is none of these: it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that: it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes: they are the rapid slopes of sand-hills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert over the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.

Silent we go on; the eyes and thoughts of the Bedouins are fixed, now on the tracks,—for there are many, barely distinguishable to a few yards before them through the gloom,—now on the pebble-strewn surface beneath their horses' hoofs; at times on some bright particular star near the horizon; while occasionally they turn an uneasy glance to right or left, as though half anticipating some unfriendly figure about to start out of the gloom. Moharib rode generally alongside of Ja'ad, with whom he exchanged, but not often, signs or low whispers; Aman kept close to me. I, who had long before made a separate astral calculation for each successive night of the year (a useful amusement in my frequent journeys), and for whom almost every star has a tale to tell of so many hours elapsed since sunset, so many remaining to the dawn, continue gazing on the vault above, also thinking. Our horses' pace never varies; no new object breaks the monotonous gloom of our narrow horizon; the night seems as though it had no end; we all grow drowsy, and go on as if in an evil dream.



Aman draws forth from the loose breast-folds of his dress a small clay pipe. The elegant workmanship of the bowl, and the blue ornaments of its rim, declare it to be of Mosool manufacture. Aided more by feeling than by sight, he proceeds deliberately to fill it from a large tobacco pouch, made of cloth, once gayly embroidered, now sadly stained and tarnished; carefully arranging the yellow 'Irak tobacco (the only quality obtainable south of Bagdad, and of which we had laid in the necessary store at Showey'rat) with the coarse broken stalks undermost, and the fine dust-like leaf particles for a covering above. Next, with a single blow on the flint, he strikes a light, lays it delicately on the top, replaces the wire-work cupola over the pipe's mouth, and smokes like a man who intends to make the most of his enjoyment, and who economizes his pleasure that it may last the longer.

He is not long alone in this proceeding; for whether seeking a remedy against sleepiness, or ennui, or perhaps both, Musa'ab quickens his pace a little, and bringing his horse alongside of Aman's, asks for a light in his turn. But his pipe is not all for himself, Howeyrith claiming a share in it; whilst the negro, Shebeeb, considers his complexion sufficient warrant for taking a pull in company with Aman. I myself, though a minute before absent, or nearly so, from everything around in thought, am aroused from my revery by the pleasant smell of the smoke, and ask also for a light, which Aman gives me. All the others, Ja'ad and Moharib alone excepted, follow the example.

The night air freshens, it blows from the east. Looking round somewhat backward on our left, we see a faint yellow gauze of light, a spear-shaped ray; it is the zodiacal harbinger of the sun. It widens, it deepens,—for brighten that dull ray does not,—and the hope it permits of a nearer halt arouses us one and all from our still recurring torpor. The air grows cooler yet; the kafeeyehs are rearranged around each chin, and the mantles—some black, some striped, some dusky red—are wrapt closer to every form.

Suddenly, almost startling in that suddenness, the morning-star flashes up, exactly in the central base of the dim eastern pyramid of nebulous outline. Sa'ad, Doheym, Musa'ab, myself—all of us instinctively look first at the pure silver drop, glistening over the dark desert marge; and then at Ja'ad, as though entreating him to notice it also, and to take the hint it gives. He rides on and makes no sign. Yet half an hour more of march; during

which time the planet of my love has risen higher and higher, with a rapidity seemingly disproportionate to the other stars; and through the doubtful twilight I see Harith and Modarrib, our night-long outriders, nearing and falling in with the rest of our party. They know we have not much farther to go. Before us a low range of sand-heaps, already tinged above with something of a reddish reflect, on which the feathery *ghada* grows in large dusky patches, points out the spot where Ja'ad had determined hours before should be our brief morning rest. Once arrived among the hillocks, Ja'ad reconnoitres them closely, then draws rein and dismounts; we all do the same; I, mechanically.

The horses are soon picketed, one close by the other; there is no fear of vicious kicking or biting among these high-bred animals. Next, leaving only the cloths that have served for saddles on their backs, we lighten them of their remaining loads: an easy task; for except two pair of small water-skins, and a few almost empty saddle-bags, more tassel than contents, there is not much to relieve them of.

Aman, thoroughly tired with the night's march, and little troubled by cares either for the future or the present, had quickly scooped away the soft cool sand into a comfortable hollow, arranged a heap of it for a pillow, and in half a minute lay there asleep and motionless like one dead. The other Benoo-Riahees did the same. Ja'ad and Moharib first made up for their previous abstinence by smoking each a half-filled pipe, then followed the general example. For a few minutes longer I sat, the unbidden watchman of the party, looking at them; sighed; looked again; soon I felt my ideas growing confused, and hastily clearing away in my turn somewhat of the sand, took my saddle-bags, folded them, laid them under my head, and almost instantly fell into dreamless slumber.

My sleep could not have lasted a full hour when with a shiver, so freshly blew the easterly breeze of the morning, I awoke. Rising I drew round me the woollen cloak which had fallen away on one side, leaving me partly uncovered in my uneasy though heavy sleep, and sat up. I looked about me, first at my comrades: they all lay yet slumbering, every one his spear stuck into the sand at his head, rolled up in their cloaks, some one way, some another; then at the narrow belt of sand-hills, among which he had alighted in the gloaming. They circled us in at forty or fifty yards distant on every side. The clear rays



of the early sun entered the hollow here and there through gaps between the hillocks; but on most points they were still shut out, and the level light silvered rather than gilded the sand margin around. Except my own, not an eye was open, not a limb stirred; the very horses were silent and motionless as their masters.

"Am I nearer to or further than ever from my hopes?" said I to myself, as I gazed at the pure blue sky above me, the heaped-up sand below, the tufted *ghada* on the slopes, the sleeping men, and the patient, drooping horses; "and to what purpose is all this? Fool! and a fool's errand! No: anyhow, love is love, and life life; better to attempt and lose than never to attempt at all. Poor Moharib, too! on a venture not his own. I wonder what his presentiments betoken; I feel none. No hint of to-day's future or to-morrow's. And *she* meanwhile—where is she at this very moment? near or far? and does she expect me now? Has she any information of our intent? any guess? and how shall I find her when we meet? But shall we indeed meet? and how? If this attempt fail, what remains? Lucky fellows," thought I, with a look on the heavy-breathing Aman and Harith where they lay side by side. "They at least have all the excitement of the enterprise without any of the distressful anxieties; or rather, without that one great, miserable anxiety, What is the end?"

## THE LAST MEETING

From 'Hermann Agha'

[The pursuit accomplished, Hermann Agha reaches at night the encampment of his rival, who is carrying away Zahra. As Hermann and his followers purpose an immediate attack and rescue, the young lover audaciously decides to steal to the tent in which his betrothed is lodged, to have a first interview with her, and perhaps to bring about by stealth an immediate flight, to the avoidance of a battle.]

WE REACHED the hollow. Not a sound was heard. Had the encampment been twenty miles away the quiet could not have been more complete. Softly we dismounted,—Moharib, Harith, Aman, and I; gave our horses and our spears in charge of Doheym and Ja'ad; took off our cloaks and laid them on the sand; and in our undergarments, with no arms but sword and knife, prepared ourselves for the decisive attempt.

I did not think, I had no leisure to think, as we clambered up the loose bank, half earth, half sand; the position required the fullest attention every moment: an incautious movement, a slip, a sound, and the whole encampment would be on foot, to the forfeit not of my life, not of all our lives only,—that I should have reckoned a light thing,—but of my love also. One by one we reached the summit: before us stood the tents, just visible in dark outline; all around was open shadow; no moving figure broke its stillness, no voice or cry anywhere; nor did any light appear at first in the tents. The entire absence of precaution showed how unexpected was our visit: so far was well; my courage rose, my hope also.

Following the plan we had agreed on, we laid ourselves flat on the sand, and so dragged ourselves forward on and on, hardly lifting our heads a little to look round from time to time, till we found ourselves near the front tent furthest on the left. No one had stirred without, and the tent itself was silent as a grave. Round it, and round the tent that stood next behind it, we crawled slowly on, stopping now and then, and carefully avoiding the getting entangled among the pegs and outstretched ropes. Above all, we gave the widest berth possible to what appeared in the darkness like four or five blackish mounds on the sand, and which were in fact guards, wrapped up in their cloaks; and fortunately for us, fast asleep.

When he had arrived at the outside corner of the encampment, Harith stopped, and remained crouched on the ground where the shade was deepest; it was his place of watch. Twenty or twenty-five paces further on, Aman at my order did the same. Moharib accompanied me till, having fairly turned the camp, we came close behind Zahra's tent, in which I now observed for the first time that a light was burning. Here Moharib also stretched himself flat on his face, to await me when I should issue forth from among the curtains.

And now, as if on purpose to second our undertaking, arrived unsought-for the most efficacious help that we could have desired to our concealment. While crossing the sandy patch, I had felt on my face a light puff of air, unusually damp and chill. Looking up, I perceived a vapory wreath, as of thin smoke, blown along the ground. It was the mist; and accustomed to the desert and its phenomena, I knew that in less than half an hour more the dense autumn fog would have set in, veiling earth and every-



thing on it till sunrise. This time, however, the change in the atmosphere was quicker than usual; so that before I had got behind the tent range, the thickness of the air would hardly have allowed any object to be seen at a few yards' distance, even had it been daylight. As it was, the darkness was complete.

Creeping forward, I gradually loosened one of the side pegs that made the tent-wall between the ropes fast to the ground. Through the opened chink a yellow ray of light shot forth into the fog; the whole tent seemed to be lighted up within. Hastily I reclosed the space, while a sudden thrill of dread ran through me: some maid, some slave might be watching. Or what if I had been mistaken in the tent itself? What if not she but others were there? Still there was no help for it now; the time of deliberation had gone by: proceed I must and I would, whatever the consequences.

Once more I raised the goat's-hair hangings, and peeped in. I could see the light itself, a lamp placed on the floor in front, and burning: but nothing moved; no sound was heard. I crawled further on my hands and knees, till the whole interior of the tent came into view. It was partly covered with red strips of curtain, and the ground itself was covered with carpets. Near the light a low couch, formed by two mattresses one upon the other, had been spread; some one lay on it;—O God! *she* lay there!

The stillness of the night, the hour, the tent, of her sleep, her presence, her very unconsciousness, awed, overpowered me. For a moment I forgot my own purpose, everything. To venture in seemed profanation; to arouse her, brutal, impious. Yet how had I come, and for what? Then in sudden view all that had been since that last night of meeting at Diar-Bekr stood distinct before me; more yet, I saw my comrades on their watch outside, the horses in the hollow; I saw the morrow's sun shine bright on our haven of refuge, on our security of happiness. Self-possessed and resolute again, I armed myself with the conscience of pure love, with the memory and assurance of hers, and entered.

Letting the hangings drop behind me, I rose to my feet; my sword was unsheathed, my knife and dagger were ready in my belt; my pistols, more likely to prove dangerous than useful at this stage of the enterprise, I had left below with my horse. Then, barefoot and on tiptoe, I gently approached the mattress

couch. It was covered all over with a thin sheet of silken gauze; upon this a second somewhat thicker covering, also of silk, had been cast: and there, her head on a silken rose-colored pillow, she lay, quiet as a child.

I can see her now,—thus continued Hermann, gazing fixedly on the air before him, and speaking not as though to his friend but to some one far off,—I can see her even now. She was robed from head to foot in a light white dress, part silk, part cotton, and ungirdled; she rested half turning to her right side; her long black hair, loosened from its bands, spread in heavy masses of glossy waviness, some on her pillow, some on her naked arm and shoulder, ebony on ivory; one arm was folded under her head, the other hung loosely over the edge of the mattress, till the finger-tips almost touched the carpet. Her face was pale,—paler, I thought, than before; but her breathing came low, calm, and even, and she smiled in her sleep.

Standing thus by her side, I remained awhile without movement, and almost without breath. I could have been happy so to remain for ever. To be with her, even though she neither stirred nor spoke, was Paradise: I needed neither sign nor speech to tell me her thoughts; I knew them to be all of love for me,—love not rash nor hasty, but pure, deep, unaltered, unalterable as the stars in heaven. It was enough: could this last, I had no more to seek. But a slight noise outside the tent, as if of some one walking about the camp, roused me to the sense of where I was, and what was next to be done. I must awaken her; yet how could I do so without startling or alarming her?

Kneeling softly by the couch, I took in mine the hand that even in sleep seemed as if offered to me, gently raised it to my lips, and kissed it. She slumbered quietly on. I pressed her fingers, and kissed them again and yet again with increasing warmth and earnestness. Then at last becoming conscious, she made a slight movement, opened her eyes, and awoke.

"What! you, Ahmed!" she said, half rising from the bed: "I was just now dreaming about you. Is it really you? and how came you here?—who is with you?—are you alone?" These words she accompanied with a look of love full as intense as my own; but not unmixed with anxiety, as she glanced quickly round the tent.

"Dearest Zahra! sister! my heart! my life!" I whispered, and at once caught her in my arms. For a moment she rested in



my embrace; then recollecting herself, the place, the time, drew herself free again.

"Did you not expect me, Zahra?" I added; "had you no foreknowledge, no anticipation, of this meeting? or could you think that I should so easily resign you to another?"

The tears stood in her eyes. "Not so," she answered; "but I thought, I had intended, that the risk should be all my own. I knew you were on our track, but did not imagine you so near; none else in the caravan guessed anything. You have anticipated me by a night, one night only; and—O God!—at what peril to yourself! Are you aware that sixty chosen swordsmen of Benoo-Sheyban are at this moment around the tent? O Ahmed! O my brother! What have you ventured? Where are you come?"

In a few words, as few as possible, I strove to allay her fears. I explained all to her: told her of the measures we had taken, the preparations we had made, the horse waiting, the arms ready to escort and defend her; and implored her to avail herself of them without delay.

Calmly she listened; then, blushing deeply, "It is well, my brother," she said; "I am ready." Thus saying, she caught up her girdle from the couch, and began to gather her loosened garments about her, and to fasten them for the journey. No sign of hesitation now appeared, hardly even of haste. Her eye was bright, but steady; her color heightened; her hand free from tremor.

But even as she stooped to gather up her veil from the pillow on which she had laid it, and prepared to cast it over her head, she suddenly started, hearkened, raised herself upright, stood still an instant, and then, putting her hand on my arm, whispered, "We are betrayed: listen!"

Before she had finished speaking I heard 'a rustle outside, a sound of steps, as of three or four persons, barefoot and cautious in their advance, coming towards the front of the tent. I looked at Zahra: she had now turned deadly pale; her eyes were fixed on the curtained entrance: yet in her look I read no fear, only settled, almost desperate resolution. My face was, I do not doubt, paler even than hers; my blood chilled in my veins. Instinctively we each made to the other a sign for silence—a sign indeed superfluous in such circumstances—and remained attentive to the noise without. The steps drew nearer; we could even distinguish the murmur of voices, apparently as of several people

talking together in an undertone, though not the words themselves. When just before the entrance of the tent, the footfall ceased; silence followed. The curtains which formed the door were drawn together, one a little overlapping the other, so as to preclude all view from the outside; but they were in no way fastened within; and to have attempted thus to close them at that moment would have been worse than useless.

Zahra and I threw our arms, she round me, I round her; and our lips met in the mute assurance that whatever was to be the fate of one should also be the fate of the other. But she blushed more deeply than ever, crimson-red. I could see that by the light of the lamp which we longed to, but at that moment dared not, extinguish. Its ray fell on the door-hangings, outside which stood those whom their entire silence, more eloquent than words, proclaimed to be listeners and spies. Who they were, and what precisely had brought them there, and with what intent they waited, we could not tell.

Half a minute—it could not have been more—passed thus in breathless stillness; it was a long half-minute to Zahra and me. At last we heard a sort of movement taking place in the group without: it seemed as though they first made a step or two forwards; then returned again, talking all the while among themselves in the same undertone; then slowly moved away towards the line of tents in front. No further sound was heard: all was hushed. Zahra and I loosed our hold, and stood looking at each other. How much had been guessed, how much actually detected, I could not tell; she however knew.

"Fly, Ahmed," she whispered; "fly! That was the Emeer himself. They are on the alert: you are almost discovered; in a few minutes more the alarm will be given throughout the camp. For your life, fly!"

I stood there like one entranced; the horror of that moment had numbed me, brain and limb. And how could I go? Her voice, her face, her presence were, God knows, all on earth to me. How then could I leave them to save a life valueless to me without them?

"In God's name," she urged, "haste. Your only hope, brother, lies in getting away from here quickly and unperceived; in the darkness you can yet manage it: tell me, how is it outside?"

"Thick mist," I answered: "it was coming on before I reached the tent."



"Thank God!" she said with a half-sob of relief, and a tone the like of which I never heard before or after: "that it is has saved you; that has prevented your companions from being discovered. Dearest Ahmed," she continued, kissing me in her earnestness, "as you love me, for my sake, for your own sake, for both of us, fly,—it is the only chance left."

"Fly, Zahra! Zahra, my life!" I answered, almost with a laugh; "fly, and leave you here behind? Never!"

"As you have any love for me, Ahmed," she replied in a low, hurried, choking voice; "as you would not expose me to certain dishonor and death; as you hope ever to meet me again;—O Ahmed! my brother, my only love! it is their reluctance alone to shame me by their haste while yet a doubt remains, that has screened you thus far; but they will return. Alone, I shall be able to extricate myself; I shall have time and means: but you—oh, save yourself, my love—save me!"

"Dearest Zahra," replied I, pressing her to my breast, "and you—what will you do?"

"Fear not for me," she answered, her eye sparkling as she spoke. "I am Sheykh Asa'ad's daughter; and all the Emeers in Arabia, with all Sheyban to aid, cannot detain me a prisoner, or put force on my will. God lives, and we shall meet again; till then take and keep this token." She drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to me. "By this ring, and God to witness, I am yours, Ahmed, yours only, yours forever. Now ask no more: fly."

"One kiss, Zahra." One—many; she was in tears; then, forcing a smile to give me courage,—*"Under the protection of the best Protector,"* she said, "to Him I commit you in pledge: Ahmed, brother, love, go in safety."

What could I do but obey? As I slipped out between the curtains, I gave one backward look: I saw her face turned towards me, her eye fixed on me with an expression that not even in death can I forget; it was love stronger than any death. An instant more, and I was without the tent. That moment the light within it disappeared.

Hermann dropped his voice, and put his hand up to his face. As he did so, the moonlight glittered on an emerald, set in a gold ring, on the little finger. Tantawee looked at it.

"That is the ring, I suppose, Ahmed Beg," he said. "I have often noticed it before; and she, I hope, will see it yet again one

day, and know it for your sake; so take heart, brother,—perhaps the day is nearer than you think.”

“She will recognize it on me,” answered Hermann in a low sad voice, “either alive or dead; it will remain with me to the last, though if there be hope in it, I know not.” Then he added, “She has no like token from me: I did not then think of offering any; nor did she ask; there was no need.”

Issuing from the tent, I came at once into the dense mist; through its pitchy darkness no shape could be discerned at ten yards of distance. Instinctively, for I was scarcely aware of my own movements, I crept to where Moharib lay crouched on the ground, and touched him; he looked up, half rose, and followed. Passing Aman and Harith, we roused them too in their turn; there was no time for question or explanation then; all knew that something had gone wrong, but no one said a word. Nor was there yet any sign around us that our attempt had been perceived; no one seemed to be on the alert or moving. I began almost to hope that the sounds heard while in the tent might have been imaginary, or at least that suspicion, if awakened, had by this time been quieted again.

But only a few paces before we reached the brink of the hollow, something dark started up between it and us, and I felt myself touched by a hand. I leaped to my feet; and while I did so a blow was aimed at me, I think with a knife. It missed its intent, but ripped my sleeve open from shoulder to elbow, and slightly scratched my arm. At the same moment Harith's sword came down on the head of the figure now close beside me; it uttered a cry and fell.

Instantly that cry was repeated and echoed on every side, as if the whole night had burst out at once into voice and fury. We ran towards the hollow. When on its verge, I turned to look back a moment; and even through the thick mist could see the hurry and confusion of dark shapes; while the shout, “Sheyban!” “Help, Sheyban!” “Help, Rabee'ah!” rose behind, around, coming nearer and nearer, mixed with the tramp of feet. “Quick! quick!” exclaimed Harith: we rolled down rather than descended into the hollow; there stood Ja'ad and Doheym, ready by the horses, who, conscious of danger, neighed and stamped violently; but before we could mount and ride, the enemy was upon us.



# FREDERIK PALUDAN-MÜLLER

(1809-1876)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

**A**MONG the Danish poets who made their appearance in literature during the closing period of Oehlenschläger's life, and who carried on the poetical tradition that his half-century of unremitting activity had so firmly established, Frederik Paludan-Müller is the most important. A son of the Bishop of Aarhus, he was born at Kjerteminde, February 7th, 1809 (that *annus mirabilis* of literary chronology), and was educated at Odense and Copenhagen. His life was singularly uneventful; being, after the flush of youth was over, almost that of a recluse. A journey of two years abroad, undertaken in 1838-40, upon the occasion of his marriage, offers the one conspicuous interruption to the monotonous story of his external career. The greater part of his life was spent in Copenhagen, and in his quiet country home at Fredensborg; and it was at the latter place that he died, on the 28th of December, 1876.



PALUDAN-MÜLLER

What this life, so externally uneventful, must have been, viewed from within, may be faintly surmised when we examine the long list of Paludan-Müller's writings in verse and prose. They include poems of many sorts, plays and tales; and are astonishing in their variety, their imaginative exuberance, their free rich fantasy, and the technical virtuosity of their execution. They move, for the most part, in an ideal world of the poet's own creation; or rather of his own assimilation from the storehouse of mythology and literary tradition, since creative power in the highest sense may hardly be accorded him. The one noteworthy exception to the prevalent and persistent idealism of his work as a whole is to be found in 'Adam Homo,' the poem which is usually reckoned his masterpiece. In this work, which stands about midway in his career, he came down from the clouds in which his youthful fancy had disported itself, and took a firm grasp

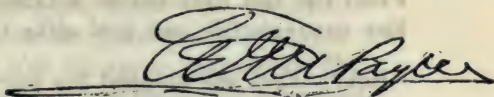
of the realities of modern society and the every-day world. The composition of this remarkable poem was, however, little more than an episode in his activity; and having done with it, his imagination once more took refuge upon the early higher plane. It is to be noted however that, Antæus-like, he had gained strength from his contact with earth; and that the works of the later period are distinguished from those of the earlier by an even finer idealism, a deeper sense of spiritual beauty, and a more marked degree of formal excellence.

The works of Paludan-Müller's first period include 'Fire Romanzer' (Four Romances); 'Kjærlighed ved Hoffet' (Love at Court), a five-act comedy in verse and prose, inspired by Shakespeare and Gozzi; 'Dandserinden' (The Dancing Girl), a long poem in eight-line stanzas; 'Luft og Jord; eller Eventyr i Skoven' (Air and Earth; or A Forest Tale), a second romantic comedy; and the poems 'Amor og Psyche,' 'Zuleimas Flugt' (Zuleima's Flight), 'Alf og Rose,' and 'Venus.' These works were published between 1832 and 1841, and are characterized by delicate fancy, tender melancholy, a sweetness that is almost cloying, and an almost Swinburnian mastery of metrical form. They won for the poet a high place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen; but their readers were hardly prepared for the abrupt change in both the manner and the matter of the poet that was displayed in 'Adam Homo,' the work that next followed.

No European poet of the thirties could hope entirely to escape from the Byronic influence, and traces of that influence are perceptible in some of the earlier works above mentioned. In reading 'Adam Homo' (begun in 1841 and completed in 1848), it is impossible not to think of Byron, and particularly of 'Don Juan,' nearly all the time. The work is in *ottava rima*, and is by far the longest of Paludan-Müller's poems. The author set himself the task of showing, says Dr. Brandes, "how a man of the masses, having neither the best nor the poorest of endowments, a man from youth up as full of ideal hopes and resolutions as any of his betters, can so demean himself as to squander his entire intellectual inheritance, forgetting the prayers of childhood and the aspirations of youth, and finally wrecking his life after the fashion of the veriest Philistine." Adam Homo (how typical the name!) enters upon life as a naïve and ardent youth, carrying with him our best sympathies; he develops into a character so despicable that even the author cannot treat him fairly, and he ends in the slough of sheer stupidity. The story of his career is a brilliant but painful performance, in which episodes of satirical bitterness alternate with tender and graceful scenes. It is a work of powerful grasp, of minute ethical observation, and of so deep and subtle an irony that its readers find it difficult to realize that it can be the work of the poet of 'Amor og Psyche' and 'Kalanus.'



The purely poetic genius of the author, thus held in abeyance for a time, soon reasserted itself in the series of noble works that mark the closing years of his life. Even the composition of 'Adam Homo' was interrupted long enough for the production of such ideal works as 'Tithon' and 'Abels Död' (The Death of Abel). In 1854 the splendid powers of the poet, now fully ripened, burst forth in the drama of 'Kalanus,' which deals with the familiar story of the Indian mystic who thought to discern in Alexander the Great the reincarnation of Brahma; and who, undeceived, and learning that his deity is but a man, immolated himself upon a funeral pyre. Other works dating from the author's later period are the poems 'Ahasuerus,' 'Kain,' 'Pygmalion,' and 'Adonis,' the lyrical drama 'Paradiset,' the prose play 'Tiderne Skifte' (The Times Change), the prose tale 'Ungdomskilden' (The Fountain of Youth), and the three-volume novel 'Ivar Lykkes Historie' (The Story of Ivar Lykke). The standard edition of his poetical writings fills eight volumes, and no other Danish poet since Oehlenschläger has made so weighty a contribution to the national literature.



## HYMN TO THE SUN

From 'Kalanus'

**H**AIL to thee in thy uprising bright,  
 Sun, of all believing souls adored;  
 Conqueror by thy flaming splendor poured  
 Over all the darkness of the night.  
 Welcome, heaven's great watchman, to our sight;  
 Brahma's servant, to thy master proffer  
 This our prayer, which here our lips do offer,  
 And our praise of his eternal might.  
  
 Wake the tired heart from slothful sleep  
 And dispel the shadows of the soul.  
 As thou dost upon thy pathway roll,  
 Bear us also upward from the deep.  
 Be our minds uplifted that they keep  
 Thee in view, while ever mounting higher  
 Toward the light to which our souls aspire  
 From the gloom in which on earth they creep.

Translation of William Morton Payne

## ADAM AND HIS MOTHER

From 'Adam Homo'

IS IT a dream? A dream—ah no, for there  
 She sits, and fondles him with tender hand,  
 Her gaze revealing all a mother's care,  
 And all a mother's love,—the twofold band  
 That, aye unbroken, every wrench can bear,  
 Until the invalid, at length unmanned  
 By shame and sorrow, yet supremely blest,  
 Sank, as in boyhood, on that sacred breast.

"Thou here!—and wherefore?" scarcely words are needed  
 To solve the secret,—for her watchful eye  
 Each step of his career had closely heeded,  
 And through his letters clearly could descry,  
 Veiled though they were, the dangers he should fly;  
 So, by affection's wings upborne she speeded  
 From the last rites beside a father's grave,  
 Her darling's life and soul alike to save.

"But"—thus she stopped his questions with a smile—

"Spend not thy strength in further words, for rest  
 Is what thou lackest—so sleep on a while"

She smoothed his pillow while she spoke, and pressed  
 Her lips on his in the old childish style,—

Then left him to fulfill her sweet behest,  
 And take his way through Dreamland's mazes, folden  
 In clouds no longer black, but rosy-golden.

O reader, if thou ever hast been near

Destruction's brink, experience must have taught thee,  
 When Providence from such dread peril caught thee,  
 How sweet a thing existence is; how dear

The life to which that friendly arm has brought thee  
 Back from the verge of death;—I need not fear  
 But thou wilt know the blessedness that lapped  
 Our hero's spirit, thus in slumber wrapped.

For thine own heart has then all gladly tasted

The fairest fruit of time, when from its grave—

Where earthly elements their booty crave—

The new-born soul once more has upward hasted  
 To heaven, where its wings so worn and wasted

Fresh in immortal life and beauty wave;

When, bird-like, soaring on replumaged pinions,  
 It suns itself again in God's dominions.



After earth's bondage, what emancipation!

After earth's midnight, what a glorious morn!  
After the agonizing aspiration

Breathed for deliverance, lo! the spirit borne  
Above its prison-house to contemplation

Of all the former life it led forlorn!  
How poor each earthly pleasure in our eyes,  
Contrasted with the new-found Paradise!

And from this Paradise a ray descended

Now into Adam's heart, as by degrees  
It gathered something of the ancient ease,  
While from the Tree of Life that o'er him bended —  
Bough fair as those the eye of boyhood sees  
Ere dimmed by manhood's scales — the fruit extended  
Within his grasp he plucked, and found it give  
New vigor to his soul, new power to live.

Whole hours beside the window he would sit,

And follow with his gaze along the sky  
The clouds that o'er its azure chanced to flit,  
Or on the street would mark the passer-by.  
The world lay fresh before him, and from it  
He drew enjoyment, as in infancy;  
If but at night a neighbor's lamp were gleaming,  
With childlike interest he watched it beaming.

For all creation now appeared quite other

Than it to him had ever been before;  
Men, as of old, were enemies no more,  
But taught by love, he saw in each a brother:  
Like music from some far celestial shore  
Thrilled through his soul the accents of his mother;  
Till at their tones the spectres of the past  
Fell back, and melted in thin air at last.

He saw each arrow aimed against his weal

Glance harmless by when her embrace was round him,  
And that sweet voice of hers would fondly steal  
Into his soul, and break the spell that bound him:  
So, step by step, the state in which she found him  
Changed for the better; he began to feel,  
To speak, to act anew, and from their tomb  
Youth's blasted hopes commenced again to bloom.

At day's declining, often arm in arm  
They paced the floor, and then the son confessed  
Old sins and errors, while the mother pressed  
Kind lessons home to him in accents warm.  
She plied religion, not to strike alarm  
Into his heart, but rather yield him rest;  
And only strove to gently heal the spirit  
Too long in strange and sickly torpor buried.

But when the lamp was lit at eventide,  
Before the harpsichord she sat, and swept  
Its keys to songs whose spirit-echoes kept  
The listener fettered to the player's side,  
Or else their voices would accordant glide  
Into sweet childlike duets, strains that wept  
And smiled by turns through all their varied plan,—  
So thus one night the twofold music ran:—

World! for aye from me depart!  
And thy joys to others offer;  
Fairer flowers than thou canst proffer  
Blossom now within my heart.  
All thy roses, beauty-molded,  
When I plucked them, faded fast,  
And the thorn each leaf enfolded  
Into me in torture passed.

Winter overwhelmed my soul;  
In its icy grasp I shivered;  
Aspen-like I bent and quivered  
When I heard its tempests roll.  
Then to dust in anguish smitten  
Sank the brow I bore so high,—  
On it branded, lightning-written,  
That dread sentence, "Thou must die."

Hope renews its blossoms fair,  
As the spring-blooms earth are covering,  
While the joyous birds are hovering  
In the odor-laden air.  
At the moment they were praising  
All that richest life of May,  
I my soul was also raising  
From the dust in which it lay.



In solitude how droops the soul!  
A branch dissevered from the bole,  
And tossed aside to perish;  
It is the spirit's vital breath,  
In sun and storm, in life and death,  
All-clasping love to cherish.

The bees from flower to flower that roam,—  
I saw them, when they wandered home,  
Construct their cells in union;  
The ants beneath the hillocks, too,  
Are bound by harmony as true,  
And labor in communion.

In heaven's vault I also saw  
The stars fulfill eternal law  
Accordant with each other;  
Not for themselves alone they shine,  
But every orb by rule divine  
Irradiates his brother.

Be thine that starlike brother-mind!  
To God and man thy spirit bind  
In earthly joy and sorrow;  
Then on His people here below  
Will burst ere long in golden glow  
His own celestial morrow!

In grove and glen, on hill and lea,  
Each blade of grass, each stately tree,  
Alike for dew is calling;  
No freshness fills the summer air,  
No blessed influence is there,  
Without the dew-bath falling.

But vapors gather thick and fast,  
Until the azure sky at last  
In darkness is enshrouded;  
Then breaks the tempest in its force,  
And lightnings take their lurid course  
Athwart the zenith clouded.

O morning prayer, the soul's sweet dew!  
Thou canst alone its power renew,  
And free it from its sadness;

Upwafted by our souls on high,  
And homewards sent with God's reply,  
That breathes celestial gladness.

Then trust no more the joys of earth!  
So soon succeeded by the dearth  
Of all that cheers and blesses;  
Drenched with the dew that heaven bestows,  
Will bloom and blossom like a rose  
The spirit's wildernesses.

Oft our hopes are doomed to die in sorrow,  
Oft our seed-time knows no harvest-morrow,  
What the worm has spared the storms destroy;  
Vainly looking earthward for assistance,  
Man drags on the burden of existence,  
Left—how early!—by his dream of joy.

Whence, then, comfort in our time of anguish?  
Skyward lift the eyes that droop and languish;  
God alone gives consolation birth;  
Deep in him the well of life is streaming,  
Well of blessedness, forever teeming,  
Vast enough for heaven and for earth.

Soon shall dawn the festal morn resplendent,  
When the fullness of the Lord transcendent  
Pours itself in rivers all abroad;  
Then shall every fount of joy be springing,  
Every soul be hallelujahs singing,  
High and lowly, bathed alike in God!

Translation of J. J., in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, 1865.



## EMILIA PARDO-BAZÁN

(1852-)

**A**MONG European defendants and exponents of the modern realistic school, Emilia Pardo-Bazán is conspicuous. She is not only a strong and subtle advocate of the methods of Zola, Turgénieff, and other French and Russian realists, she is true to their creed in her own novels to the point of masculinity. As a rule the disciples of realism are booted and spurred. The quality itself implies a total absence of feminine evasions of the actual and the inevitable. There is no hint in it of the oblique vision of gentle blue eyes. It is therefore all the more surprising that Señora Pardo-Bazán, a woman, with veins full of romantic Spanish blood, should prove a singularly perfect exponent of her chosen creed.

She was born in 1852, in Coruña, Spain, of a noble and ancient family. At a very early age she was brought into friendly relations with books, by being allowed to browse at will in her father's library. Her marriage in 1868 to Don José Quiroga put an end to her systematic education under tutors; but she was to receive later the more liberal education of travel and independent study. The political exile of her father enabled her to travel through France and Italy, perfecting her knowledge of the French and Italian language and literature. After her return to Spain, she devoted herself to the study of German, and of philosophy and history; thus preparing herself for the cosmopolitan office of critic, and laying the foundations of the culture necessary for the novelist. Her artistic creed had not been formulated when she was attracted by the writings of her own countrymen,—Valera, Galdós, and Alarcón. These novelists were realists in so far as they depicted the life and manners with which they were most familiar. The idea came to the young Señora that she also might write a novel which did not require romantic grandiloquence and lofty flights of the imagination, but merely fidelity to facts. Shortly after the publication of her first novel, her new-born recognition of the requirements of realism was enlarged by acquaintance with



EMILIA PARDO-BAZÁN

the works of Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt, and Daudet. Henceforth her conceptions of her art were well defined; and she became unwavering in her obedience to them. Of her novels, 'The Swan of Vilamorta' is perhaps the most perfect expression of her artistic tenets. It is difficult to believe that it could have been written by a woman. In its merciless adherence to facts, in its pitiless logic, in its conscientious portrayal of unlovely types of character, it might have come from the brain of a clever man of the world, turned novelist for truth's sake. The hero of the book, the Swan, is a young would-be poet of the sentimental type, who is inclined in the cause of romance to make love to other men's wives. The tragedy of the book, if the arid reproduction of ugly happenings can be called tragedy, centres itself less about the callow hero than about a woman who loves him with an abandonment of passion,—a schoolmistress of thirty-six, pitted with small-pox, hampered with a deformed child. Until the boy-poet comes into her life, she is content to teach, that she may provide this child with comforts. Afterwards all is changed. Her little hoard of money dwindles away to give dainty suppers to the man she loves; to keep him in the proper clothes, of which his unappreciative father deprives him; to enable him to visit a Spanish grandee, towards whose wife he cherishes a Werther-like devotion. Finally she mortgages her fresh little cottage, and puts her crippled child out to work, that she may provide him with the funds necessary for the publication of his poems. These are not only a drug in the market, but they fail to win for him the love of the grandee's lady, now a marriageable widow. He sails to America, leaving behind him the schoolmistress, destitute both of love and money. Neither her omelets, her anisette cordials, nor her little loans, can compel his gratitude. She takes poison, and dies.

Pardo-Bazán's other novels include: 'The Angular Stone,' 'La Tribuna,' 'A Wedding Journey,' 'Morriña' (1889), 'A Christian Woman' (1890), 'Misterio' (1903), and 'La Quimera' (1905). Her play 'Verdad' was published in 1905. Her position as a leader of the naturalistic movement in Spanish fiction was established in the eighties of the last century and has been well maintained. Evidences of her capacity for romanticism are not wanting, but she has kept her imaginative faculty in strict service to the realistic presentation of Spanish life.

The same qualities which give to her distinction as a novelist, make of her a luminous and sympathetic critic. Moreover, the reader finds in her criticisms the charm which is sometimes lacking in her novels, where the strength has driven out the sweetness. Her work on 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature' is written with a certain easy brilliancy, which almost disguises its solid merits. Pardo-Bazán brings to her critical tasks a rare equipment, philosophical breadth of



thought, the ability to understand the interdependence of national life and national literature, the power of feeling the pulse of the times in the stray novel or poem. In her life of St. Francis of Assisi she studies the age which produced him, after the manner of the modern biographer. Whatever the nature of her work, whether history, biography, or pure criticism, she is always conscious of that ethereal atmosphere about persons and things, those emanations from a million lives, which collectively are called the time-spirit. Her defense of realism, in her essay 'The Burning Question,' springs as much from her intuition concerning the nature of the *zeitgeist* as from her intellectual appreciation of the reasonableness of the realistic school.

Aside from the worth of her contribution to the literature of modern Europe, Emilia Pardo-Bazán merits distinction as being a Spanish woman who has demonstrated to her countrymen, in the face of national tradition, the most significant fact uncovered in this century,—the power of women to learn, to understand, and to create.

#### THE REIGN OF TERROR

From 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature.' Copyright 1890, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE reign of terror was short but tragic. We have seen that the active Nihilists were a few hundred inexperienced youths without position or social influence, armed only with leaflets and tracts. This handful of boys furiously threw down the gauntlet of defiance at the government, when they saw themselves pursued. Resolved to risk their heads (and with such sincerity that almost all the associates who bound themselves to execute what they called "the people's will" have died in prison or on the scaffold), they adopted as their watchword "man for man." When the sanguinary reprisals fell upon Russia from one end to the other, the frightened people imagined an immense army of terrorists—rich, strong, and in command of untold resources—covering the empire. In reality, the twenty offenses committed from 1878 to 1882; the mines discovered under the two capitals, the explosions in the station at Moscow and in the palace at St. Petersburg, the many assassinations, and the marvelous organization which could get them performed with circumstances so dramatic, and create a mysterious terror against which the power of the government was broken in pieces,—all this was the work of a few dozens of men and women seemingly endowed

with ubiquitousness, so rapid and unceasing their journeys, and so varied the disguises, names, and stratagems they made use of to bewilder and confound the police. It was whispered that millions of money were sent in from abroad; that there were members of the Czar's family implicated in the conspiracy; that there was an unknown chief, living in a distant country, who managed the threads of a terrible executive committee, which passed judgment in the dark, and whose decrees were carried out instantly. Yet there were only a few enthusiastic students,—a few young girls ready to perform any service, like the heroine of Turgéniéff's 'Shadows'; a few thousand rubles, each contributing his share; and after all, a handful of determined people, who, to use the words of Leroy-Beaulieu, had made a covenant with death. For a strong will, like intelligence or inspiration, is the patrimony of a few; and so, just as ten or twelve artist heads can modify the æsthetic tendency of an age, six or eight intrepid conspirators are enough to stir up an immense empire.

After Karakozof's attempt upon the life of the Czar (the first spark of discontent), the government augmented the police and endowed Muravief, who was nicknamed "the Hangman," with dictatorial powers. In 1871 the first notable political trial was held upon persons affiliated with a secret society. Persecutions for political offenses are a great mistake. Maltreatment only inspires sympathy. After a few such trials the doors had to be closed; the public had become deeply interested in the accused, who declared their doctrines in a style only comparable to the acts of the early Christian martyrs. Who could fail to be moved at the sight of a young woman like Sophia Bardina, rising modestly and explaining, before an audience tremulous with compassion, her revolutionary ideas concerning society, the family, anarchy, property, and law? Power is almost always blind and stupid in the first moments of revolutionary disturbances. In Russia, men risked life and security as often by acts of charity toward conspirators as by conspiracy itself. In Odessa, which was commanded by General Todleben, the little blond heads of two children appeared between the prison bars; they were the children of a poor wretch who had dropped five rubles into a collection for political exiles, and these two little ones were sentenced to the deserts of Siberia with their father. And the poet Mikailof chides the revolutionaries with the words: "Why not let your indignation speak, my brothers? Why is love silent? Is



our horrible misfortune worthy of nothing more than a vain tribute of tears? Has your hatred no power to threaten and to wound?"

The party then armed itself, ready to vindicate its political rights by means of terror. The executive committee of the revolutionary Socialists—if in truth such a committee existed or was anything more than a triumvirate—favored this idea. Spies and fugitives were quickly executed. The era of sanguinary Nihilism was opened by a woman, the Charlotte Corday of Nihilism,—Vera Zasulich. She read in a newspaper that a political prisoner had been whipped, contrary to law,—for corporal punishment had been already abolished,—and for no worse cause than a refusal to salute General Trepof; she immediately went and fired a revolver at his accuser. The jury acquitted her, and her friends seized her as she was coming out of court, and spirited her away lest she should fall into the hands of the police; the Emperor thereupon decreed that henceforth political prisoners should not be tried by jury. Shortly after this the substitute of the imperial deputy at Kief was fired upon in the street; suspicion fell upon a student; all the others mutinied; sixteen of them were sent into exile. As they were passing through Moscow, their fellow-students there broke from the lecture halls and came to blows with the police. Some days later the rector of the University of Kief, who had endeavored to keep clear of the affair, was found dead upon the stairs; and again later, Heyking, an officer of the *gendarmérie*, was mortally stabbed in a crowded street. The clandestine press declared this to have been done by order of the executive committee; and it was not long before the chief of secret police of St. Petersburg received a very polite notice of his death sentence, which was accomplished by another dagger; and the clandestine paper, *Land and Liberty*, said by way of comment, "The measure is filled, and we gave warning of it."

Months passed without any new assassinations; but in February 1879, Prince Krapotkine, governor of Karkof, fell by the hand of a masked man, who fired two shots and fled; and no trace of him was to be found, though sentence of death against him was announced upon the walls of all the large towns of Russia. The brother of Prince Krapotkine was a furious revolutionary, and conducted a Socialist paper in Geneva at that time. In March it fell to the turn of Colonel Knoup of the *gendarmérie*.

who was assassinated in his own house; and beside him was found a paper with these words: "By order of the Executive Committee. So will we do to all tyrants and their accomplices." A pretty Nihilist girl killed a man at a ball: it was at first thought to be a love affair, but it was afterward found out that the murderess did the deed by order of the executive committee, or whatever the hidden power was which inspired such acts. On the 25th of this same March a plot against the life of the new chief of police, General Drenteln, was frustrated; and the walls of the town then flamed with a notice that revolutionary justice was about to fall upon one hundred and eighty persons. It rained crimes,—against the governor of Kief; against Captain Hubbenet; against Pietrowsky, chief of police, who was riddled with wounds in his own room; and lastly, on the 14th of April, Solovief attempted the life of the Czar, firing five shots, none of which took effect. On being caught, the would-be assassin swallowed a dose of poison; but his suicide was also unsuccessful.

Solovief, however, had reached the heights of Nihilism: he had dared to touch the sacred person of the Czar. He was the ideal Nihilist: he had renounced his profession, determined to "go with the people," and became a locksmith, wearing the artisan's dress; he was married "mystically," and by "free grace" or "free will," and it was said that he was a member of the terrible executive committee. He suffered death on the gallows with serenity and composure, and without naming his accomplices. Land and Liberty approved his acts by saying, "We should be as ready to kill as to die; the day has come when assassination must be counted as a political motor." From that day Alexander II. was a doomed man; and his fatal moment was not far off. The revolutionaries were determined to strike the government with terror, and to prove to the people that the sacred Emperor was a man like any other, and that no supernatural charm shielded his life. At the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880 two lugubrious warnings were forced upon the Emperor: first the mine which wrecked the imperial train, and then the explosion which threw the dining-room of the palace in ruins,—which catastrophe he saw with his own eyes. About this time the office of a surreptitious paper was attacked, the editors and printers of which defended themselves desperately: alarmed by this significant event, the Emperor intrusted to Loris Melikof,



who was a Liberal, an almost omnipotent dictatorship. The conciliatory measures of Melikof somewhat calmed the public mind; but just as the Czar had convened a meeting for the consideration of reforms solicited by the general opinion, his own sentence was carried out by bombs.

It is worthy of note that both parties (the conservative and the revolutionary) cast in each other's face the accusation of having been the first to inflict the death penalty, which was contrary to Russian custom and law. If Russia does not deserve quite so appropriately as Spain to be called the country of *vice versas*, it is nevertheless worth while to note how she long ago solved the great juridical problem upon which we are still employing tongue and pen so busily. Not only is capital punishment unknown to the Russian penal code, but since 1872 even perpetual confinement has been abolished,—twenty years being the maximum of imprisonment; and this even to-day is only inflicted upon political criminals, who are always treated there with greater severity than other delinquents. Before the celebrated Italian criminalist lawyer, Beccaria, ever wrote on the subject, the Czarina Elisabeth Petrowna had issued an edict suppressing capital punishment. The terrible Muscovite whip probably equaled the gibbet; but aside from the fact that it had been seldom used, it was abolished by Nicholas I. If we judge of a country by its penal laws, Russia stands at the head of European civilization. The Russians were so unaccustomed to the sight of the scaffold, that when the first one for the conspirators was to be built, there were no workmen to be found who knew how to construct it.

Translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner.

### THE SCHOOLMISTRESS AT HOME

From 'The Swan of Vilamorta.' Copyright 1891, by the Cassell Publishing Co.

WHILE she distributed their tasks among the children, saying to one, "Take care to make this hem straight;" to another, "Make this seam even, the stitch smaller;" to a third, "Use your handkerchief instead of your dress;" and to still another, "Sit still, child; don't move your feet,"—Leocadia cast a glance from time to time toward the plaza, in the hope of seeing Segundo pass by. But no Segundo was to be seen. The flies settled themselves to sleep, buzzing, on the ceiling; the heat

abated; the afternoon came, and the children went away. Leocadia felt a profound sadness take possession of her; and without waiting to put the house in order, she went to her room and threw herself on the bed.

The glass door was pushed gently open, and some one entered softly.

"Mamma," said the intruder in a low voice.

The schoolmistress did not answer.

"Mamma, mamma," repeated the hunchback in a louder voice. "Mamma!" he shouted at last.

"Is that you? What do you want?"

"Are you ill?"

"No, child."

"As you went to bed—"

"I have a slight headache. There, leave me in peace."

Minguitos turned round and walked in silence toward the door. As her eyes fell on the protuberance of his back, a sharp pang pierced the heart of the schoolmistress. How many tears that hump had cost her in other days! She raised herself on her elbow.

"Minguitos!" she called.

"What is it, mamma?"

"Don't go away. How do you feel to-day? Have you any pain?"

"I feel pretty well, mamma. Only my chest hurts me."

"Let me see; come here."

Leocadia sat up in the bed, and taking the child's head between her hands, looked at him with a mother's hungry look. Minguitos's face was long and of a melancholy cast; the prominent lower jaw was in keeping with the twisted and misshapen body, that reminded one of a building shaken out of shape by an earthquake or a tree twisted by a hurricane. Minguitos's deformity was not congenital. He had always been sickly, indeed; and it had always been remarked that his head seemed too heavy for his body, and that his legs seemed too frail to support him. Leocadia recalled one by one the incidents of his childhood. At five years old the boy had met with an accident,—a fall down the stairs: from that day he lost all his liveliness; he walked little, and never ran. He contracted a habit of sitting Turkish fashion, playing marbles, for hours at a time. If he rose, his legs soon warned him to sit down again. When he stood, his movements were vacillating and awkward. When he



was quiet he felt no pain; but when he turned any part of his body, he experienced slight pains in the spinal column. The trouble increased with time; the boy complained of a feeling as if an iron band were compressing his chest. Then his mother, now thoroughly alarmed, consulted a famous physician, the best in Orense. He prescribed frictions with iodine, large doses of phosphates of lime, and sea-bathing. Leocadia hastened with the boy to a little seaport. After taking two or three baths, the trouble increased: he could not bend his body; his spinal column was rigid, and it was only when he was in a horizontal position that he felt any relief from his now severe pains. Sores appeared on his skin; and one morning when Leocadia begged him with tears to straighten himself, and tried to lift him up by the arms, he uttered a horrible cry.

"I am broken in two, mamma—I am broken in two," he repeated with anguish; while his mother with trembling fingers sought to find what had caused his cry.

It was true! The backbone had bent outward, forming an angle on a level with his shoulder-blades; the softened vertebræ had sunk; and *cifosis*, the hump,—the indelible mark of irremediable calamity,—was to deform henceforth this child who was dearer to her than her life. The schoolmistress had had a moment of animal and supreme anguish, the anguish of the wild beast that sees its young mutilated. She had uttered shriek after shriek, cursing the doctor, cursing herself, tearing her hair and digging her nails into her flesh. Afterward tears had come, and she had showered kisses, delirious but soothing and sweet, on the boy; and her grief took a resigned form. During nine years Leocadia had had no other thought than to watch over her little cripple by night and by day; sheltering him in her love, amusing with ingenious inventions the idle hours of his sedentary childhood.

A thousand incidents of this time recurred to Leocadia's memory. The boy suffered from obstinate dyspnoea, due to the pressure of the sunken vertebræ on the respiratory organs; and his mother would get up in the middle of the night, and go in her bare feet to listen to his breathing and to raise his pillows. As these recollections came to her mind, Leocadia felt her heart melt, and something stir within her like the remains of a great love,—the warm ashes of an immense fire,—and she experienced

the unconscious reaction of maternity; the irresistible impulse which makes a mother see in her grown-up son only the infant she has nursed and protected,—to whom she would have given her blood, if it had been necessary, instead of milk. And uttering a cry of love, pressing her feverish lips passionately to the pallid temples of the hunchback, she said, falling back naturally into the caressing expressions of the dialect:—

“Malpocadiño, who loves you? Say, who loves you dearly? Who?”

“You don’t love me, mamma. You don’t love me,” the boy returned, half smiling, leaning his head with delight on the bosom that had sheltered his sad childhood. The mother, meantime, wildly kissed his hair, his neck, his eyes, as if to make up for lost time; lavishing upon him the honeyed words with which infants are beguiled,—words profaned in hours of passion,—which overflowed in the pure channel of maternal love.

“My treasure—my king—my glory.”

At last the hunchback felt a tear fall on his cheek. Delicious assuagement! At first the tears were large and round, scorching almost; but soon they came in a gentle shower, and then ceased altogether; and there remained where they had fallen only a grateful sense of coolness. Passionate phrases rushed simultaneously from the lips of mother and son.

“Do you love me dearly, dearly, dearly? As much as your whole life?”

“As much, my life, my treasure.”

“Will you always love me?”

“Always, always, my joy.”

“Will you do something to please me, mamma? I want to ask you—”

“What?”

“A favor. Don’t turn your face away!”

The hunchback observed that his mother’s form suddenly grew stiff and rigid as a bar of iron. He no longer felt the sweet warmth of her moist eyelids, and the gentle contact of her wet lashes on his cheek. In a voice that had a metallic sound Leocadia asked her son,—

“And what is the favor you want? Let me hear it.”

Minguitos murmured without bitterness, with resignation:—

“Nothing, mamma, nothing. I was only in jest.”



"But what was the favor you were going to ask me?"

"Nothing, nothing, indeed."

"No, you wanted to ask something," persisted the schoolmistress, seizing the pretext to give vent to her anger. "Otherwise you are very deceitful and very sly. You keep everything hidden in your breast. Those are the lessons Flores teaches you: do you think I don't notice it?"

Saying this, she pushed the boy away from her, and sprang from the bed. In the hall outside, almost at the same moment, was heard a firm and youthful step. Leocadia trembled, and turning to Minguitos, stammered:—

"Go, go to Flores. Leave me alone. I do not feel well, and you make me worse."

Segundo's brow was clouded; and as soon as the joy of seeing him had subsided, Leocadia was seized with the desire to restore him to good-humor. She waited patiently for a fitting opportunity, however, and when this came, throwing her arms around his neck, she began with the complaint: Where had he kept himself? Why had he stayed away so long? The poet unburdened himself of his grievances. It was intolerable to follow in the train of a great man. And allowing himself to be carried away by the pleasure of speaking of what occupied his mind, he described Don Victoriano and the radicals; satirized Agonde's reception of his guests, and his manner of entertaining them; spoke of the hopes he founded in the protection of the ex-minister, giving them as a reason for the necessity of paying court to Don Victoriano. Leocadia fixed her dog-like look on Segundo's countenance.

"And the Señora and the girl—what are they like?"

Segundo half closed his eyes, the better to contemplate an attractive and charming image that presented itself to his mental vision, and to reflect that in the existence of Nieves he played no part whatsoever,—it being manifest folly for him to think of Señora de Comba, who did not think of him. This reflection, natural and simple enough, aroused his anger. There was awakened within him a keen longing for the unattainable,—that insensate and unbridled desire with which the likeness of a beautiful woman dead for centuries may inspire some dreamer in a museum.

"But answer me—are those ladies handsome?" the schoolmistress asked again.

"The mother, yes," answered Segundo, speaking with the careless frankness of one who is secure of his auditor. "Her hair is fair, and her eyes are blue—a light blue that makes one think of the verses of Becquer."

And he began to recite:—

"Tu pupila es azul, y cuando ríes  
Su claridad suave me recuerda—"

Leocadia listened to him at first with eyes cast down; afterward with her face turned away from him. When he had finished the poem she said in an altered voice, with feigned calmness:—

"They will invite you to go there."

"Where?"

"To Las Vides, of course. I hear they intend to have a great deal of company."

"Yes; they have given me a pressing invitation, but I shall not go. Uncle Clodio insists upon it that I ought to cultivate the friendship of Don Victoriano, so that he may be of use to me in Madrid, and help me to get a position there. But, child, to go and play a sorry part is not to my liking. This suit is the best I have, and it is in last year's fashion. If they play tresillo or give tips to the servants—and it is impossible to make my father understand this—and I shall not try to do so; God forbid. So that they shall not catch a sight of me in Las Vides."

When she heard what his intentions were, Leocadia's countenance cleared up, and rising, radiant with happiness, she ran to the kitchen. Flores was washing plates and cups and saucers by the light of a lamp, knocking them angrily together, and rubbing savagely.

"The coffee-pot—did you clean it?"

"Presently, presently," responded the old woman. "Any one would think that one was made of wood, that one is never to get tired—that one can do things flying."

"Give it to me; I will clean it. Put more wood on the fire: it is going out and the beefsteak will be spoiled." And so saying, Leocadia washed the coffee-pot, cleaning the filter with a knitting-needle, and put some fresh water down to boil in a new saucepan, throwing more wood on the fire.

"Yes, heap on wood," growled Flores, "as we get it for nothing!"



Leocadia, who was slicing some potatoes for the beefsteak, paid no attention to her. When she had cut up as many as she judged necessary, she washed her hands hastily in the jar of the drain, full of dirty water, on whose surface floated large patches of grease. She then hurried to the parlor where Segundo was waiting for her, and soon afterward Flores brought in the supper, which they ate, seated at a small side-table. By the time they had got to the coffee Segundo began to be more communicative. This coffee was what Leocadia most prided herself on. She had bought a set of English china, an imitation lacquer-box, a *vermeil* sugar-tongs, and two small silver spoons; and she always placed on the table with the coffee a liquor-stand, supplied with cumin, rum, and anisette. At the third glass of cumin, seeing the poet amiable and propitious, Leocadia put her arm around his neck. He drew back brusquely, noticing with strong repulsion the odor of cooking and of parsley with which the garments of the schoolmistress were impregnated.

At this moment precisely, Minguitos, after letting his shoes drop on the floor, was drawing the coverlet around him with a sigh. Flores, seated on a low chair, began to recite the rosary. The sick child required, to put him to sleep, the monotonous murmur of the husky voice which had lulled him to rest, ever since his mother had ceased to keep him company at bedtime. The Ave Marias and Gloria Patris, mumbled rather than pronounced, little by little dulled thought; and by the time the litany was reached, sleep had stolen over him, and half-unconscious, it was with difficulty he made the responses to the barbarous phrases of the old woman: "Juana celi—Ora pro nobis—Sal-es-enfermorum—nobis—Refajos pecadorum—bis—Consolate flitorum—sss—"

The only response was the labored, restless, uneven breathing that came through the sleeping boy's half-closed lips. Flores softly put out the tallow candle, took off her shoes in order to make no noise, and stole out gently, feeling her way along the dining-room wall. From the moment in which Minguitos fell asleep there was no more rattling of dishes in the kitchen.

Translated from the Spanish by Mary J. Serrano.

## RUSSIAN NIHILISM: "GOING TO THE PEOPLE"

From 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature.' Copyright 1890, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

IT REQUIRES more courage to do what Russians call *going to the people*, than to bear exile or the gallows. In our society, which boasts of its democracy, the very equalization of classes has strengthened the individual instinct of difference; and especially the aristocrats of mind—the writers and thinkers—have become terribly nervous, finicky, and inimical to the plebeian smell, to the extent that even novels which describe the common people with sincerity and truth displease the public taste. Yet the Nihilists, a select company from the point of view of intellectual culture, go, like apostles, in search of the poor in spirit, the ignorant and the humble. The sons of families belonging to the highest classes, alumni of universities, leave fine clothes and books, dress like peasants, and mix with factory hands, so as to know them and to teach them; young ladies of fine education return from a foreign tour, and accept with the utmost contentment situations as cooks in manufacturers' houses, so as to be able to study the labor question in their workshops. We find very curious instances of this in Turgénief's novel 'Virgin Soil.' The heroine Mariana, a Nihilist, in order to learn how the people live, and to *simplify herself* (this is a sacramental term), helps a poor peasant woman in her domestic duties. Here we have the way of the world reversed: the educated learns of the ignorant, and in all that the peasant woman does or says, the young lady finds a crumb of grace and wisdom. "We do not wish to teach the people," she explains: "we wish to serve them." "To serve them?" replies the woman, with hard practicality; "well, the best way to serve them is to teach them." Equally fruitless are the efforts of Mariana's "fictitious husband," or "husband by free grace," as the peasant woman calls him,—the poet and dreamer Nedjanof, who thinks himself a Nihilist, but in the bottom of his soul has the aristocratic instincts of the artist. Here is the passage where he presents himself to Mariana dressed in workmen's clothes:—

"Mariana uttered an exclamation of surprise. At first she did not know him. He wore an old caftan of yellowish drill, short-waisted, and buttoned with small buttons; his hair was combed in the Russian



style, with the part in the middle; a blue kerchief was tied around his neck; he held in his hand an old cap with a torn visor, and his feet were shod with undressed calfskin."

Mariana's first act on seeing him in this guise is to tell him that he is indeed ugly; after which disagreeable piece of information, and a shudder of repugnance at the smell of his greasy cap and dirty sleeves, they provide themselves with pamphlets and socialist proclamations, and start out on their 'Odyssey among the people, hoping to meet with ineffable sufferings. He would be no less glad than she of a heroic sacrifice, but he is not content with a grotesque farce; and the girl is indignant when Solomine, her professor in nihilism, tells her that her duty actually compels her to wash the children of the poor, to teach them the alphabet, and to give medicine to the sick. "That is for Sisters of Charity," she exclaims, inadvertently recognizing a truth: the Catholic faith contains all ways of loving one's neighbor, and none can ever be invented that it has not foreseen. But the human type of the novel is Nedjanof, although the Nihilists have sought to deny it. There is one very sad and real scene in which he returns drunk from one of his propagandist excursions, because the peasants whom he was haranguing compelled him to drink as much as they. The poor fellow drinks and drinks, but he might as well have thrown himself upon a pile of bayonets. He comes home befuddled with *vodka*, or perhaps more so with the disgust and nausea which the brutish and malodorous people produced in him. He had never fully believed in the work to which he had consecrated himself: now it is no longer skepticism, it is invincible disgust that takes hold upon his soul, urging him to despair and suicide. The lament of his lost revolutionary faith is contained in the little poem entitled 'Dreaming,' which I give literally as follows:—

"It was long since I had seen my birthplace, but I found it not at all changed. The deathlike sleep, intellectual inertia, roofless houses, ruined walls, mire and stench, scarcity and misery, the insolent looks of the oppressed peasants,—all the same! Only in sleeping, we have outstripped Europe, Asia, and the whole world. Never did my dear compatriots sleep a sleep so terrible!

"Everything sleeps: wherever I turn, in the fields, in the cities, in carriages, in sleighs, day and night, sitting or walking; the merchant and the functionary, and the watchman in the tower, all sleep in the

cold or in the heat! The accused snores and the judge dozes; the peasants sleep the sleep of death; asleep they sow and reap and grind the corn; father, mother, and children sleep! The oppressed and the oppressor sleep equally well!

"Only the gin-shop is awake, with eyes ever open!

"And hugging to her breast a jug of fire-water, her face to the Pole, her feet to the Caucasus, thus sleeps and dreams on forever our Mother, Holy Russia!"

To all Nihilist intents and purposes, particularly to those of a political character, the masses are apparently asleep. Many eloquent anecdotes refer to their indifference. A young lady propagandist, who served as cook on a farm, confesses that the peasants spitefully accused her of taking bread from the poor. In order to get them to take their pamphlets and leaflets the Nihilists present them as religious tracts, adorning the covers with texts of Scripture and pious mottoes and signs. Only by making good use of the antiquated idea of distribution (of goods) have they any chance of success; it is of no use to talk of autonomous federations, or to attack the Emperor, who has the people on his side.

The active Nihilists are always young people; and this is reason enough why they are not completely discouraged by the sterility of their efforts. Old age abhors fruitless endeavors; and, better appreciating the value of life, will not waste it in tiresome experiments. And this contrast between the ages, like that between the seasons, is nowhere so sharp as in Russia; nowhere else is the difference of opinions and feelings between two generations so marked. Some one has called nihilism a disease of childhood, like measles or diphtheria; perhaps this is not altogether erroneous, not only as regards individuals, but also as regards society, for vehemence and furious radicalism are the fruit of historical inexperience,—of the political youth of a nation. The precursor of nihilism, Herzen, said, with his brilliant imagery and vigor of expression, that the Russia of the future lay with a few insignificant and obscure young folks, who could easily hide between the earth and the soles of the autocrat's boots; and the poet Mikailof, who was sentenced to hard labor in 1861, and subsequently died under the lash, exclaimed to the students: "Even in the darkness of the dungeon I shall preserve sacredly in my heart of hearts the incomparable faith that I have ingrafted upon the new generation."



It is sad to see youth decrepit and weary from birth, without enthusiasm or ambition for anything. It is more natural that the sap should overflow; that a longing for strife and sacrifice, even though foolish and vain, should arise in its heart. This truth cannot be too often repeated: to be enthusiastic, to be full of life, is not ridiculous; but our pusillanimous doctrine of disapproval is ridiculous indeed, especially in life's early years,—as ridiculous as baldness at twenty, or wrinkles and palsy at thirty. Besides, we must recognize something more than youthful ardor in nihilism, and that is, sympathetic disinterestedness. The path of nihilism does not lead to brilliant position or destiny: it may lead to Siberia or to the gibbet.

Translation of Fanny Hale Gardiner.

## GIUSEPPE PARINI

(1729-1799)



ETTEMBRINI, in his history of Italian literature, chooses Parini as the purest type of the satirist which his country has. Giuseppe Giusti, whose field is the same as that of Parini, and who is hardly his inferior, has written his eulogy in a glowing biography.

Parini was born in 1729, at Bosisio on the Lake of Pusiano. His parents had a small farm; but observing Giuseppe's abilities, they sent him to Milan to study under the Barnabites in the Accademia Arcimboldi. Here he was obliged to support himself by copying manuscripts. In 1752 he published under the pseudonym "Ripano Eupilino" a volume of poems, which procured his election to the Accademia dei Transformati at Milan, and to that of the Arcadi at Rome. He became a tutor in the family of the Borromei and in that of the Serbelloni, and attained still further prominence through success in two controversies,—one with Alessandro Bandiera, the other with Onofrio Branda. He now began to utilize in the composition of a satire the knowledge which he had gained of aristocratic life. 'Il Matino' (Morning) and 'Il Meriggio' (Noon), which were published in 1763 and 1765, mark a distinct advance in the form of blank verse in Italy, and consist in ironical instructions to a young nobleman as to the way to spend his mornings and middays. This satire established Parini's popularity and influence. Count Firmian, the Austrian plenipotentiary, who had been one of his patrons in the publication of the first volume of poems, now secured his appointment as professor of *belles-lettres* in the academy of Brera. Here with ardent enthusiasm he set forth the beauties of the classics, and was little by little recognized as the most powerful living exponent of letters and arts. At the time of the French occupation of Milan, Parini was appointed by Napoleon municipal magistrate of that city. The poet, however, soon retired to his literary pursuits, aware that the much-vaunted liberty of the day was made a means for securing private ends rather than for the public advancement. On the return of the Austrians he found his well-being threatened; but he was then seventy years of age, blind and infirm, and in 1799, before dangers could mature, he died. Despite the success of his career, he died as poor as at its commencement. He exerted a distinct influence for good, however, on a generation prostrated by the corruptions



of the past, but in which there could yet be felt a restless discontent with itself. He brought his satire 'Il Giorno' (Day) to a close by 'Il Vespro' (Evening) and 'Il Notte' (Night); but these were not yet published at the time of his death. 'Il Notte,' indeed, remained unfinished; and so many and such varying draughts did he leave of this poem, that one scarcely knows what the ultimate result of his labors would have been.

The motive of Parini's satires was not to ridicule the idiosyncrasies of his contemporaries: he attacked the whole corruption of his times. It was not to the mere theories of an individual conscience that he gave voice: he proclaimed the principles held by the whole moral world. His temperament was that of the student rather than of the genius; his productions the result of thought rather than of inspiration. He was a tireless reviser; and his form both of satire and of lyric is elegant and elaborate, but lacking in the charm of spontaneity. He is, for a satirist, peculiarly deficient in sparkle and in humor; but the high moral purpose of his work is strengthened by a grim pride and by uncompromising scorn.

[The following translations are from 'Modern Italian Poets,' copyright 1887, by William D. Howells; and are reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.]

## THE TOILET OF AN EXQUISITE

From 'The Day'

AT LAST the labor of the learned comb  
Is finished, and the elegant artist strews  
With lightly shaken hand a powdery mist  
To whiten ere their time thy youthful locks.

Now take heart,  
And in the bosom of that whirling cloud  
Plunge fearlessly. O brave! O mighty! Thus  
Appeared thine ancestor through smoke and fire  
Of battle, when his country's trembling gods  
His sword avenged, and shattered the fierce foe  
And put to flight. But he, his visage stained  
With dust and smoke, and smirched with gore and sweat,  
His hair torn and tossed wild, came from the strife  
A terrible vision, even to compatriots  
His hand had rescued; milder thou by far,

And fairer to behold, in white array  
Shalt issue presently to bless the eyes  
Of thy fond country, which the mighty arm  
Of thy forefather and thy heavenly smile  
Equally keep content and prosperous. . . .  
Let purple gaiters clasp thine ankles fine  
In noble leather, that no dust or mire  
Blemish thy foot; down from thy shoulders flow  
Loosely a tunic fair, thy shapely arms  
Cased in its closely fitting sleeves, whose borders  
Of crimson or of azure velvet let  
The heliotrope's color tinge. Thy slender throat  
Encircle with a soft and gauzy band. . . .

Thy watch already

Bids thee haste to go. Oh me, how fair  
The arsenal of tiny charms that hang  
With a harmonious tinkling from its chain!  
What hangs not there of fairy carriages  
And fairy steeds so marvelously feigned  
In gold that every charger seems alive? . . . .  
Let thy right hand be pressed against thy side  
Beneath thy waistcoat, and the other hand  
Upon thy snowy linen rest, and hide  
Next to thy heart; let the breast rise sublime,  
The shoulders broaden both, and bend toward her  
Thy pliant neck; then at the corners close  
Thy lips a little, pointed in the middle  
Somewhat; and from thy mouth thus set exhale  
A murmur inaudible. Meanwhile her right  
Let her have given, and now softly drop  
On the warm ivory a double kiss.  
Seat thyself then, and with one hand draw closer  
Thy chair to hers, while every tongue is stilled.  
Thou only, bending slightly over, with her  
Exchange in whisper secret nothings, which  
Ye both accompany with mutual smiles  
And covert glances that betray—or seem  
At least your tender passion to betray.



## THE LADY'S LAP-DOG

From 'The Day'

SHE recalls the day—  
Alas, the cruel day!—what time her lap-dog,  
Her beauteous lap-dog, darling of the Graces,  
Sporting in youthful gayety, impressed  
The light mark of her ivory tooth upon  
The rude foot of a menial; he, with bold  
And sacrilegious toe, flung her away.  
Over and over thrice she rolled, and thrice  
Rumpled her silken coat, and thrice inhaled  
With tender nostril the thick, choking dust.  
Then raised imploring cries, and "Help, help, help!"  
She seemed to call, while from the gilded vaults  
Compassionate Echo answered her again,  
And from their cloistral basements in dismay  
The servants rushed, and from the upper rooms  
The pallid maidens trembling flew: all came.  
Thy lady's face was with reviving essence  
Sprinkled, and she awakened from her swoon.  
Anger and grief convulsed her still; she cast  
A lightning glance upon the guilty menial,  
And thrice with languid voice she called her pet,  
Who rushed to her embrace and seemed to invoke  
Vengeance with her shrill tenor. And revenge  
Thou hadst, fair poodle, darling of the Graces.  
The guilty menial trembled, and with eyes  
Downcast received his doom. Naught him availed  
His twenty years' desert; naught him availed  
His zeal in secret services; for him  
In vain were prayer and promise: forth he went,  
Spoiled of the livery that till now had made him  
Enviably with the vulgar. And in vain  
He hoped another lord: the tender dames  
Were horror-struck at his atrocious crime,  
And loathed the author. The false wretch succumbed  
With all his squalid brood, and in the streets,  
With his lean wife in tatters at his side,  
Vainly lamented to the passer-by.

## THE AFTERNOON CALL

From 'The Day'

AND now the ardent friends to greet each other  
Impatient fly, and pressing breast to breast  
They tenderly embrace, and with alternate kisses  
Their cheeks resound; then clasping hands, they drop  
Plummet-like down upon the sofa, both  
Together. Seated thus, one flings a phrase,  
Subtle and pointed, at the other's heart,  
Hinting of certain things that rumor tells,  
And in her turn the other with a sting  
Assails. The lovely face of one is flushed  
With beauteous anger, and the other bites  
Her pretty lips a little; evermore  
At every instant waxes violent  
The anxious agitation of the fans.  
So in the age of Turpin, if two knights  
Illustrious and well cased in mail encountered  
Upon the way, each cavalier aspired  
To prove the valor of the other in arms,  
And after greetings courteous and fair,  
They lowered their lances and their chargers dashed  
Ferociously together; then they flung  
The splintered fragments of their spears aside,  
And, fired with generous fury, drew their huge  
Two-handed swords and rushed upon each other!  
But in the distance through a savage wood  
The clamor of a messenger is heard,  
Who comes full gallop to recall the one  
Unto King Charles, and th' other to the camp  
Of the young Agramante. Dare thou, too,  
Dare thou, invincible youth, to expose the curls  
And the toupet, so exquisitely dressed  
This very morning, to the deadly shock  
Of the infuriate fans; to new emprises  
Thy fair invite, and thus the extreme effects  
Of their periculous enmity suspend.



## GILBERT PARKER

(1861-)



GILBERT PARKER belongs to the rising generation of novelists who seem inclined to depart from the morbid realism of certain jaundiced schools of modern writers, and to revive the tenets of Scott and Thackeray, of Cooper and Dickens. Through them the historical romance is being brought again into prominence. This form of fiction is well adapted for the exercise of Mr. Parker's literary talent, which is objective and impersonal; and for the manifestation of his belief that men are primarily lovers and fighters, and that life itself revolves about the pivots of love and war. In all of his tales, whether historical or not, there is the element of strife, and the element of the strong human affections. He perceives that the dramatic possibilities of these two elements are endless. His historical novels, 'The Trail of the Sword' and 'The Seats of the Mighty,' are of the time of the French and Indian wars, and involve many incidents of that period. In them, as in all but the greatest novels of the same class, the delineation of character is somewhat subordinated to the development of the plot and the setting forth of the historical background; yet Mr. Parker is too much of an artist to be merely a good story-teller. For this reason he is most successful in writing of people with whom he has come into sympathetic contact, and of localities with which he is familiar. It is this intimacy which gives charm to his tales of modern Canadian life.

He himself was born in Canada in 1861; his father being an English officer in the Artillery, who had come to the country with Sir John Colburn. From his childhood Mr. Parker was devoted to reading and study; and it may have been his early enthusiasm for Shakespeare which developed the strong dramatic quality discernible in his novels. His parents wishing him to enter the church, he began theological studies at the University of Toronto; he became a lecturer in Trinity College, and continued to hold this position until, his health failing, he was ordered to the South Sea. In Australia he resumed his lectures: the reputation gained by them influenced the editor of a Sydney newspaper to invite him to write a series of articles on his impressions of the country. From that time he gave himself up to literary work: his talents as a novelist could not long remain hidden. The editor of the London Illustrated News engaged him to write a

serial story; he became known in England, and then in America,—the reading public recognizing him not only as a writer of strength and imagination, but as one whose genius had manifested itself most clearly in a new field. Mr. Parker is at his best in the stories published originally in various magazines, and now collected under the title 'Pierre and His People.' The scene of these tales is a country little known to the outside world,—that vast region extending from Quebec in the east to British Columbia in the west, and from the Cypress Hills in the south to the Coppermine River in the north; the great wilderness of the Hudson's Bay Company. Living on the edges of this dimly known land from boyhood, its mystery and its romantic possibilities must have early impressed the creator of *Pierre*. In a prefatory note to the book he says:—

"Until 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company—first granted its charter by King Charles II.—practically ruled that vast region stretching from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the Arctic Ocean: a handful of adventurous men intrenched in forts and posts, yet trading with, and most peacefully conquering, many savage tribes. Once the sole master of the North, the H. B. C. (as it is familiarly called) is revered by the Indians and half-breeds as much as, if not more than, the government established at Ottawa. It has had its forts within the Arctic Circle, it has successfully exploited a country larger than the United States. The Red River Valley, the Saskatchewan Valley, and British Columbia, are now belted by a great railway and given to the plow; but in the far north, life is much the same as it was a hundred years ago. There the trapper, clerk, trader, and factor are cast in the mold of another century, though possessing the acuter energies of this. The *voyageur* and *coureur de bois* still exist, though generally under less picturesque names.

"The bare story of the hardy and wonderful career of the adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay,—of whom Prince Rupert was once chiefest,—and the life of the prairies, may be found in histories and books of travel; but their romances, the near narratives of individual lives, have waited the telling. In this book I have tried to feel my way towards the heart of that life."

Mr. Parker has been entirely successful in his endeavor. What Bret Harte did for the California of '49 he has done for this region of the north, with its picturesque, heterogeneous population, and its untrammelled life. *Pierre* is a half-breed, a strange mixture of saint and savage, a wanderer over the purple stretches of the prairies, an incarnation indeed of the spirit of the region,—primitive, restless, bearing with ill grace the superimposed yoke of civilization. *Pierre's* people are for the most part like him,—brothers and sisters to the sun and moon, to the wild mountains and the boundless plains. He moves in and out among them, participating more in the tragedies than in the comedies of their lives. Over all the stories of himself



and his brethren there is the half-earthly light of romance, softening the records of bloodshed, giving a tenderer grace to wild loves, and a deeper pathos to obscure deaths; through them all sweeps the wind of the prairie itself, fresh, invigorating, laden with outdoor scents and with outdoor sounds. The refreshment of nature itself is part of the charm of these tales.

In 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac,' a fascinating bit of comedy, Gilbert Parker has told the story of a lost Napoleon; a youth around whom clings the magic, elusive atmosphere of a great name and a great lost cause. The scent of the Imperial violets is always about him. He comes into the little Canadian village of Pontiac, and into the hearts of a simple people turning ever back to France, and to overwhelming traditions of the past. He dies at last for his ideal; not knowing that he is indeed what he personates, the son of the Napoleon of St. Helena.

Of late years Sir Gilbert has devoted himself largely to politics, and has been distinguished as an ardent imperialist. He has been a member of Parliament since 1900, and was knighted in 1902. Although he has kept up his literary work, his recent novels can scarcely be ranked with his early Canadian stories. Among his later books are: (The Battle of the Strong) (1898), (The Right of Way) (1901), (The Weavers) (1907), and (Northern Lights) (1909).

### THE PATROL OF THE CYPRESS HILLS

From 'Pierre and His People.' Copyright 1894. by Stone & Kimball

"H<sup>E</sup>'s too ha'sh," said old Alexander Windsor, as he shut the creaking door of the store after a vanishing figure, and turned to the big iron stove with outstretched hands; hands that were cold both summer and winter. He was of lean and frigid make.

"Sergeant Fones is too ha'sh," he repeated, as he pulled out the damper and cleaned away the ashes with the iron poker.

Pretty Pierre blew a quick, straight column of cigarette smoke into the air, tilted his chair back, and said, "I do not know what you mean by 'ha'sh,' but he is the Devil. Eh, well, there was more than one devil made sometime in the Northwest." He laughed softly.

"That gives you a chance in history, Pretty Pierre," said a voice from behind a pile of woolen goods and buffalo skins in the centre of the floor. The owner of the voice then walked to

the window. He scratched some frost from the pane, and looked out to where the trooper in dogskin coat, and gauntlets, and cap, was mounting his broncho. The old man came and stood near the young man,—the owner of the voice,—and said again, "He is too ha'sh."

"*Harsh* you mean, father," added the other.

"Yes, *harsh* you mean, Old Brown Windsor,—quite harsh," said Pierre.

Alexander Windsor, storekeeper and general dealer, was sometimes called "Old Brown Windsor" and sometimes "Old Aleck," to distinguish him from his son, who was known as "Young Aleck."

As the old man walked back again'to the stove to warm his hands, Young Aleck continued, "He does his duty: that's all. If he doesn't wear kid gloves while at it, it's his choice. He doesn't go beyond his duty. You can bank on that. It'd be hard to exceed that way out here."

"True, Young Aleck, so true; but then he wears gloves of iron, of ice. That is not good. Sometime the glove will be too hard and cold on a man's shoulder, and then—! Well, I should like to be there," said Pierre, showing his white teeth.

Old Aleck shivered, and held his fingers where the stove was red-hot.

The young man did not hear this speech; he was watching Sergeant Fones as he rode toward the Big Divide. Presently he said, "He's going towards Humphrey's place. I—" He stopped, bent his brows, caught one corner of his slight mustache between his teeth, and did not stir a muscle until the Sergeant had passed over the Divide.

Old Aleck was meanwhile dilating upon his theme before a passive listener. But Pierre was only passive outwardly. Besides hearkening to the father's complaints he was closely watching the son. Pierre was clever, and a good actor. He had learned the power of reserve and outward immobility. The Indian in him helped him there. He had heard what Young Aleck had just muttered; but to the man of the cold fingers he said, "You keep good whisky in spite of the law and the iron glove, Old Aleck." To the young man, "And you can drink it so free, eh, Young Aleck?" The half-breed looked out of the corners of his eyes at the young man, but he did not raise the peak of his fur cap in doing so, and his glances askance were not seen.



Young Aleck had been writing something with his finger-nail on the frost of the pane, over and over again. When Pierre spoke to him thus he scratched out the word he had written, with what seemed unnecessary force. But in one corner it remained: "Mab——"

Pierre added, "That is what they say at Humphrey's ranch."

"Who says that at Humphrey's?—Pierre, you lie!" was the sharp and threatening reply. The significance of this last statement had been often attested on the prairies by the piercing emphasis of a six-chambered revolver. It was evident that Young Aleck was in earnest. Pierre's eyes glowed in the shadow, but he idly replied:—

"I do not remember quite who said it Well, *mon ami*, perhaps I lie; perhaps. Sometimes we dream things, and these dreams are true. You call it a lie: *bien!* Sergeant Fones, he dreams perhaps Old Aleck sells whisky against the law to men you call whisky runners, sometimes to Indians and half-breeds—half-breeds like Pretty Pierre. That was a dream of Sergeant Fones; but you see he believes it true. It is good sport, eh? Will you not take—what is it?—a silent partner? Yes; a silent partner, Old Aleck. Pretty Pierre has spare time, a little to make money for his friends and for himself, eh?"

When did not Pierre have time to spare? He was a gambler. Unlike the majority of half-breeds, he had a pronounced French manner, nonchalant and debonair. The Indian in him gave him coolness and nerve. His cheeks had a tinge of delicate red under their whiteness, like those of a woman. That was why he was called Pretty Pierre. The country had, however, felt a kind of weird menace in the name. It was used to snakes whose rattle gave notice of approach or signal of danger. But Pretty Pierre was like the death-adder, small and beautiful, silent and deadly. At one time he had made a secret of his trade, or thought he was doing so. In those days he was often to be seen at David Humphrey's home, and often in talk with Mab Humphrey; but it was there one night that the man who was ha'sh gave him his true character, with much candor and no comment.

Afterwards Pierre was not seen at Humphrey's ranch. Men prophesied that he would have revenge some day on Sergeant Fones; but he did not show anything on which this opinion could

be based. He took no umbrage at being called Pretty Pierre the gambler. But for all that he was possessed of a devil.

Young Aleck had inherited some money through his dead mother from his grandfather, a Hudson's Bay factor. He had been in the East for some years, and when he came back he brought his "little pile" and an impressionable heart with him. The former, Pretty Pierre and his friends set about to win; the latter, Mab Humphrey won without the trying. Yet Mab gave Young Aleck as much as he gave her. More. Because her love sprang from a simple, earnest, and uncontaminated life. Her purity and affection were being played against Pierre's designs and Young Aleck's weakness. With Aleck cards and liquor went together. Pierre seldom drank.

But what of Sergeant Fones? If the man that knew him best—the Commandant—had been asked for his history, the reply would have been: "Five years in the Service, rigid disciplinarian, best non-commissioned officer on the Patrol of the Cypress Hills." That was all the Commandant knew.

A soldier-policeman's life on the frontier is rough, solitary, and severe. Active duty and responsibility are all that makes it endurable. To few is it fascinating. A free and thoughtful nature would however find much in it, in spite of great hardships, to give interest and even pleasure. The sense of breadth and vastness, and the inspiration of pure air, could be a very gospel of strength, beauty, and courage, to such a one—for a time. But was Sergeant Fones such a one? The Commandant's scornful reply to a question of the kind would have been: "He is the best soldier on the Patrol."

And so, with hard gallops here and there after the refugees of crime or misfortune, or both, who fled before them like deer among the passes of the hills, and like deer at bay, often fought like demons to the death; with border watchings, and protection and care and vigilance of the Indians; with hurried marches at sunrise, the thermometer at fifty degrees below zero often in winter, and open camps beneath the stars, and no camp at all, as often as not, winter and summer; with rough barrack fun and parade and drill and guard of prisoners; and with chances now and then to pay homage to a woman's face,—the Mounted Force grew full of the Spirit of the West and became brown, valiant, and hardy, with wind and weather. Perhaps some of them



longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children, and to consider more the faces of women,—for hearts are hearts even under a belted coat of red on the Fiftieth Parallel,—but men of nerve do not blazon their feelings.

No one would have accused Sergeant Fones of having a heart. Men of keen discernment would have seen in him the little Bismarck of the Mounted Police. His name carried farther on the Cypress Hills Patrol than any other; and yet his officers could never say that he exceeded his duty or enlarged upon the orders he received. He had no sympathy with crime. Others of the force might wink at it; but his mind appeared to sit severely upright upon the cold platform of Penalty, in beholding breaches of the Statutes. He would not have rained upon the unjust as the just if he had had the directing of the heavens. As private Gelatly put it: "Sergeant Fones has the fear o' God in his heart, and the law of the land across his saddle, and the newest breech-loading at that!" He was part of the great machine of Order, the servant of Justice, the sentinel in the vestibule of Martial Law. His interpretation of duty worked upward as downward. Officers and privates were acted on by the force known as Sergeant Fones. Some people, like Old Brown Windsor, spoke hardly and openly of this force. There were three people who never did,—Pretty Pierre, Young Aleck, and Mab Humphrey. Pierre hated him; Young Aleck admired in him a quality lying dormant in himself,—decision; Mab Humphrey spoke unkindly of no one. Besides— But no!

What was Sergeant Fones's country? No one knew. Where had he come from? No one asked him more than once. He could talk French with Pierre,—a kind of French that sometimes made the undertone of red in the Frenchman's cheeks darker. He had been heard to speak German to a German prisoner; and once when a gang of Italians were making trouble on a line of railway under construction, he arrested the leader, and in a few swift, sharp words in the language of the rioters settled the business. He had no accent that betrayed his nationality.

He had been recommended for a commission. The officer in command had hinted that the sergeant might get a Christmas present. The officer had further said, "And if it was something that both you and the patrol would be the better for, you couldn't object, sergeant." But the sergeant only saluted, looking steadily into the eyes of the officer. That was his reply.

Private Gellatly, standing without, heard Sergeant Fones say, as he passed into the open air, and slowly bared his forehead to the winter sun:—

“Exactly.”

And Private Gellatly cried with revolt in his voice, “Divils me own, the word that a’t to have been full o’ joy was like the clip of a rifle breech.”

Justice in a new country is administered with promptitude and vigor, or else not administered at all. Where an officer of the Mounted Police Soldiery has all the powers of a magistrate, the law’s delay and the insolence of office has little space in which to work. One of the commonest slips of virtue in the Canadian West was selling whisky contrary to the law of prohibition which prevailed. Whisky runners were land smugglers. Old Brown Windsor had somehow got the reputation of being connected with the whisky runners; not a very respectable business, and thought to be dangerous. Whisky runners were inclined to resent intrusion of their privacy, with a touch of that biting inhospitableness which a moonlighter of Kentucky uses toward an inquisitive, unsympathetic marshal. On the Cypress Hills Patrol, however, the erring servants of Bacchus were having a hard time of it. Vigilance never slept there in the days of which these lines bear record. Old Brown Windsor had, in words, freely espoused the cause of the sinful. To the careless spectator it seemed a charitable siding with the suffering; a proof that the old man’s heart was not so cold as his hands. Sergeant Fones thought differently; and his mission had just been to warn the storekeeper that there was menacing evidence gathering against him, and that his friendship with Golden Feather, the Indian chief, had better cease at once. Sergeant Fones had a way of putting things. Old Brown Windsor endeavored for a moment to be sarcastic. This was the brief dialogue in the domain of sarcasm:—

“I s’pose you just lit round in a friendly sort of way, hopin’ that I’d kenoodle with you later.”

“Exactly.”

There was an unpleasant click to the word. The old man’s hands got colder. He had nothing more to say.

Before leaving, the sergeant said something quietly and quickly to Young Aleck. Pierre observed, but could not hear. Young Aleck was uneasy; Pierre was perplexed. The sergeant



turned at the door, and said in French, "What are your chances for a Merry Christmas at Pardon's Drive, Pretty Pierre?" Pierre said nothing. He shrugged his shoulders, and as the door closed, muttered, "*Il est le Diable.*" And he meant it. What should Sergeant Fones know of that intended meeting at Pardon's Drive on Christmas day? And if he knew, what then? It was not against the law to play euchre. Still it perplexed Pierre. Before the Windsors, father and son, however, he was, as we have seen, playfully cool.

After quitting Old Brown Windsor's store, Sergeant Fones urged his stout broncho to a quicker pace than usual. The broncho was, like himself, wasteful of neither action nor affection. The sergeant had caught him wild and independent, had brought him in, broken him, and taught him obedience. They understood each other; perhaps they loved each other. But about that, even Private Gellatly had views in common with the general sentiment as to the character of Sergeant Fones. The private remarked once on this point, "Sarpints alive! the heels of the one and the law of the other is the love of them. They'll weather together like the Divil and Death."

The sergeant was brooding; that was not like him. He was hesitating; that was less like him. He turned his broncho round as if to cross the Big Divide and to go back to Windsor's store: but he changed his mind again, and rode on toward David Humphrey's ranch. He sat as if he had been born in the saddle. His was a face for the artist,—strong and clear, and having a dominant expression of force. The eyes were deep-set and watchful. A kind of disdain might be traced in the curve of the short upper lip, to which the mustache was clipped close—a good fit, like his coat. The disdain was more marked this morning.

The first part of his ride had been seen by Young Aleck, the second part by Mab Humphrey. Her first thought on seeing him was one of apprehension for Young Aleck and those of Young Aleck's name. She knew that people spoke of her lover as a ne'er-do-weel; and that they associated his name freely with that of Pretty Pierre and his gang. She had a dread of Pierre; and only the night before, she had determined to make one last great effort to save Aleck, and if he would not be saved—strange that, thinking it all over again, as she watched the figure on horseback coming nearer, her mind should swerve to what she had

heard of Sergeant Fones's expected promotion. Then she fell to wondering if any one had ever given him a real Christmas present; if he had any friends at all; if life meant anything more to him than carrying the law of the land across his saddle. Again he suddenly came to her in a new thought, free from apprehension, and as the champion of her cause to defeat the half-breed and his gang, and save Aleck from present danger or future perils.

She was such a woman as prairies nurture,—in spirit broad and thoughtful and full of energy; not so deep as the mountain woman, not so imaginative, but with more persistency, more daring. Youth to her was a warmth, a glory. She hated excess and lawlessness, but she could understand it. She felt sometimes as if she must go far away into the unpeopled spaces, and shriek out her soul to the stars from the fullness of too much life. She supposed men had feelings of that kind too, but that they fell to playing cards and drinking instead of crying to the stars. Still, she preferred her way.

Once Sergeant Fones, on leaving the house, said grimly after his fashion, "Not Mab but Ariadne—excuse a soldier's bluntness. . . . Good-by!" and with a brusque salute he had ridden away. What he meant she did not know and could not ask. The thought instantly came to her mind: Not Sergeant Fones; but—who? She wondered if Ariadne was born on the prairie. What knew she of the girl who helped Theseus, her lover, to slay the Minotaur? What guessed she of the Slopes of Naxos? How old was Ariadne? Twenty?—For that was Mab's age. Was Ariadne beautiful?—She ran her fingers loosely through her short brown hair, waving softly about her Greek-shaped head, and reasoned that Ariadne must have been presentable or Sergeant Fones would not have made the comparison. She hoped Ariadne could ride well, for *she* could.

But how white the world looked this morning! and how proud and brilliant the sky! Nothing in the plane of vision but waves of snow stretching to the Cypress Hills; far to the left a solitary house, with its tin roof flashing back the sun, and to the right the Big Divide. It was an old-fashioned winter; not one in which bare ground and sharp winds make life outdoors inhospitable. Snow is hospitable—clean, impacted snow; restful and silent. But there is one spot in the area of white, on which Mab's eyes are fixed now, with something different in them



from what had been there. Again it was a memory with which Sergeant Fones was associated. One day in the summer just past she had watched him and his company put away to rest, under the cool sod where many another lay in silent company, a prairie wanderer,—some outcast from a better life gone by. Afterwards, in her home, she saw the sergeant stand at the window, looking out toward the spot where the waves in the sea of grass were more regular and greener than elsewhere, and were surmounted by a high cross. She said to him,—for she of all was never shy of his stern ways,—

“Why is the grass always greenest *there*, Sergeant Fones?”

He knew what she meant, and slowly said, “It is the Barracks of the Free.”

She had no views of life save those of duty and work and natural joy and loving a ne’er-do-weel, and she said, “I do not understand that.”

And the sergeant replied, “*Free among the Dead, like unto them that are wounded and lie in the grave, who are out of remembrance.*”

But Mab said again, “I do not understand that either.”

The sergeant did not at once reply. He stepped to the door and gave a short command to some one without, and in a moment his company was mounted in line: handsome, dashing fellows; one the son of an English nobleman, one the brother of an eminent Canadian politician, one related to a celebrated English dramatist. He ran his eye along the line, then turned to Mab, raised his cap with machine-like precision, and said, “No, I suppose you do not understand *that*. Keep Aleck Windsor from Pretty Pierre and his gang. Good-by.”

Then he mounted and rode away. Every other man in the company looked back to where the girl stood in the doorway; he did not. Private Gellatly said with a shake of the head, as she was lost to view, “Devils bestir me, what a widdy she’ll make!” It was understood that Aleck Windsor and Mab Humphrey were to be married on the coming New Year’s Day. What connection was there between the words of Sergeant Fones and those of Private Gellatly? None, perhaps.

Mab thinks upon that day as she looks out, this December morning, and sees Sergeant Fones dismounting at the door. David Humphrey, who is outside, offers to put up the sergeant’s horse; but he says, “No, if you’ll hold him just a moment, Mr.

Humphrey, I'll ask for a drink of something warm, and move on. Miss Mab is inside, I suppose?"

"She'll give you a drink of the *best* to be had on your patrol, sergeant," was the laughing reply.

"Thanks for that, but tea or coffee is good enough for me," said the sergeant. Entering, the coffee was soon in the hand of the hardy soldier. Once he paused in his drinking and scanned Mab's face closely. Most people would have said the sergeant had an affair of the law in hand, and was searching the face of a criminal; but most people are not good at interpretation. Mab was speaking to the chore-girl at the same time and did not see the look. If she could have defined her thoughts when she, in turn, glanced into the sergeant's face a moment afterwards, she would have said, "Austerity fills this man. Isolation marks him for its own." In the eyes were only purpose, decision, and command. Was that the look that had been fixed upon her face a moment ago? It must have been. His features had not changed a breath. Mab began their talk.

"They say you are to get a Christmas present of promotion, Sergeant Fones."

"I have not seen it gazetted," he answered enigmatically.

"You and your friends will be glad of it."

"I like the service."

"You will have more freedom with a commission."

He made no reply, but rose and walked to the window, and looked out across the snow, drawing on his gauntlets as he did so.

She saw that he was looking where the grass in summer was the greenest!

He turned and said:—

"I am going to barracks now. I suppose young Aleck will be in quarters here on Christmas Day, Miss Mab?"

"I think so," and she blushed.

"Did he say he would be here?"

"Yes."

"Exactly."

He looked toward the coffee. Then:—

"Thank you. . . . Good-by."

"Sergeant—"

"Miss Mab—"

"Will you not come to us on Christmas Day?"



His eyelids closed swiftly and opened again.

"I shall be on duty."

"And promoted?"

"Perhaps."

"And merry and happy?"—she smiled to herself to think of Sergeant Fones being merry and happy.

"Exactly."

The word suited him.

He paused a moment with his fingers on the latch, and turned round as if to speak; pulled off his gauntlet, and then as quickly put it on again. Had he meant to offer his hand in good-by? He had never been seen to take the hand of any one except with the might of the law visible in steel.

He opened the door with the right hand, but turned round as he stepped out, so that the left held it while he faced the warmth of the room and the face of the girl.

The door closed.

Mounted, and having said good-by to Mr. Humphrey, he turned toward the house, raised his cap with soldierly brusqueness, and rode away in the direction of the barracks.

The girl did not watch him. She was thinking of Young Aleck, and of Christmas Day, now near. The sergeant did not look back.

Meantime the party at Windsor's store was broken up. Pretty Pierre and Young Aleck had talked together, and the old man had heard his son say:—

"Remember, Pierre, it is for the last time."

Then they talked after this fashion:—

"Ah, I know, *mon ami*; for the last time! Eh, *bien*! You will spend Christmas Day with us too— No! You surely will not leave us on the day of good fortune? Where better can you take your pleasure—for the last time? One day is not enough for farewell. Two, *three*; that is the magic number. You will, eh?—no? Well, well, you will come to-morrow—and—eh, *mon ami*, where do you go the next day? Oh, *pardon*, I forgot, you spend the Christmas Day—I know. And the day of the New Year? Ah, Young Aleck, that is what they say,—the Devil for the Devil's luck. So!"

"Stop that, Pierre." There was fierceness in the tone. "I spend the Christmas Day where you don't, and as I like, and the rest doesn't concern you. I drink with you, I play with you— *bien*! As you say yourself, *bien*! isn't that enough?"

"*Pardon!* We will not quarrel. No: we spend not the Christmas Day after the same fashion, quite; then, to-morrow at Pardon's Drive! Adieu!"

Pretty Pierre went out of one door, a malediction between his white teeth, and Aleck went out of another door with a malediction upon his gloomy lips. But both maledictions were leveled at the same person. Poor Aleck!

"Poor Aleck!" That is the way we sometimes think of a good nature gone awry; one that has learned to say cruel maledictions to itself, and against which demons hurl their maledictions too. Alas for the ne'er-do-weel!

That night a stalwart figure passed from David Humphrey's door, carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love. The chilly outer air of the world seemed not to touch him, Love's curtains were drawn so close. Had one stood within "the Hunter's Room," as it was called, a little while before, one would have seen a man's head bowed before a woman, and her hand smoothing back the hair from the handsome brow where dissipation had drawn some deep lines. Presently the hand raised the head until the eyes of the woman looked full into the eyes of the man.

"You will not go to Pardon's Drive again, will you, Aleck?"

"Never again after Christmas Day, Mab. But I must go to-morrow. I have given my word."

"I know. To meet Pretty Pierre and all the rest, and for what? O Aleck, isn't the suspicion about your father enough, but you must put this on me as well?"

"My father must suffer for his wrong-doing if he does wrong, and I for mine."

There was a moment's silence. He bowed his head again.

"And I have done wrong to us both. Forgive me, Mab."

She leaned over and fondled his hair. "I forgive you, Aleck."

A thousand new thoughts were thrilling through him. Yet this man had given his word to do that for which he must ask forgiveness of the woman he loved. But to Pretty Pierre, forgiven or unforgiven, he would keep his word. She understood it better than most of those who read this brief record can. Every sphere has its code of honor and duty peculiar to itself.

"You will come to me on Christmas morning, Aleck?"

"I will come on Christmas morning."

"And no more after that of Pretty Pierre?"

"And no more of Pretty Pierre."



She trusted him; but neither could reckon with unknown forces.

Sergeant Fones, sitting in the barracks in talk with Private Gellatly, said at that moment in a swift silence:—

“Exactly.”

Pretty Pierre, at Pardon’s Drive, drinking a glass of brandy at that moment, said to the ceiling:—

“No more of Pretty Pierre after to-morrow night, monsieur! *Bien!* If it is for the last time, then it is for the last time. So . . . so!”

He smiled. His teeth were amazingly white.

The stalwart figure strode on under the stars, the white night a lens for visions of days of rejoicing to come. All evil was far from him. The dolorous tide rolled back in this hour from his life, and he reveled in the light of a new day.

“When I’ve played my last card to-morrow night with Pretty Pierre, I’ll begin the world again,” he whispered.

And Sergeant Fones in the barracks said just then, in response to a further remark of Private Gellatly:—

“Exactly.”

Young Aleck is singing now:—

“Out from your vineland come

Into the prairies wild;

Here will we make our home,—

Father, mother, and child;

Come, my love, to our home,—

Father, mother, and child,

Father, mother, and ——”

He fell to thinking again—“and child—and child,”—it was in his ears and in his heart.

But Pretty Pierre was singing softly to himself in the room at Pardon’s Drive:—

“Three good friends with the wine at night—

Vive la compagnie!

Two good friends when the sun grows bright—

Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive la mort!

Vive la, vive la, vive la mort!

Three good friends, *two* good friends—

Vive la compagnie!”

What did it mean?

Private Gellatly was cousin to Idaho Jack, and Idaho Jack disliked Pretty Pierre, though he had been one of the gang. The cousins had seen each other lately, and Private Gellatly had had a talk with the man who was ha'sh. It may be that others besides Pierre had an idea of what it meant.

In the house at Pardon's Drive the next night sat eight men, of whom three were Pretty Pierre, Young Aleck, and Idaho Jack. Young Aleck's face was flushed with bad liquor and the worse excitement of play. This was one of the unreckoned forces. Was this the man that sang the tender song under the stars last night? Pretty Pierre's face was less pretty than usual: the cheeks were pallid, the eyes were hard and cold. Once he looked at his partner as if to say, "Not yet." Idaho Jack saw the look: he glanced at his watch; it was eleven o'clock. At that moment the door opened, and Sergeant Fones entered. All started to their feet, most with curses on their lips; but Sergeant Fones never seemed to hear anything that could make a feature of his face alter. Pierre's hand was on his hip, as if feeling for something. Sergeant Fones saw that; but he walked to where Aleck stood, with his unplayed cards still in his hand, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said, "Come with me."

"Why should I go with you?"—this with a drunken man's bravado.

"You are my prisoner."

Pierre stepped forward. "What is his crime?" he exclaimed.

"How does that concern you, Pretty Pierre?"

"He is my friend."

"Is he your friend, Aleck?"

What was there in the eyes of Sergeant Fones that forced the reply,—*"To-night, yes; to-morrow, no?"*

"Exactly. It is near to-morrow; come."

Aleck was led towards the door. Once more Pierre's hand went to his hip; but he was looking at the prisoner, not at the sergeant. The sergeant saw, and his fingers were at his belt. He opened the door. Aleck passed out. He followed. Two horses were tied to a post. With difficulty Aleck was mounted. Once on the way, his brain began slowly to clear; but he grew painfully cold. It was a bitter night. How bitter it might have been for the ne'er-do-weel let the words of Idaho Jack, spoken in a long hour's talk next day with Old Brown Windsor, show.



"Pretty Pierre, after the two were gone, said, with a shiver of curses,—'Another hour and it would have been done and no one to blame. He was ready for trouble. His money was nearly finished. A little quarrel easily made, the door would open, and he would pass out. His horse would be gone, he could not come back; he would walk. The air is cold, quite, quite cold; and the snow is a soft bed. He would sleep well and sound, having seen Pretty Pierre for the last time. And now—!'" The rest was French and furtive.

From that hour Idaho Jack and Pretty Pierre parted company.

Riding from Pardon's Drive, Young Aleck noticed at last that they were not going toward the barracks.

He said, "Why do you arrest me?"

The sergeant replied:—"You will know that soon enough. You are now going to your own home. To-morrow you will keep your word and go to David Humphrey's place; the next day I will come for you. Which do you choose: to ride with me to-night to the barracks and know why you are arrested, or go unknowing, as I bid you, and keep your word with the girl?"

Through Aleck's fevered brain there ran the words of the song he sang before:—

"Out from your vineland come  
Into the prairies wild;  
Here will we make our home,—  
Father, mother, and child."

He could have but one answer.

At the door of his home the sergeant left him with the words, "Remember you are on parole."

Aleck noticed, as the sergeant rode away, that the face of the sky had changed, and slight gusts of wind had come up. At any other time his mind would have dwelt upon the fact. It did not do so now.

Christmas Day came. People said that the fiercest night since the blizzard day of 1863 had been passed. But the morning was clear and beautiful. The sun came up like a great flower expanding. First the yellow, then the purple, then the red, and then a mighty shield of roses. The world was a blanket of drift, and down, and glistening silver.

Mab Humphrey greeted her lover with such a smile as only springs to a thankful woman's lips. He had given his word and had kept it; and the path of the future seemed surer.

He was a prisoner on parole; still that did not depress him. Plans for coming days were talked of, and the laughter of many voices filled the house. The ne'er-do-weel was clothed and in his right mind. In the Hunter's Room the noblest trophy was the heart of a repentant prodigal.

In the barracks that morning a gazetted notice was posted, announcing, with such technical language as is the custom, that Sergeant Fones was promoted to be a lieutenant in the Mounted Police Force of the Northwest Territory. When the officer in command sent for him he could not be found. But he was found that morning; and when Private Gellatly, with a warm hand, touching the glove of "iron and ice,"—that, indeed, now,—said, "Sergeant Fones, you are promoted, God help you!" he gave no sign. Motionless, stern, erect, he sat there upon his horse, beside a stunted larch-tree. The broncho seemed to understand, for he did not stir, and had not done so for hours;—they could tell that. The bridle rein was still in the frigid fingers, and a smile was upon the face.

A smile upon the face of Sergeant Fones.

Perhaps he smiled because he was going to the Barracks of the Free.

*"Free among the Dead, like unto them that are wounded and lie in the grave, that are out of remembrance."*

In the wild night he had lost his way, though but a few miles from the barracks.

He had done his duty rigidly in that sphere of life where he had lived so much alone among his many comrades. Had he exceeded his duty once in arresting Young Aleck?

When, the next day, Sergeant Fones lay in the barracks, over him the flag for which he had sworn to do honest service, and his promotion papers in his quiet hand, the two who loved each other stood beside him for many a throbbing minute. And one said to herself silently, "I felt sometimes—" but no more words did she say even to herself.

Old Aleck came in, and walked to where the sergeant slept, wrapped close in that white frosted coverlet which man wears but once. He stood for a moment silent, his fingers numbly clasped.



Private Gellatly spoke softly: "Angels betide me, it's little we knew the great of him till he wint away; the pride, and the law—and the love of him."

In the tragedy that faced them this Christmas morning, one at least had seen "the love of him." Perhaps the broncho had known it before.

Old Aleck laid a palm upon the hand he had never touched when it had life. "He's—too—ha'sh," he said, slowly.

Private Gellatly looked up wonderingly.

But the old man's eyes were wet.

### VALMOND

From 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac.' Copyright 1895, by Stone & Kimball

ON ONE corner stood the house of Monsieur Garon the avocat; on another, the shop of the Little Chemist; on another, the office of Medallion the auctioneer; and on the last, the Hotel Louis Quinze. The chief characteristics of Monsieur Garon's house were its brass door-knobs, and the verdant luxuriance of the vines that climbed its sides; of the Little Chemist's shop, the perfect whiteness of the building, the rolls of sober wall-paper, and the bottles of colored water in the shop windows; of Medallion's, the stoop that surrounded three sides of the building, and the notices of sales tacked up, pasted up, on the front; of the Hotel Louis Quinze, the deep dormer windows, its solid timbers, and the veranda that gave its front distinction;—for this veranda had been the pride of several generations of landlords, and its heavy carving and bulky grace were worth even more admiration than Pontiac gave to it.

The square which the two roads and the four corners made was on week-days the rendezvous of Pontiac and the whole parish; on Sunday mornings the rendezvous was shifted to the large church on the hillside, beside which was the house of the curé, Monsieur Fabre. Traveling towards the south, out of the silken haze of a midsummer day, you would come in time to the hills of Maine; north, to the city of Quebec and the River St. Lawrence; east, to the ocean; and west, to the Great Lakes and the land of the English. Over this bright province Britain

raised her flag; but only Medallion and a few others loved it for its own sake, or saluted it in the English tongue.

In the drab velvet dust of these four corners were gathered, one night of July a generation ago, the children of the village and many of their elders. All the events of that epoch were dated from the evening of this day. Another day of note the parish cherished, but it was merely a grave fulfillment of the first.

Upon the veranda stoop of the Louis Quinze stood a man of apparently about twenty-eight years of age. When you came to study him closely, some sense of time and experience in his look told you that he might be thirty-eight, though his few gray hairs seemed but to emphasize a certain youthfulness in him. His eye was full, singularly clear, almost benign; at one moment it gave the impression of resolution, at another it suggested the wayward abstraction of the dreamer. He was well figured, with a hand of peculiar whiteness, suggesting in its breadth more the man of action than of meditation. But it was a contradiction, for as you saw it rise and fall, you were struck by its dramatic delicacy; as it rested on the railing of the veranda, by its latent power. You faced incongruity everywhere. His dress was bizarre, his face almost classical, the brow clear and strong, the profile good to the mouth, where there showed a combination of sensuousness and adventure. Yet in the face there was an elusive sadness, strangely out of keeping with the long linen coat, frilled shirt, the flowered waistcoat, lavender trousers, boots of enameled leather, and straw hat with white linen streamers. It was a whimsical picture.

At the moment that the curé and Medallion the auctioneer came down the street together towards the Louis Quinze, talking amiably, this singular gentleman was throwing out hot pennies with a large spoon from a tray in his hand, calling on the children to gather them, in French which was not the French of Pontiac—or Quebec; and this fact the curé was quick to detect, as Monsieur Garon the avocat, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, had done some moments before. The stranger seemed only conscious of his act of liberality and the children before him. There was a naturalness in his enjoyment which was almost boy-like; a naïve sort of exultation seemed to possess him.

He laughed softly to see the children toss the pennies from hand to hand, blowing to cool them; the riotous yet half timorous



scramble for them, and burnt fingers thrust into hot blithe mouths. And when he saw a fat little lad of five crowded out of the way by his elders, he stepped down with a quick word of sympathy, put a half-dozen pennies in the child's pocket, snatched him up and kissed him, and then returned to the veranda, where were gathered the landlord, the miller, and Monsieur De la Rivière the young Seigneur. But the most intent spectator of the scene was Parpon the dwarf, who sat grotesquely crouched upon the wide ledge of a window.

Tray after tray of pennies was brought out and emptied, till at last the stranger paused, handed the spoon to the landlord, drew out a fine white handkerchief, dusted his fingers, standing silent for a moment and smiling upon the crowd.

It was at this point that some young villager called, in profuse compliment, "Three cheers for the Prince!"

The stranger threw an accent of pose into his manner, his eye lighted, his chin came up, he dropped one hand negligently on his hip, and waved the other in acknowledgment. Presently he beckoned, and from the hotel were brought out four great pitchers of wine and a dozen tin cups; and sending the garçon around with one, the landlord with another, he motioned Parpon the dwarf to bear a hand. Parpon shot out a quick, half resentful look at him; but meeting a warm, friendly eye, he took the pitcher and went among the elders, while the stranger himself courteously drank with the young men of the village, who, like many wiser folk, thus yielded to the charm of mystery. To every one he said a hearty thing, and sometimes touched his greeting off with a bit of poetry or a rhetorical phrase. These dramatic extravagances served him well, for he was among a race of story-tellers and crude poets.

Parpon, uncouth and furtive, moved through the crowd, dispensing as much irony as wine:—

"Three bucks we come to a pretty inn:

'Hostess,' say we, 'have you red wine?'

*Brave! Brave!*

'Hostess,' say we, 'have you red wine?'

*Bravement!*

Our feet are sore and our crops are dry,

*Bravement!"*

This he hummed to Monsieur Garon the avocat, in a tone all silver; for he had that one gift of Heaven as recompense for his

deformity,—his long arms, big head, and short stature,—a voice which gave you a shiver of delight and pain all at once. It had in it mystery and the incomprehensible. This drinking song, lilted just above his breath, touched some antique memory in the avocat; and he nodded kindly at the dwarf, though he refused the wine.

"Ah, M'sieu' le Curé," said Parpon, ducking his head to avoid the hand that Medallion would have laid on it, "we're going to be somebody now in Pontiac, bless the Lord! We're simple folk, but we're not neglected. He wears a king's ribbon on his breast, M'sieu' le Curé!"

This was true. Fastened by a gold bar to the stranger's breast was the crimson ribbon of an order.

The Curé smiled at Parpon's words, and looked curiously and gravely at the stranger. Tall Medallion, the auctioneer, took a glass of the wine, and lifting it, said, "Who shall I drink to, Parpon, my dear? What is he?"

"Ten to one, a dauphin or a fool," answered Parpon with a laugh like the note of an organ. "Drink to both, long legs." Then he trotted away to the Little Chemist.

"Hush, my brother," said he, and he drew the other's ear down to his mouth. "Now there'll be plenty of work for you. We're going to be gay in Pontiac. We'll come to you with our spoiled stomachs."

He edged round the circle, and back to where the miller his master, and the young Seigneur stood.

"Make more fine flour, old man," said he to the miller: "pâtés are the thing now." Then, to Monsieur De la Rivière, "There's nothing like hot pennies and wine to make the world love you. But it's too late, too late for my young Seigneur!" he added in mockery, and again he began to hum in a sort of amiable derision:—

"My little tender heart,

*O gai, vive le roi!*

My little tender heart,

*O gai, vive le roi!*

'Tis for a grand baron,

*Vive le roi, la reine;*

'Tis for a grand baron,

*Vive Napoléon!"*

With the last two lines the words swelled out far louder than was the dwarf's intention; for few save Medallion and Monsieur



De la Rivière had ever heard him sing. His concert house was the Rock of Red Pigeons,—his favorite haunt, his other home, where, it was said, he met the Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills, and had gay hours with them. And this was a matter of awe to the timid *habitants*.

At the words "*Vive Napoléon!*" a hand touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw the stranger looking at him intently, his eyes alight.

"Sing it," he said softly, yet with an air of command. Parpon hesitated, shrank back.

"Sing it," he persisted; and the request was taken up by others, till Parpon's face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance. The stranger stooped and whispered something in his ear. There was a moment's pause, in which the dwarf looked into the other's eyes with an intense curiosity, or incredulity,—and then Medallion lifted the little man onto the railing of the veranda, and over the heads and into the hearts of the people there passed, in a divine voice, a song known to many, yet coming as a new revelation to them all.

"My mother promised it,  
*O gai, vive le roi!*  
 My mother promised it,  
*O gai, vive le roi!*  
 To a gentleman of the king,  
*Vive le roi, la reine;*  
 To a gentleman of the king,  
*Vive Napoléon!*"

This was chanted lightly, airily, with a sweetness almost absurd, coming as it did from so uncouth a musician. The last verses had a touch of pathos, droll yet searching:—

"Oh, say, where goes your love,  
*O gai, vive le roi?*  
 Oh, say, where goes your love,  
*O gai, vive le roi?*  
 He rides on a white horse,  
*Vive le roi, la reine;*  
 He wears a silver sword,  
*Vive Napoléon!*

"Oh, grand to the war he goes,  
*O gai, vive le roi!*"

Oh, grand to the war he goes,  
*O gai, vive le roi!*  
Gold and silver he will bring,  
*Vive le roi, la reine;*  
And eke the daughter of a king—  
*Vive Napoléon!*”

The crowd, women and men, youths and maidens, enthusiastically repeated again and again the last line and the refrain, “*Vive le roi, la reine! Vive Napoléon!*”

Meanwhile the stranger stood, now looking at the singer with eager eyes, now searching the faces of the people, keen to see the effect upon them. His glance found the curé, the avocat, and the auctioneer, and his eyes steadied successively to Medallion's humorous look, to the curé's puzzled questioning, to the avocat's birdlike curiosity. It was plain they were not antagonistic; (why should they be?) and he—was there any reason why he should care whether or no they were for him or against him?

True, he had entered the village in the dead of night, with much luggage and many packages; had aroused the people at the Louis Quinze; the driver who had brought him departing gayly, before daybreak, because of the gifts of gold given him above his wage. True, this singular gentleman had taken three rooms in the little hotel, had paid the landlord in advance, and had then gone to bed, leaving word that he was not to be waked till three o'clock the next afternoon. True, the landlord could not by any hint or indirection discover from whence this midnight visitor came. But if a gentleman paid his way, and was generous and polite, and minded his own business, wherefore should people busy themselves about him? When he appeared on the veranda of the inn with the hot pennies, not a half-dozen people in the village had known aught of his presence in Pontiac. The children came first to scorch their fingers and fill their pockets; and after them the idle young men, and the *habitants* in general.

The song done, the stranger, having shaken Parpon by the hand, and again whispered in his ear, stepped forward. The last light of the setting sun was reflected from the red roof of the Little Chemist's shop, upon the quaint figure and eloquent face, which had in it something of the gentleman, something of the comedian. The alert Medallion himself did not realize the



comedian in it till the white hand was waved grandiloquently over the heads of the crowd. Then something in the gesture corresponded with something in the face, and the auctioneer had a nut which he could not crack for many a day. The voice was musical,—as fine in speaking almost as the dwarf's in singing,—and the attention of the children was caught by the warm, vibrating tones. He addressed himself to them.

"My children," he said, "my name is—Valmond! We have begun well; let us be better friends. I have come from far off to be one of you, to stay with you for a while—who knows how long—how long?" He placed a finger meditatively on his lips, sending a sort of mystery into his look and bearing. "You are French, and so am I. You are playing on the shores of life, and so am I. You are beginning to think and dream, and so am I. We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life. So I am one with you; for only now do I step from dream to action. My children, you shall be my brothers, and together we will sow the seed of action and reap the grain; we will make a happy garden of flowers, and violets shall bloom everywhere out of our dream,—everywhere. Violets, my children; pluck the wild violets and bring them to me, and I will give you silver for them, and I will love you. Never forget," he added with a swelling voice, "that you owe your first duty to your mothers, and afterward to your country, and to the spirit of France. I see afar"—he looked toward the setting sun, and stretched out his arm dramatically, yet such was the impressiveness of his voice and person that not even the young Seigneur or Medallion smiled—"I see afar," he repeated, "the glory of our dreams fulfilled, after toil, and struggle, and loss; and I call upon you now to unfurl the white banner of justice, and liberty, and the restoration!"

The good women who listened guessed little of what he meant by the fantastic sermon; but they wiped their eyes in sympathy, and gathered their children to them, and said, "Poor gentleman, poor gentleman!" and took him instantly to their hearts. The men were mystified; but wine and rhetoric had fired them, and they cheered him—no one knew why. The curé, as he turned to leave with Monsieur Garon, shook his head in bewilderment; but even he did not smile, for the man's eloquence had impressed him. And more than once he looked back at the dispersing crowd and the picturesque figure posing on the

veranda. The avocat was thinking deeply, and as in the dusk he left the curé at his own door, all that he ventured was: "Singular, a most singular person!"

"We shall see, we shall see," said the curé abstractedly, and they said good-night. Medallion joined the Little Chemist in his shop door, and watched the *habitants* scatter, till only Parpon and the stranger were left. Presently these two faced each other, and without a word passed into the hotel together.

"H'm, h'm," said Medallion into space, drumming the door-jamb with his fingers, "which is it, my Parpon—a dauphin, or a fool?"

He and the Little Chemist talked long, their eyes upon the window opposite, inside which Monsieur Valmond and the dwarf were talking. Up the dusty street wandered fitfully the refrain:

"To a gentleman of the king,  
*Vive Napoléon!*"

And once they dimly saw Monsieur Valmond come to the open window and stretch out his hand, as if in greeting to the song and the singer.

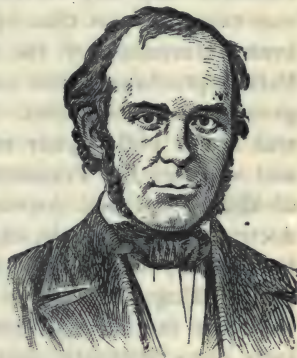


## THEODORE PARKER

(1810-1860)

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

**T**HEODORE PARKER was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, August 24th, 1810; the eleventh and youngest child of John and Hannah (Stearns) Parker. His grandfather, John Parker, commanded the company of militia on Lexington Green, April 19th, 1775; and said to his men as the British soldiers were approaching, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here." A certain fighting temper in Parker rooted back into this family tradition, and was nourished by the circumstance that his father's carpenter-shop was the belfry from which the summons to the farmer folk rang out on that eventful day. From his father, who was both carpenter and farmer, he inherited a strong and active mind, and a disposition "not to take things for granted"; from his mother his finer and more sympathetic qualities. Speaking of Daniel Webster's mother, and thinking of his own, he wrote: "When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter and condensed the summer's sun into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets."



THEODORE PARKER

He was still a mere boy when he resolved upon a life of study and the work of a minister. His first book—ultimately one of some twenty thousand volumes and pamphlets—was a Latin dictionary, which he earned by picking berries in the Lexington pastures. One of his rarest books had long eluded him, when he finally got upon its scent in a Southern paper sent to him that he might have the benefit of some abusive article upon his antislavery course. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, and for four years kept pace with the studies there, while still working on the farm or engaged in teaching school. Harvard might well give him the degree A. M. in 1840; for by that

time he was master of a dozen languages, with a good smattering of half a dozen more. He entered the Divinity School in 1834, midway of the course, and was graduated in 1836. His first settlement was in West Roxbury, Massachusetts; which, though a suburb of Boston, was then so much of a farming village that the young preacher, always soundly practical, found in 'The Temptations of Milkmen' an appropriate subject for a sermon. During his Roxbury ministry he was translating De Wette's 'Introduction to the Old Testament'; but his great acquisitions in the way of learning never burdened him in his pulpit work. Even when he waxed philosophical, he translated his philosophy into the vernacular speech.

Whatever the natural tendencies of Parker's mind, it is unquestionable that they were much affected by the Transcendental movement of which Emerson was the New England coryphæus, and which found its inspirations from abroad in Coleridge and Carlyle rather than in the great German idealists. So far as Parker's Transcendentalism had any German stamp on it, it was that of Jacobi. It was certainly not that of Kant, whose God and immortality were not even inferences of the moral law, but good working hypotheses. Parker proclaimed the soul's direct consciousness of all three of these great objects of belief. But it may well be questioned whether he was not a philosopher more by accident than by any natural bent, and whether his Transcendentalism was not rather a crude expression of the robust and joyous faith of his own believing soul than any doctrine of universals, carefully thought out. It is impossible to read him widely and not feel that in what is inductive and scientific in his thinking, much more than in what is deductive and metaphysical, we have the natural gesture of his mind. No one ever reveled in facts more joyously than he, or had more of a stomach for statistics which his digestion of them could not match.

When Emerson gave his famous Divinity School address in July 1838, Parker was there to hear it with a quick-beating heart; and walking home that night, he resolved to keep silence no longer on the matters which that address made a subject of general discussion in the Unitarian churches. When, in 1839, Professor Andrews Norton animadverted on Emerson's address as 'The Latest Form of Infidelity,' and George Ripley, of Brook Farm distinction, took Norton in hand, Parker also took part in the controversy, but, with becoming modesty, in an anonymous pamphlet. Anonymity was not, however, the habit of his life; though frequently resorted to when, as a notorious heretic, he feared to injure some good cause by having his connection with it known. On May 19th, 1841, he was engaged to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. Charles Shackford, in South Boston. He took for his subject 'The Transient and Permanent in



Christianity,' and the sermon proved to be one of three of the most epoch-making in the history of American Unitarianism; Emerson's address a second, Channing's "Baltimore sermon" of 1819 the third. The doctrine preached was, that the moral and religious teachings of Jesus were permanent elements in Christianity, and that the miraculous element was transient. There was no denial that miracles had been associated with the origin of Christianity; only that they are necessary to its modern acceptance and support. But the conservative Unitarians contended that Christianity must be accepted because of the New Testament miracles, or it was no Christianity at all. Whereupon a controversy arose of great violence and bitterness. Without being formally excluded from the Unitarian body, Parker was shut out from all the prominent Unitarian pulpits; the ministers venturing to exchange with him being punished for their temerity by the secession from their societies of many "gentlemen of property and standing," or by the entire loss of their positions. Thereupon certain persons came together, and voted "that Theodore Parker have a chance to be heard in Boston"; and he had it, giving in the form of lectures his 'Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion,'—the book which is at once the best expression of his theological mind and of his literary methods. In 1845 he began preaching every Sunday in Boston, without surrendering his Roxbury parish; but in 1846, finding this double work too arduous, he concentrated his energies on his Boston pulpit; first at the Melodeon and afterward at the Music Hall, preaching to a congregation much larger than any other in the city. This continued until 1859, when his health broke down. He went to the West Indies, and there wrote an elaborate account of his ministry, which is one of the most impressive and affecting of his many publications. From the West Indies he went to Europe, and died in Florence, May 10th, 1860. His body is buried there in the English cemetery.

It was much easier for Parker to give up the traditional supports of religion, because he was naturally a believer of uncommon spontaneity. For all his denials, his piety was so warm and glad that it put to shame the colder temper of the Unitarians who could not endure his heresies. These were more pronounced as he went on. From denying the permanent necessity for the miraculous, he passed to a denial of its historical evidence, anticipating the position of Huxley and Matthew Arnold: in proportion to the divergence from our habitual experience, alleged facts must have more evidence to establish them, and the New Testament miracles do not meet this requisition. His published sermons do not in their aggregation give a just impression of his preaching in its proportionate character. They represent it as more controversial and occasional than it was,

His 'Ten Sermons on Religion' is the volume most representative of his average strain; while for the tenderness of his piety one must see his 'Prayers,' caught as they sped to heaven by some loving friend, and the meditations of his 'Journal' as they appear in the ill-made but invaluable 'Life and Correspondence,' written and edited by John Weiss. The 'Life' by Frothingham is much better written, but far less rich as an expression of Parker's wonderful range of knowledge, thought, religious sentiment, and passionate engrossment in political affairs.

It is in the last of these particulars that a great many persons who conceive of Parker as believing quite too little or too much, find ample justification for the warmest eulogy. Think as they may of his theological opinions, or of the invectives which he launched at those of the traditional stripe, they cannot but perceive that he was one of the greatest leaders in the antislavery conflict, intimately associated with Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Chase, John Brown, and others who were profoundly engaged in that conflict. On the best of terms with the abolitionists, and always welcome and willing to speak on their platform, he could not withhold himself from the political organization which, avowedly powerless for the destruction of slavery, sternly resolved upon its territorial limitation. This antislavery work was of itself sufficient to exhaust the energy of a much stronger man than Parker ever was. He was in constant correspondence with the great party leaders, advising them with an authority which they could not resent, such were its mass and weight. His lyceum lectures tended to the slavery question with an irresistible gravitation. He was moreover one of the principal managers of the "underground railroad," among the first to know of any fugitive slave newly arrived in Boston, and one of the most active in such measures as were necessary to put him out of reach of harm. In Faneuil Hall he openly demanded armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law in behalf of Anthony Burns, and put to vote the question when it should begin. For this offense he was indicted; but greatly to his disappointment, was not brought to trial. He had, however, the satisfaction of publishing the 'Defense' he had prepared. He did not wait till great men died to prepare his sermon on their characters. His sermon on Daniel Webster was from three to four hours long, and it drew its waters from the whole area of our political history. He promised his hearers that they should not sit uneasily in their chairs; and except for the unqualified admirers of Webster, his promise was made good.

Parker was much more an orator than a writer; and his published writings, with few exceptions, reflect two lights that flare upon the public stage. They are diffuse in matter, and loosely articulated in



their form, in spite of the mechanical arrangement of their parts. What gives to them their greatest charm is a certain vivid homeliness of phrase, shaping itself upon the facts of nature and of our human life. Luther nor Latimer excelled him here. He wrote some beautiful hymns and other poems; but the best of his poetry will not be found in these, but in passages of his sermons, that go very near the tenderest joys and simplest tragedies of our experience. Not only was he so human that nothing human was foreign to him, but his sympathy was as keen as Wordsworth's with all natural things, and something of nature's wide inclusiveness and generous toleration was characteristic of his sympathy with universal life. It is suggestive of the homeliness of his affections that ninety-one of his words out of every hundred were Saxon, to eighty-five of Webster's, and seventy-four of Sumner's; though in the range of his reading and scholarship he was incomparably inferior to either of these men. In praising another for "words so deep that a child could understand them," he was unconsciously giving a most apt description of his own.

*John White Chadwick.*

#### MISTAKES ABOUT JESUS: HIS RECEPTION AND INFLUENCE

From 'A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion'

WE OFTEN err in our estimate of this man. The image comes to us, not of that lowly one: the carpenter of Nazareth; the companion of the rudest men; hard-handed and poorly clad; not having where to lay his head; "who would gladly have stayed his morning appetite on wild figs, between Bethany and Jerusalem;" hunted by his enemies; stoned out of a city, and fleeing for his life. We take the fancy of poets and painters: a man clothed in purple and fine linen, obsequiously attended by polished disciples, who watched every movement of his lips, impatient for the oracle to speak. We conceive of a man who was never in doubt, nor fear; whose course was all marked out before him, so that he could not err. But such it was not, if the writers tell truly. Did he say, I came to fulfill the Law and the Prophets, and it is easier for Heaven and Earth to pass, than for one jot or tittle of the Law to fail? Then he must have doubted, and thought often and with a throbbing heart, before he could say, I am not come to bring peace, but a sword; to kindle

a fire, and would God it were kindled!—many times before the fullness of peace dwelt in him, and he could say, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship in spirit and in truth. We do not conceive of that sickness of soul which must have come at the coldness of the wise men, the heartlessness of the worldly, at the stupidity and selfishness of the disciples. We do not think how that heart, so great, so finely tuned and delicately touched, must have been pained to feel there was no other heart to give an answering beat. We know not the long and bitter agony that went before the triumph cry of faith, I am not alone, for the Father is with me; we do not heed that faintness of soul which comes of hope deferred, of aspirations all unshared by men,—a bitter mockery the only human reply, the oft-repeated echo, to his prayer of faith. We find it difficult to keep unstained our decent robe of goodness when we herd only with the good, and shun the kennel where sin and misery, parent and child, are huddled with their rags; we do not appreciate that strong and healthy pureness of soul which dwelt daily with iniquity, sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and yet with such cleanness of life as made even sin ashamed of its ugliness, but hopeful to amend. Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race; decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love. The Christian world, aghast at such awful beauty in the flesh, transfixed with wonder as such a spirit rises in his heavenly flight, veils its face and says, It is a God. Such thoughts are not for men. Such life betrays the God. And is it not the Divine which the flesh enshrouds? to speak in figures, the brightness of his glory; the express image of his person; the clear resemblance of the all-beautiful; the likeness of God in which man is made? But alas for us, we read our lesson backward: make a God of our brother, who should be our model. So the new-fledged eaglets may see the parent bird, slow rising at first with laborious efforts, then cleaving the air with sharp and steady wing, and soaring through the clouds, with eye undazzled, to meet the sun; they may say, We can only pray to the strong pinion. But anon their wings shall grow, and flutter impatient for congenial skies, and their parent's example guide them on. But men are still so sunk in sloth, so blind and deaf with sensuality and sin, they will not



see the greatness of man in him who, falling back on the inspiration God imparts, asks no aid of mortal men, but stands alone, serene in awful loveliness, not fearing the roar of the street, the hiss of the temple, the contempt of his townsmen, the coldness of this disciple, the treachery of that; who still bore up, had freest communion when all alone; was deserted, never forsaken; betrayed, but still safe; crucified, but all the more triumphant. This was the last victory of the soul; the highest type of man. Blessed be God that so much manliness has been lived out, and stands there yet, a lasting monument to mark how high the tides of Divine life have risen in the world of man. It bids us take courage, and be glad; for what man has done, he may do.

Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,  
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;  
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine  
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.  
There every virtue set his triumph seal;  
Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace,  
In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,  
And stamp Perfection on a mortal face.  
Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes  
That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;  
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,  
Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.\*

The doctrine he taught was the Father's, not his; the personal will did not mingle its motes with the pure religious light of Truth; it fell through him as through void space, not colored, not bent aside. Here was the greatest soul of all the sons of men; one before whom the majestic mind of Grecian sages and of Hebrew seers must veil its face. His perfect obedience made him free. So complete was it that but a single will dwelt in him and God, and he could say, I and the Father are one. For this reason his teaching was absolute. God's word was in him. Try him as we try other teachers. They deliver their word, find a few waiting for the consolation, who accept the new tidings, follow the new method, and soon go beyond their teacher, though less mighty minds than he. Such is the case with each founder of a school in philosophy, each sect in religion. Though humble men, we see what Socrates and Luther never saw. But

\* This poem is by Parker.

eighteen centuries have passed since the sun of humanity rose so high in Jesus: what man, what sect, what church has mastered his thought, comprehended his method, and so fully applied it to life? Let the world answer in its cry of anguish. Men have parted his raiment among them; cast lots for his seamless coat: but that spirit which toiled so manfully in a world of sin and death, which did and suffered, and overcame the world,—is that found, possessed, understood? Nay, is it sought for and recommended by any of our churches?

But no excellence of aim, no sublimity of achievement, could screen him from distress and suffering. The fate of all Saviors was his,—despised and rejected of men. His father's children "did not believe in him"; his townsmen "were offended at him," and said "Whence hath he this wisdom? Is not this the son of Joseph the carpenter?" Those learned scribes who came all the way from Jerusalem to entangle him in his talk could see only this, "He hath Beelzebub." "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" asked a conservative. Some said, "He is a good man." "Ay," said others, "but he speaketh against the Temple." The sharp-eyed Pharisees saw nothing marvelous in the case. Why not? They were looking for signs and wonders in the heavens; not Sermons on the Mount, and a "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees": they looked for the Son of David, a king, to rule over men's bodies; not the son of a peasant-girl, born in a stable; the companion of fishermen; the friend of publicans and sinners, who spoke to the outcast, brought in the lost sheep; and so ruled in the soul, his kingdom not of this world. They said, "He is a Galilean, and of course no prophet." If he called men away from the senses to the soul, they said, "He is beside himself." "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" asked some one who thought that settled the matter. When he said, if a man live by God's law, "he shall never see death," they exclaimed, those precious shepherds of the people, "Now we know thou hast a devil, and art mad. Abraham is dead, and the prophets! Art thou greater than our father Abraham? Who are you, sir?" What a faithful report would Scribes and Pharisees and Doctors of the Law have made of the Sermon on the Mount; what omissions and redundancies would they not have found in it; what blasphemy against Moses and the Law, and the Ark of the Covenant, and the Urim and the Thummim, and the Meat-offering and the New-moons; what



neglect to mention the phylacteries and the shew-bread, and the Levite and the priest, and the tithes, and the other great essentials of religion; what "infidelity" must these pious souls have detected! How must they have classed him with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the mythological Tom Paines of old time; with the men of Sodom and Gomorrah! The popular praise of the young Nazarene, with his divine life and lip of fire; the popular shout, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" was no doubt "a stench in the nostrils of the righteous." "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Find *faith*? He comes to bring it. It is only by crucified redeemers that the world is saved. Prophets are doomed to be stoned; apostles to be sawn asunder. The world knoweth its own, and loveth them. Even so let it be; the stoned prophet is not without his reward. The balance of God is even.

Yet there were men who heard the new word. Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere, and produce its hundredfold. Some kept his sayings and pondered them in their heart. Others heard them gladly. Did priests and Levites stop their ears? Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before them. Those blessed women whose hearts God has sown deepest with the Orient pearl of faith; they who ministered to him in his wants, washed his feet with tears of penitence, and wiped them with the hairs of their head,—was it in vain he spoke to them? Alas for the anointed priest, the child of Levi, the son of Aaron,—men who shut up inspiration in old books, and believed God was asleep,—they stumbled in darkness, and fell into the ditch. But doubtless there was many a tear-stained face that brightened like fires new stirred as Truth spoke out of Jesus's lips. His word swayed the multitude as pendent vines swing in the summer wind; as the Spirit of God moved on the waters of chaos, and said, Let there be light, and there was light. No doubt many a rude fisherman of Genesareth heard his words with a heart bounding and scarce able to keep in his bosom, went home a new man with a legion of angels in his breast, and from that day lived a life divine and beautiful.

No doubt, on the other hand, Rabbi Kozeb Ben Shatan, when he heard of this eloquent Nazarene and his Sermon on the Mount, said to his disciples in private at Jerusalem:—This

new doctrine will not injure us, prudent and educated men: we know that men may worship as well out of the Temple as in it; a burnt-offering is nothing; the ritual of no value; the Sabbath like any other day; the Law faulty in many things, offensive in some, and no more from God than other laws equally good. We know that the priesthood is a human affair, originated and managed like other human affairs. We may confess all this to ourselves, but what is the use of telling it? The people wish to be deceived: let them. The Pharisee will conduct wisely like a Pharisee—for he sees the eternal fitness of things—even if these doctrines should be proclaimed. But this people who know not the law, what will become of them? Simon Peter, James, and John, those poor unlettered fishermen on the lake of Galilee, to whom we gave a farthing and a priestly blessing in our summer excursion,—what will become of them when told that every word of the Law did not come straight out of the mouth of Jehovah, and the ritual is nothing! They will go over to the flesh and the Devil, and be lost. It is true that the Law and the Prophets are well summed up in one word, Love God and man. But never let us sanction the saying: it would ruin the seed of Abraham, keep back the kingdom of God, and “destroy our usefulness.” Thus went it at Jerusalem. The new word was “blasphemy,” the new prophet an “infidel,” “beside himself,” “had a devil.” But at Galilee things took a shape somewhat different; one which blind guides could not foresee. The common people, not knowing the Law, counted him a prophet come up from the dead, and heard him gladly. Yes, thousands of men, and women also, with hearts in their bosoms, gathered in the field and pressed about him in the city and the desert place, forgetful of hunger and thirst, and were fed to the full with his words, so deep a child could understand them; James and John leave all to follow him who had the word of eternal life; and when that young carpenter asks Peter, Whom sayest thou that I am? it has been revealed to that poor unlettered fisherman, not by flesh and blood, but by the word of the Lord; and he can say, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. The Pharisee went his way, and preached a doctrine that he knew was false; the fisherman also went his way, but which to the flesh and the Devil?

We cannot tell, no man can tell, the feelings which the large free doctrines of absolute religion awakened when heard for the



first time. There must have been many a Simeon waiting for the consolation; many a Mary longing for the better part; many a soul in cabins and cottages and stately dwellings, that caught glimpses of the same truth, as God's light shone through some crevice which Piety made in that wall Prejudice and Superstition had built up betwixt man and God; men who scarce dared to trust that revelation,—“too good to be true,”—such was their awe of Moses, their reverence for the priest. To them the word of Jesus must have sounded divine; like the music of their home sung out in the sky, and heard in a distant land: beguiling toil of its weariness, pain of its sting, affliction of despair. There must have been men sick of forms which had lost their meaning, pained with the open secret of sacerdotal hypocrisy, hungering and thirsting after the truth, yet whom error and prejudice and priestcraft had blinded so that they dared not think as men, nor look on the sunlight God shed upon the mind.

But see what a work it has wrought. Men could not hold the word in their bosoms; it would not be still. No doubt they sought,—those rude disciples,—after their teacher's death, to quiet the matter and say nothing about it: they had nerves that quivered at the touch of steel; wives and children whom it was hard to leave behind to the world's uncertain sympathy; respectable friends it may be, who said the old Law did very well. Let well enough alone. The people must be deceived a little. The world can never be much mended. No doubt Truth stood on one side, and Ease on the other; it has often been so. Perhaps the disciples went to the old synagogue more sedulous than before; paid tithes; kept the new-moons; were sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice; made low bows to the Levite, sought his savory conversation, and kept the rules a priest gave George Fox. But it would not do. There was too much truth to be hid. Even selfish Simon Peter has a cloven tongue of fire in his mouth, and he and the disciples go to their work, the new word swelling in their laboring heart.

Then came the strangest contest the world ever saw. On the one side is all the strength of the world,—the Jews with their records from the hand of Moses, David, and Esaias; supernatural records that go back to the birth of time; their Law derived from Jehovah, attested by miracles, upheld by prophets, defended by priests, children of Levi, sons of Aaron, the Law which was to last forever; the Temple, forty and seven years in being built,

its splendid ceremonies, its beautiful gate and golden porch; there was the wealth of the powerful; the pride, the self-interest, the prejudice of the priestly class; the indifference of the worldly; the hatred of the wicked; the scorn of the learned; the contempt of the great. On the same side were the Greeks, with their chaos of religion, full of mingled beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, piety and lust, still more confounded by the deep mysteries of the priest, the cunning speculations of the sophist, the awful sublimity of the sage, by the sweet music of the philosopher and moralist and poet, who spoke and sung of man and God in strains so sweet and touching; there were rites in public; solemn and pompous ceremonies, processions, festivals, temples, games to captivate that wondrous people; there were secret mysteries, to charm the curious and attract the thoughtful; Greece, with her arts, her science, her heroes and her gods, her Muse voluptuous and sweet. There too was Rome, the queen of nations, and conqueror of the world, who sat on her seven-hilled throne, and cast her net eastward and southward and northward and westward, over tower and city and realm and empire, and drew them to herself,—a giant's spoil; with a religion haughty and insolent, that looked down on the divinities of Greece and Egypt, of "Ormus and the Ind," and gave them a shelter in her capacious robe; Rome, with her practiced skill; Rome, with her eloquence; Rome, with her pride; Rome, with her arms, hot from the conquest of a thousand kings. On the same side are all the institutions of all the world: its fables, wealth, armies, pride, its folly and its sin.

On the other hand are a few Jewish fishermen, untaught, rude, and vulgar; not free from gross errors; despised at home, and not known abroad; collected together in the name of a young carpenter, who died on the gallows, and whom they declared to be risen from the dead; men with no ritual, no learning, no books, no brass in their purse, no philosophy in their mind, no eloquence on their tongue. A Roman skeptic might tell how soon these fanatics would fall out and destroy themselves, after serving as a terror to the maids and sport to the boys of a Jewish hamlet; and so that "detestable superstition" come to an end! A priest of Jerusalem, with his oracular gossip, could tell how long the Sanhedrim would suffer them to go at large, in the name of "that deceiver," whose body "they stole away by night"! Alas for what man calls great; the pride of prejudice;



the boast of power! These fishermen of Galilee have a truth the world has not, so they are stronger than the world. Ten weak men may chain down a giant: but no combination of errors can make a truth or put it down; no army of the ignorant equal one man that has the Word of Life. Besides, all the truth in Judea, Greece, Rome, was an auxiliary to favor the new doctrine.

The first preachers of Christianity had false notions on many points; they were full of Jewish fables and technicalities; thought the world would soon end, and Jesus come back "with power and great glory." Peter would now and then lie to serve his turn; Paul was passionate, often one-sided; Barnabas and Mark could not agree. There was something of furious enthusiasm in all these come-outers. James roars like a fanatic radical at the rich man. But spite of the follies or limitations of these earnest and manly Jews, a religious fire burned in their hearts; the Word of God grew and prevailed. The new doctrine passes from its low beginnings on the Galilean lake, step by step, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Rome, till it ascends the throne of the world, and kings and empires lie prostrate at its feet. But alas, as it spreads, it is corrupted also. Judaism, paganism, idolatry, mingle their feculent scum with the living stream, and trouble the water of life.

Christianity came to the world in the darkness of the nations; they had outgrown their old form, and looked for a new. They stood in the shadow of darkness, fearing to look back nor daring to look forward; they groped after God. Christianity came to the nations as a beam of light shot into chaos; a strain of sweet music—so silvery and soft we know not we are listening—to him who wanders on amid the uncertain gloom, and charms him to the light, to the River of God and Tree of Life. It was the fulfillment of the prophecy of holy hearts. It is human religion, human morality, and above all things reveals the greatness of man.

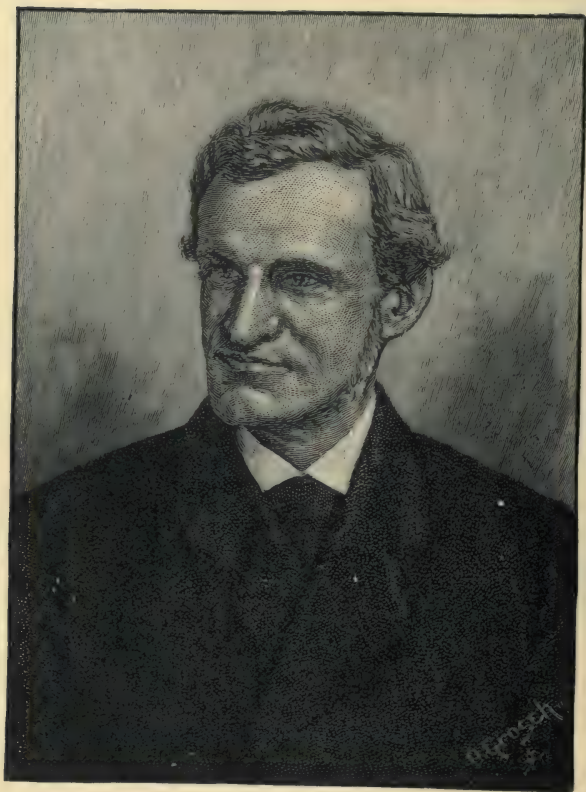
It is sometimes feared that Christianity is in danger; that its days are numbered. Of the Christianity of the church, no doubt it is true. That child of many fathers cannot die too soon. It cumbers the ground. But the Christianity of Christ, absolute religion, absolute morality, cannot perish: never till love, goodness, devotion, faith, reason, fail from the heart of man; never till God melts away and vanishes, and nothing takes the place

of the All-in-All. Religion can no more be separated from the race than thought and feeling; nor absolute religion die out more than wisdom perish from among men. Man's words, thoughts, churches, fail and pass off like clouds from the sky that leave no track behind. But God's word can never change. It shines perennial like the stars. Its testimony is in man's heart. None can outgrow it; none destroy. For eighteen hundred years the Christianity of Christ has been in the world to warn and encourage. Violence and cunning, allies of sin, have opposed it. Every weapon learning could snatch from the arsenals of the past, or science devise anew, or pride and cruelty and wit invent, has been used by mistaken man to destroy this fabric. Not a stone has fallen from the heavenly arch of real religion; not a loop-hole been found where a shot could enter. But alas, vain doctrines, follies, absurdities without count, have been plied against the temple of God, marring its beauteous shape. That Christianity continues to live—spite of the traditions, fables, doctrines wrapped about it—is proof enough of its truth. Reason never warred against love of God and man, never with the Christianity of Christ, but always with that of the church. There is much destructive work still to be done, which scoffers will attempt.

Can man destroy absolute religion? He cannot with all the arts and armies of the world destroy the pigment that colors an emmet's eye. He may obscure the truth to his own mind. But it shines forever unchanged. So boys of a summer's day throw dust above their heads to blind the sun; they only hide it from their blinded eyes.







FRANCIS PARKMAN



## FRANCIS PARKMAN

(1823-1893)

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

**F**RANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, on what is now Allston Street, then called Somerset Place, on September 16th, 1823. His father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a member of an old colonial family that came from Sidmouth in Devonshire, England. His mother was a direct descendant of John Cotton of Plymouth. At Chauncey Hall School, in Boston, he was prepared for college; and in 1840 he entered Harvard as a freshman. In 1844 he took his degree of B. A., after a course of some distinction, particularly in history. His first book, 'The Oregon Trail,' appeared in 1849. In 1851 he issued 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac.' His one work of fiction, 'Vassall Morton,' was published in 1856. In 1865 came 'The Pioneers of France in the New World,' the first of the series 'France and England in North America.' The rest of the series appeared as follows:—'The Jesuits in North America,' in 1867; 'La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West,' in 1869; 'The Old Régime in Canada,' in 1874; 'Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.,' in 1877; 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' in 1884, concluding the series, but leaving an important period untreated. This gap was filled by 'A Half-Century of Conflict,' issued in 1892.

In 1866 his hobby of horticulture, which made beautiful his home at Jamaica Plain, had found expression in a practical little work called 'The Book of Roses.' He died on the 8th of November, 1893.

In Parkman's life the great events are the choice of his life work, the preparation for it, its execution, and its triumphant accomplishment. In spite of obstacles which would have daunted any one less than heroic in resolution, the career of Francis Parkman may be regarded as an ideal type of what a man of letters should aspire to. Singularly fortunate in finding a theme exactly fitted to his genius, yet so vast as to require a lifetime for its treatment, he was given length of days in which to see the triumphant completion of his task.

The story of the struggle of France and England in the New World was—when as a youth Parkman discerned its importance and marked it for his pen—perhaps the one theme of truly epic proportions then remaining untouched by the historian. It is no wonder

that the eager and ambitious boy was possessed by it from the moment when it presented itself to his imagination. It is no wonder that he jealously kept his design a secret, lest others should awake to its fascination and forestall him. The subject had many advantages besides that of sheer greatness. Its setting was one reasonably accessible to a New-Englander, and he could therefore resolve to know his landscapes and his backgrounds all at first hand. It afforded an endlessly shifting succession of adventure and incident, whence he could count upon making his narrative interesting from page to page. The material from which to spin the story existed in peculiar abundance: its period being one when the pen was busy, when annals and chronicles were much in vogue, and when men of action often found time to keep voluminous records. Parkman knew that in libraries of Rome, Paris, Quebec, Boston, Halifax, in archive offices and cloistered corners, lurked manuscripts innumerable, from which the tale he planned to tell might be patiently unraveled. He knew that inexhaustible treasure-house of North American history, the Jesuit Relations.

The magnitude and significance of the subject which he chose can hardly be exaggerated. That struggle which ended upon the Plains of Abraham was going on all over the world. It was to decide a vaster question than the dominance of the New World, that France and England throughout the course of two centuries were ever at each other's throats. The question at issue, fought out upon the Ganges as well as upon the St. Lawrence, was whether the English or the French stock should replenish the waste places of the earth. The subject to which Parkman set himself was the duel for world-empire. The result of this duel not only secured the supremacy of English institutions, ideals, and speech on this continent, but established beyond cavil England's place as the colonizer of the world.

Born with a passion for adventure, for the life of the wilderness, for the companionship of wild nature and half-wild man, Parkman thus found awaiting him a great historical subject for the sympathetic handling of which this passion was essential. History as a rule is largely a matter of courts, and cities, and action working at the centres of civilization. But the history of the struggle of France and England in North America is a tale of elemental impulses, of forests and frontiers, of adventurous rivalries on the shadowy outskirts of life. It moved in primitive conditions, such as the academic student is apt to look upon with the cool eyes of the observer, rather than with the vital comprehension of one who has played his part among them. In his delighted wanderings as a boy over the Middlesex Fells, in the long backwoods excursions with canoeing, fishing,



shooting, that occupied his college vacations, Parkman was fitting himself, at first unconsciously and afterwards doubtless of set purpose, for one side of his great enterprise. In the vehement delight, moreover, which he took in action, in feats of athletics, and in all strenuous outdoor effort, he still further widened his sympathies for the comprehension of a story of incessant effort of the same description.

His tastes as a student at college led his reading in the direction best fitted to further his own aim. Romance and history appealed to him with almost equal force; and the task on which he was soon to enter was one which required for its execution a right blending of imagination with exact observation and severe deduction. The incidents of the story whose magic was to be revealed by his pen were full of romantic color, and of appeal to the heroic emotions. No one could write of them adequately who was not himself thrilled by them. At the same time the broad view was necessary, that events might be seen and set down in their just proportions; the analytic sense was necessary, that relevant might be separated from irrelevant details; the philosophic temper was necessary, that the torrential flow of the story might not carry the narrator off his feet; and above all, the capacious grasp was necessary, that an Indian raid on the Richelieu, or a brush between rival traders on the St. Clair, might be duly related to the great world-drama in which Indian and fur-trader alike were unconscious players. Not only had Parkman these qualities by native endowment, but his studies and discipline were such as to develop them. Yet other gifts were needed, to make his equipment complete. The command of an adequate prose style was indispensable if he would have his work fit to endure. And for prose expression he had a natural aptitude, which he cultivated assiduously by composition, and by study of the masters of English. An unrestricted catholicity of sympathy and judgment was equally indispensable, if he would do even justice between mutually destructive ideals, warring creeds, and races grappling for life and death. He could see the man behind all accidents of color, creed, or speech; and so his characters live. The savage from his wigwam, the black-robed scholar from his cloister, the cavalier from the salons of Versailles, the soldier from camp or foray,—each has some point of contact with Parkman's sympathies, and is therefore presented from within, is recreated rather than depicted on his page.

After Parkman had finished his arts course at Harvard, he studied law purely as a means of fitting himself for dealing with the constitutional questions which, as he realized, would confront him in the course of his proposed work. After two years of the law, his next step was to study the Indians as they were before the contact with civilization changed them. To find such Indians, in 1846, it was

necessary to seek the Dakota and other wild tribes of the Far West. In that year he set out from St. Louis, with his cousin and comrade Quincy Shaw, and followed the track of the great migration then setting toward the Pacific coast. For some weeks he lived in the lodge of a Dakota chief. His hosts were exactly suited to his purpose. As he wrote afterwards:—"Neither their manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. . . . They fought with the weapons that their fathers fought with, and wore the same garments of skins." This trip, which lasted five months, gave him just that kind of first-hand knowledge which he desired. It bore immediate fruit in that fascinating book of travel, 'The Oregon Trail.' But the hardships and exposure which he endured on the expedition undermined a constitution never robust; and from this period date the beginnings of that ill-health with which the whole of his after life was to be a heroic struggle.

It is one of the marvels of Parkman's career that he was able to make so light of obstacles which most men would have accounted insurmountable. Works requiring the most prolonged, arduous, and minute research for their preparation, he wrote when his eyes were almost useless. Works requiring continuously sustained thought, he wrought to completion when often unable to work in any way for more than fifteen minutes at a time. During these long years of almost incessant ill-health, his achievements were just of the kind that fate seemed most determined to forbid.

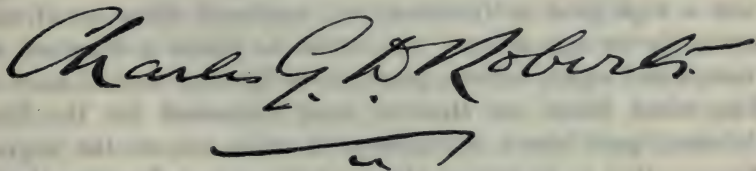
When three fourths of his great task was done, Parkman began to fear that he might not live to complete it. After finishing the story of Frontenac, therefore, he passed over a period of fifty years and entered upon the composition of those volumes which were to sum up and crown the whole,—the volumes dealing with Montcalm and Wolfe. With the completion of these, however, and under the stimulus of the acclaim which greeted them, he entered on a new lease of productive vigor; and with the two volumes called 'A Half-Century of Conflict' he filled in the perfect outline of his life's work. This was in 1892, just long enough before his death to let the chorus of the world's praise come to his ears, and assure him of the fullness of his triumph.

Parkman's style shows a steady growth in mastery from the 'Conspiracy of Pontiac' to the 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' which latter work marks the zenith of his powers. Vividness and clarity are qualities of his writing from the first. But the picturesque affluence which characterizes his earlier volumes sometimes lacks that simplicity which is the final touch of power.

The prose style in which his later volumes are written is perhaps, taking it all in all, the most admirable medium that has been



employed by any English-speaking historian. If to have treated a great theme with absolutely competent scholarship, as well as in a style of positive and essential beauty, constitutes a claim to rank among the world's masters of history, then Parkman's claim is beyond the reach of question.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Charles G. D. Roberts". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

#### DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUES

From 'The Pioneers of France in the New World.' Copyright 1865, 1885, by Francis Parkman. Reprinted by permission of the Parkman Estate, and of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

THERE was a gentleman of Mont-de-Marsan, Dominique de Gourgues, a soldier of ancient birth and high renown. It is not certain that he was a Huguenot. The Spanish annalist calls him a "terrible heretic"; but the French Jesuit, Charlevoix, anxious that the faithful should share the glory of his exploits, affirms that like his ancestors before him, he was a good Catholic. If so, his faith sat lightly upon him; and Catholic or heretic, he hated the Spaniards with a mortal hate. Fighting in the Italian wars,—for from boyhood he was wedded to the sword,—he had been taken prisoner by them near Siena, where he had signalized himself by a fiery and determined bravery. With brutal insult, they chained him to the oar as a galley-slave. After he had long endured this ignominy, the Turks captured the vessel and carried her to Constantinople. It was but a change of tyrants; but soon after, while she was on a cruise, Gourgues still at the oar, a galley of the Knights of Malta hove in sight, bore down on her, recaptured her, and set the prisoner free. For several years after, his restless spirit found employment in voyages to Africa, Brazil, and regions yet more remote. His naval repute rose high, but his grudge against the Spaniards still rankled within him; and when, returned from his roving, he learned the tidings from Florida, his hot Gascon blood boiled with fury.

The honor of France had been foully stained, and there was none to wipe away the shame. The faction-ridden King was

dumb. The nobles who surrounded him were in the Spanish interest. Then, since they proved recreant, he, Dominique de Gourgues, a simple gentleman, would take upon him to avenge the wrong, and restore the dimmed lustre of the French name. He sold his inheritance, borrowed money from his brother, who held a high post in Guienne, and equipped three small vessels, navigable by sail or oar. On board he placed a hundred arquebusiers and eighty sailors, prepared to fight on land if need were. The noted Blaise de Montluc, then lieutenant for the King in Guienne, gave him a commission to make war on the negroes of Benin,—that is, to kidnap them as slaves, an adventure then held honorable.

His true design was locked within his own breast. He mustered his followers,—not a few of whom were of rank equal to his own,—feasted them, and on the twenty-second of August, 1567, sailed from the mouth of the Charente. Off Cape Finis-terre, so violent a storm buffeted his ships that his men clamored to return; but Gourgues's spirit prevailed. He bore away for Africa, and landing at the Rio del Oro, refreshed and cheered them as he best might. Thence he sailed to Cape Blanco, where the jealous Portuguese, who had a fort in the neighborhood, set upon him three negro chiefs. Gourgues beat them off, and remained master of the harbor; whence however he soon voyaged onward to Cape Verd, and steering westward, made for the West Indies. Here, advancing from island to island, he came to Hispaniola, where, between the fury of a hurricane at sea and the jealousy of the Spaniards on shore, he was in no small jeopardy;—"the Spaniards," exclaims the indignant journalist, "who think that this New World was made for nobody but them, and that no other living man has a right to move or breathe here!" Gourgues landed, however, obtained the water of which he was in need, and steered for Cape San Antonio, at the western end of Cuba. There he gathered his followers about him, and addressed them with his fiery Gascon eloquence. For the first time he told them his true purpose, inveighed against Spanish cruelty, and painted with angry rhetoric the butcheries of Fort Caroline and St. Augustine.

"What disgrace," he cried, "if such an insult should pass unpunished! What glory to us if we avenge it! To this I have devoted my fortune. I relied on you. I thought you jealous enough of your country's glory to sacrifice life itself in a cause



like this. Was I deceived? I will show you the way; I will be always at your head; I will bear the brunt of the danger. Will you refuse to follow me?"

At first his startled hearers listened in silence; but soon the passions of that adventurous age rose responsive to his words. The combustible French nature burst into flame. The enthusiasm of the soldiers rose to such a pitch that Gourgues had much ado to make them wait till the moon was full, before tempting the perils of the Bahama Channel. His time came at length. The moon rode high above the lonely sea, and, silvered in its light, the ships of the avenger held their course.

Meanwhile it had fared ill with the Spaniards in Florida: the good-will of the Indians had vanished. The French had been obtrusive and vexatious guests; but their worst trespasses had been mercy and tenderness compared to the daily outrage of the new-comers. Friendship had changed to aversion, aversion to hatred, and hatred to open war. The forest paths were beset; stragglers were cut off; and woe to the Spaniard who should venture after nightfall beyond call of the outposts.

Menendez, however, had strengthened himself in his new conquest. St. Augustine was well fortified; Fort Caroline, now Fort San Mateo, was repaired; and two redoubts, or small forts, were thrown up to guard the mouth of the River of May,—one of them near the present lighthouse at Mayport, and the other across the river on Fort George Island. Thence, on an afternoon in early spring, the Spaniards saw three sail steering northward. They suspected no enemy, and their batteries boomed a salute. Gourgues's ships replied, then stood out to sea, and were lost in the shades of evening.

They kept their course all night, and as day broke, anchored at the mouth of a river, the St. Mary's or the Santilla, by their reckoning fifteen leagues north of the River of May. Here, as it grew light, Gourgues saw the borders of the sea thronged with savages, armed and plumed for war. They too had mistaken the strangers for Spaniards, and mustered to meet their tyrants at the landing. But in the French ships there was a trumpeter who had been long in Florida, and knew the Indians well. He went towards them in a boat, with many gestures of friendship; and no sooner was he recognized than the naked crowd, with yelps of delight, danced for joy along the sands. Why had he ever left them? they asked; and why had he not returned before?

The intercourse thus auspiciously begun was actively kept up. Gourgues told the principal chief—who was no other than Satouriona, once the ally of the French—that he had come to visit them, make friendship with them, and bring them presents. At this last announcement, so grateful to Indian ears, the dancing was renewed with double zeal. The next morning was named for a grand council, and Satouriona sent runners to summon all Indians within call; while Gourgues, for safety, brought his vessels within the mouth of the river.

Morning came, and the woods were thronged with warriors. Gourgues and his soldiers landed with martial pomp. In token of mutual confidence, the French laid aside their arquebuses, and the Indians their bows and arrows. Satouriona came to meet the strangers, and seated their commander at his side, on a wooden stool, draped and cushioned with the gray Spanish moss. Two old Indians cleared the spot of brambles, weeds, and grass; and when their task was finished, the tribesmen took their places, ring within ring, standing, sitting, and crouching on the ground,—a dusky concourse, plumed in festal array, waiting with grave visages and intent eyes. Gourgues was about to speak, when the chief, who, says the narrator, had not learned French manners, anticipated him, and broke into a vehement harangue, denouncing the cruelty of the Spaniards.

Since the French fort was taken, he said, the Indians had not had one happy day. The Spaniards drove them from their cabins, stole their corn, ravished their wives and daughters, and killed their children; and all this they had endured because they loved the French. There was a French boy who had escaped from the massacre at the fort: they had found him in the woods; and though the Spaniards, who wished to kill him, demanded that they should give him up, they had kept him for his friends.

"Look!" pursued the chief, "here he is!" and he brought forward a youth of sixteen, named Pierre Debré, who became at once of the greatest service to the French, his knowledge of the Indian language making him an excellent interpreter.

Delighted as he was at this outburst against the Spaniards, Gourgues did not see fit to display the full extent of his satisfaction. He thanked the Indians for their good-will, exhorted them to continue in it, and pronounced an ill-merited eulogy on the greatness and goodness of his King. As for the Spaniards,



he said, their day of reckoning was at hand; and if the Indians had been abused for their love of the French, the French would be their avengers. Here Satouriona forgot his dignity, and leaped up for joy.

"What!" he cried, "will you fight the Spaniards?"

"I came here," replied Gourgues, "only to reconnoitre the country and make friends with you, and then go back to bring more soldiers; but when I hear what you are suffering from them, I wish to fall upon them this very day, and rescue you from their tyranny." All around the ring a clamor of applauding voices greeted his words.

"But you will do your part," pursued the Frenchman; "you will not leave us all the honor."

"We will go," replied Satouriona, "and die with you, if need be."

"Then, if we fight, we ought to fight at once. How soon can you have your warriors ready to march?"

The chief asked three days for preparation. Gourgues cautioned him to secrecy, lest the Spaniards should take alarm.

"Never fear," was the answer: "we hate them more than you do."

Then came a distribution of gifts,—knives, hatchets, mirrors, bells, and beads,—while the warrior rabble crowded to receive them, with eager faces and outstretched arms. The distribution over, Gourgues asked the chiefs if there was any other matter in which he could serve them. On this, pointing to his shirt, they expressed a peculiar admiration for that garment, and begged each to have one, to be worn at feasts and councils during life, and in their graves after death. Gourgues complied; and his grateful confederates were soon stalking about him, fluttering in the spoils of his wardrobe.

To learn the strength and position of the Spaniards, Gourgues now sent out three scouts; and with them went Olotoraca, Satouriona's nephew, a young brave of great renown.

The chief, eager to prove his good faith, gave as hostages his only surviving son and his favorite wife. They were sent on board the ships, while the Indians dispersed to their encampments, with leaping, stamping, dancing, and whoops of jubilation.

The day appointed came, and with it the savage army, hideous in war-paint, and plumed for battle. The woods rang back

their songs and yells, as with frantic gesticulation they brandished their war-clubs and vaunted their deeds of prowess. Then they drank the black drink, endowed with mystic virtues against hardship and danger; and Gourgues himself pretended to swallow the nauseous decoction.

These ceremonies consumed the day. It was evening before the allies filed off into their forests, and took the path for the Spanish forts. The French, on their part, were to repair by sea to the rendezvous. Gourgues mustered and addressed his men. It was needless: their ardor was at fever height. They broke in upon his words, and demanded to be led at once against the enemy. François Bourdelais, with twenty sailors, was left with the ships, and Gourgues affectionately bade him farewell.

"If I am slain in this most just enterprise," he said, "I leave all in your charge, and pray you to carry back my soldiers to France."

There were many embracings among the excited Frenchmen, —many sympathetic tears from those who were to stay behind,—many messages left with them for wives, children, friends, and mistresses; and then this valiant band pushed their boats from shore. It was a harebrained venture; for as young Debré had assured them, the Spaniards on the River of May were four hundred in number, secure behind their ramparts.

Hour after hour the sailors pulled at the oar. They glided slowly by the sombre shores in the shimmering moonlight, to the sound of the murmuring surf and the moaning pine-trees. In the gray of the morning they came to the mouth of a river, probably the Nassau; and here a northeast wind set in with a violence that almost wrecked their boats. Their Indian allies were waiting on the bank, but for a while the gale delayed their crossing. The bolder French would lose no time, rowed through the tossing waves, and landing safely, left their boats and pushed into the forest. Gourgues took the lead, in breastplate and back-piece. At his side marched the young chief Olotoraca, with a French pike in his hand; and the files of arquebuse-men and armed sailors followed close behind. They plunged through swamps, hewed their way through brambly thickets and the matted intricacies of the forests, and at five in the afternoon, almost spent with fatigue and hunger, came to a river or inlet of the sea, not far from the first Spanish fort. Here they found three hundred Indians waiting for them.



Tired as he was, Gourgues would not rest. He wished to attack at daybreak, and with ten arquebusiers and his Indian guide he set out to reconnoitre. Night closed upon him. It was a vain task to struggle on, in pitchy darkness, among trunks of trees, fallen logs, tangled vines, and swollen streams. Gourgues returned, anxious and gloomy. An Indian chief approached him, read through the darkness his perturbed look, and offered to lead him by a better path along the margin of the sea. Gourgues joyfully assented, and ordered all his men to march. The Indians, better skilled in woodcraft, chose the shorter course through the forest.

The French forgot their weariness, and pressed on with speed. At dawn they and their allies met on the bank of a stream, probably Sister Creek, beyond which, and very near, was the fort. But the tide was in, and they tried in vain to cross. Greatly vexed,—for he had hoped to take the enemy asleep,—Gourgues withdrew his soldiers into the forest, where they were no sooner ensconced than a drenching rain fell, and they had much ado to keep their gun-matches burning. The light grew fast. Gourgues plainly saw the fort, the defenses of which seemed slight and unfinished. He even saw the Spaniards at work within. A feverish interval elapsed, till at length the tide was out,—so far at least that the stream was fordable. A little higher up, a clump of trees lay between it and the fort. Behind this friendly screen the passage was begun. Each man tied his powder-flask to his steel cap, held his arquebuse above his head with one hand, and grasped his sword with the other. The channel was a bed of oysters. The sharp shells cut their feet as they waded through. But the farther bank was gained. They emerged from the water drenched, lacerated, and bleeding, but with unabated mettle. Gourgues set them in array under cover of the trees. They stood with kindling eyes, and hearts throbbing, but not with fear. Gourgues pointed to the Spanish fort, seen by glimpses through the boughs. "Look!" he said, "there are the robbers who have stolen this land from our King; there are the murderers who have butchered our countrymen!" With voices eager, fierce, but half suppressed, they demanded to be led on.

Gourgues gave the word. Cazenove, his lieutenant, with thirty men, pushed for the fort gate; he himself, with the main body, for the glaxis. It was near noon; the Spaniards had just finished

their meal, and, says the narrative, "were still picking their teeth," when a startled cry rang in their ears:—

"To arms! to arms! The French are coming! the French are coming!"

It was the voice of a cannoneer who had that moment mounted the rampart, and seen the assailants advancing in unbroken ranks, with heads lowered and weapons at the charge. He fired his cannon among them. He even had time to load and fire again, when the light-limbed Olotoraca bounded forward, ran up the glacis, leaped the unfinished ditch, and drove his pike through the Spaniard from breast to back. Gourgues was now on the glacis, when he heard Cazenove shouting from the gate that the Spaniards were escaping on that side. He turned and led his men thither at a run. In a moment the fugitives, sixty in all, were inclosed between his party and that of his lieutenant. The Indians too came leaping to the spot. Not a Spaniard escaped. All were cut down but a few, reserved by Gourgues for a more inglorious end.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in the other fort, on the opposite shore, cannonaded the victors without ceasing. The latter turned four captured guns against them. One of Gourgues's boats, a very large one, had been brought along-shore, and entering it with eighty soldiers, he pushed for the farther bank. With loud yells the Indians leaped into the river, which is here about three fourths of a mile wide. Each held his bow and arrows aloft in one hand, while he swam with the other. A panic seized the garrison as they saw the savage multitude. They broke out of the fort and fled into the forest. But the French had already landed; and throwing themselves in the path of the fugitives, they greeted them with a storm of lead. The terrified wretches recoiled; but flight was vain. The Indian whoop rang behind them, and war-clubs and arrows finished the work. Gourgues's utmost efforts saved but fifteen, not out of mercy, but from a refinement of vengeance.

The next day was Quasimodo Sunday, or the Sunday after Easter. Gourgues and his men remained quiet, making ladders for the assault on Fort San Mateo. Meanwhile the whole forest was in arms, and far and near the Indians were wild with excitement. They beset the Spanish fort till not a soldier could venture out. The garrison, aware of their danger, though ignorant



of its extent, devised an expedient to gain information; and one of them, painted and feathered like an Indian, ventured within Gourgues's outposts. He himself chanced to be at hand, and by his side walked his constant attendant, Olotoraca. The keen-eyed young savage pierced the cheat at a glance. The spy was seized, and being examined, declared that there were two hundred and sixty Spaniards in San Mateo, and that they believed the French to be two thousand, and were so frightened that they did not know what they were doing.

Gourgues, well pleased, pushed on to attack them. On Monday evening he sent forward the Indians to ambush themselves on both sides of the fort. In the morning he followed with his Frenchmen; and as the glittering ranks came into view, defiling between the forest and the river, the Spaniards opened on them with culverins from a projecting bastion. The French took cover in the woods with which the hills below and behind the fort were densely overgrown. Here, himself unseen, Gourgues could survey the whole extent of the defenses; and he presently descried a strong party of Spaniards issuing from their works, crossing the ditch, and advancing to reconnoitre. On this, he sent Cazenove, with a detachment, to station himself at a point well hidden by trees on the flank of the Spaniards, who, with strange infatuation, continued their advance. Gourgues and his followers pushed on through the thickets to meet them. As the Spaniards reached the edge of the open ground, a deadly fire blazed in their faces; and before the smoke cleared, the French were among them, sword in hand. The survivors would have fled; but Cazenove's detachment fell upon their rear, and all were killed or taken.

When their comrades in the fort beheld their fate, a panic seized them. Conscious of their own deeds, perpetrated on this very spot, they could hope no mercy, and their terror multiplied immeasurably the numbers of their enemy. They abandoned the fort in a body, and fled into the woods most remote from the French. But here a deadlier foe awaited them; for a host of Indians leaped up from ambush. Then rose those hideous war-cries which have curdled the boldest blood and blanched the manliest cheek. The forest warriors, with savage ecstasy, wreaked their long arrears of vengeance, while the French hastened to the spot, and lent their swords to the slaughter. A few prisoners were saved alive; the rest were slain: and thus did the

Spaniards make bloody atonement for the butchery of Fort Caroline.

But Gourgues's vengeance was not yet appeased. Hard by the fort, the trees were pointed out to him on which Menendez had hanged his captives, and placed over them the inscription, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

Gourgues ordered the Spanish prisoners to be led thither.

"Did you think," he sternly said, as the pallid wretches stood ranged before him, "that so vile a treachery, so detestable a cruelty, against a King so potent and a nation so generous, would go unpunished? I, one of the humblest gentlemen among my King's subjects, have charged myself with avenging it. Even if the Most Christian and the Most Catholic Kings had been enemies, at deadly war, such perfidy and extreme cruelty would still have been unpardonable. Now that they are friends and close allies, there is no name vile enough to brand your deeds, no punishment sharp enough to requite them. But though you cannot suffer as you deserve, you shall suffer all that an enemy can honorably inflict, that your example may teach others to observe the peace and alliance which you have so perfidiously violated."

They were hanged where the French had hung before them; and over them was nailed the inscription, burned with a hot iron on a tablet of pine, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Gourgues's mission was fulfilled. To occupy the country had never been his intention; nor was it possible, for the Spaniards were still in force at St. Augustine. His was a whirlwind visitation,—to ravage, ruin, and vanish. He harangued the Indians, and exhorted them to demolish the fort. They fell to the work with eagerness, and in less than a day not one stone was left on another.

Gourgues returned to the forts at the mouth of the river, destroyed them also, and took up his march for his ships. It was a triumphal procession. The Indians thronged around the victors with gifts of fish and game; and an old woman declared that she was now ready to die, since she had seen the French once more.

The ships were ready for sea. Gourgues bade his disconsolate allies farewell, and nothing would content them but a promise to return soon. Before embarking, he addressed his own men:—

"My friends, let us give thanks to God for the success he has granted us. It is he who saved us from tempests; it is he



who inclined the hearts of the Indians towards us; it is he who blinded the understanding of the Spaniards. They were four to one, in forts well armed and provisioned. Our right was our only strength; and yet we have conquered. Not to our own swords, but to God only, we owe our victory. Then let us thank him, my friends; let us never forget his favors; and let us pray that he may continue them, saving us from dangers, and guiding us safely home. Let us pray too that he may so dispose the hearts of men that our perils and toils may find favor in the eyes of our King and of all France, since all we have done was done for the King's service and for the honor of our country."

Thus Spaniards and Frenchmen alike laid their reeking swords on God's altar.

Gourgues sailed on the third of May, and gazing back along their foaming wake, the adventurers looked their last on the scene of their exploits. Their success had cost its price. A few of their number had fallen, and hardships still awaited the survivors. Gourgues, however, reached Rochelle on the day of Pentecost, and the Huguenot citizens greeted him with all honor. At court it fared worse with him. The King, still obsequious to Spain, looked on him coldly and askance. The Spanish minister demanded his head. It was hinted to him that he was not safe, and he withdrew to Rouen, where he found asylum among his friends. His fortune was gone; debts contracted for his expedition weighed heavily on him; and for years he lived in obscurity, almost in misery.

At length his prospects brightened. Elizabeth of England learned his merits and his misfortunes, and invited him to enter her service. The King, who, says the Jesuit historian, had always at heart been delighted with his achievement, openly restored him to favor; while, some years later, Don Antonio tendered him command of his fleet, to defend his right to the crown of Portugal against Philip the Second. Gourgues, happy once more to cross swords with the Spaniards, gladly embraced this offer; but in 1583, on his way to join the Portuguese prince, he died at Tours of a sudden illness. The French mourned the loss of the man who had wiped a blot from the national scutcheon, and respected his memory as that of one of the best captains of his time. And in truth, if a zealous patriotism, a fiery valor, and skillful leadership are worthy of honor, then is such a tribute due to Dominique de Gourgues, slave-catcher and half pirate as he was, like other naval heroes of that wild age.

Romantic as was his exploit, it lacked the fullness of poetic justice, since the chief offender escaped him. While Gourgues was sailing towards Florida, Menendez was in Spain, high in favor at court, where he told to approving ears how he had butchered the heretics. Borgia, the sainted general of the Jesuits, was his fast friend; and two years later, when he returned to America, the Pope, Paul the Fifth, regarding him as an instrument for the conversion of the Indians, wrote him a letter with his benediction. He re-established his power in Florida, rebuilt Fort San Mateo, and taught the Indians that death or flight was the only refuge from Spanish tyranny. They murdered his missionaries and spurned their doctrine. "The Devil is the best thing in the world," they cried; "we adore him: he makes men brave." Even the Jesuits despaired, and abandoned Florida in disgust.

Menendez was summoned home, where fresh honors awaited him from the Crown; though, according to the somewhat doubtful assertion of the heretical Grotius, his deeds had left a stain upon his name among the people. He was given command of the Armada of three hundred sail and twenty thousand men which in 1574 was gathered at Santander against England and Flanders. But now, at the height of his fortunes, his career was abruptly closed. He died suddenly, at the age of fifty-five. Grotius affirms that he killed himself; but in his eagerness to point the moral of his story, he seems to have overstepped the bounds of historic truth. The Spanish bigot was rarely a suicide; for the rites of Christian burial and repose in consecrated ground were denied to the remains of the self-murderer. There is positive evidence, too, in a codicil to the will of Menendez, dated at Santander on the fifteenth of September, 1574, that he was on that day seriously ill, though, as the instrument declares, "of sound mind." There is reason, then, to believe that this pious cut-throat died a natural death, crowned with honors, and soothed by the consolations of his religion.

It was he who crushed French Protestantism in America. To plant religious freedom on this western soil was not the mission of France. It was for her to rear in northern forests the banner of absolutism and of Rome; while among the rocks of Massachusetts, England and Calvin fronted her in dogged opposition.



FATHER BRÉBEUF AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE HURON  
MISSION

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WHERE should the Fathers make their abode? Their first thought had been to establish themselves at a place called by the French *Rochelle*, the largest and most important town of the Huron confederacy; but Brébeuf now resolved to remain at Ihonatiria. Here he was well known; and here too, he flattered himself, seeds of the Faith had been planted which with good nurture would in time yield fruit.

By the ancient Huron custom, when a man or a family wanted a house, the whole village joined in building one. In the present case, not Ihonatiria only, but the neighboring town of Wenrio also, took part in the work,—though not without the expectation of such gifts as the priests had to bestow. Before October the task was finished. The house was constructed after the Huron model. It was thirty-six feet long and about twenty feet wide, framed with strong sapling poles planted in the earth to form the sides, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof,—the whole lashed firmly together, braced with cross-poles, and closely covered with overlapping sheets of bark. Without, the structure was strictly Indian; but within, the priests, with the aid of their tools, made innovations which were the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling by transverse partitions into three apartments, each with its wooden door,—a wondrous novelty in the eyes of their visitors. The first served as a hall, an ante-room, and a place of storage for corn, beans, and dried fish. The second—the largest of the three—was at once kitchen, workshop, dining-room, drawing-room, school-room, and bed-chamber. The third was the chapel. Here they made their altar, and here were their images, pictures, and sacred vessels. Their fire was on the ground, in the middle of the second apartment, the smoke escaping by a hole in the roof. At the sides were placed two wide platforms, after the Huron fashion, four feet from the earthen floor. On these were chests in which they kept their clothing and vestments, and beneath them they slept, reclining on sheets of bark, and covered with skins and the

garments they wore by day. Rude stools, a hand-mill, a large Indian mortar of wood for crushing corn, and a clock, completed the furniture of the room.

There was no lack of visitors, for the house of the black-robos contained marvels the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief among them was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!"—and to the admiration of the company, the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass wherein a flea was transformed to a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated. "All this," says Brébeuf, "serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our Faith; for the opinion they have of our genius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them."

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question; for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times, he says, 'Hang on the kettle;' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up and go home.'"

Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon, visitors were never wanting, to share the fathers' sagamite; but at the stroke of four, all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace. Now the door was barred; and gathering around the fire, they discussed the prospects of the mission, compared their several experiences, and took counsel for the future. But the standing topic of their evening talk was the Huron language. Concerning this each had some new discovery to relate, some new suggestion to offer; and in the task of analyzing its construction and deducing its hidden laws, these intelligent and highly cultivated minds found a congenial employment.

But while zealously laboring to perfect their knowledge of the language, they spared no pains to turn their present acquirements to account. Was man, woman, or child sick or suffering, they were always at hand with assistance and relief,—adding, as they saw opportunity, explanations of Christian doctrine, pictures of



heaven and hell, and exhortations to embrace the Faith. Their friendly offices did not cease here, but included matters widely different. The Hurons lived in constant fear of the Iroquois. At times the whole village population would fly to the woods for concealment, or take refuge in one of the neighboring fortified towns, on the rumor of an approaching war-party. The Jesuits promised them the aid of the four Frenchmen armed with arquebuses, who had come with them from Three Rivers. They advised the Hurons to make their palisade forts, not as hitherto in a circular form, but rectangular, with small flanking towers at the corners for the arquebuse-men. The Indians at once saw the value of the advice, and soon after began to act on it in the case of their great town of Ossossané, or Rochelle.

At every opportunity, the missionaries gathered together the children of the village at their house. On these occasions, Brébeuf, for greater solemnity, put on a surplice, and the close angular cap worn by Jesuits in their convents. First he chanted the *Pater Noster*, translated by Father Daniel into Huron rhymes, — the children chanting in their turn. Next he taught them the sign of the cross; made them repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo*, and the Commandments; questioned them as to past instructions; gave them briefly a few new ones; and dismissed them with a present of two or three beads, raisins, or prunes. A great emulation was kindled among this small fry of heathendom. The priests, with amusement and delight, saw them gathered in groups about the village, vying with each other in making the sign of the cross, or in repeating the rhymes they had learned.

At times the elders of the people, the repositories of its ancient traditions, were induced to assemble at the house of the Jesuits, who explained to them the principal points of their doctrine, and invited them to a discussion. The auditors proved pliant to a fault, responding "Good," or "That is true," to every proposition; but when urged to adopt the faith which so readily met their approval, they had always the same reply: "It is good for the French; but we are another people, with different customs." On one occasion, Brébeuf appeared before the chiefs and elders at a solemn national council, described heaven and hell with images suited to their comprehension, asked to which they preferred to go after death, and then, in accordance with the invariable Huron custom in affairs of importance, presented a large and valuable belt of wampum, as an invitation to take the path to Paradise.

Notwithstanding all their exhortations, the Jesuits, for the present, baptized but few. Indeed, during the first year or more, they baptized no adults except those apparently at the point of death; for, with excellent reason, they feared backsliding and recantation. They found especial pleasure in the baptism of dying infants, rescuing them from the flames of perdition, and changing them, to borrow Le Jeune's phrase, "from little Indians into little angels."

The fathers' slumbers were brief and broken. Winter was the season of Huron festivity; and as they lay stretched on their hard couch, suffocating with smoke and tormented by an inevitable multitude of fleas, the thumping of the drum resounded all night long from a neighboring house, mingled with the sound of the tortoise-shell rattle, the stamping of moccasined feet, and the cadence of voices keeping time with the dancers. Again, some ambitious villager would give a feast, and invite all the warriors of the neighboring towns; or some grand wager of gambling, with its attendant drumming, singing, and outcries, filled the night with discord.

But these were light annoyances compared with the insane rites to cure the sick, prescribed by the "medicine-men," or ordained by the eccentric inspiration of dreams. In one case, a young sorcerer, by alternate gorging and fasting,—both in the interest of his profession,—joined with excessive exertion in singing to the spirits, contracted a disorder of the brain, which caused him in midwinter to run naked about the village, howling like a wolf. The whole population bestirred itself to effect a cure. The patient had, or pretended to have, a dream, in which the conditions of his recovery were revealed to him. These were equally ridiculous and difficult; but the elders met in council, and all the villagers lent their aid, till every requisition was fulfilled, and the incongruous mass of gifts which the madman's dream had demanded were all bestowed upon him. This cure failing, a "medicine-feast" was tried; then several dances in succession. As the patient remained as crazy as before, preparations were begun for a grand dance, more potent than all the rest. Brébeuf says that except the masquerades of the Carnival among Christians, he never saw a folly equal to it. "Some," he adds, "had sacks over their heads, with two holes for the eyes. Some were as naked as your hand, with horns or feathers on their heads, their bodies painted white, and their faces black as devils. Others were daubed with red, black, and white. In short, every



one decked himself as extravagantly as he could, to dance in this ballet, and contribute something towards the health of the sick man." This remedy also failing, a crowning effort of the medical art was essayed. Brébeuf does not describe it,—for fear, as he says, of being tedious; but for the time, the village was a pandemonium. This, with other ceremonies, was supposed to be ordered by a certain image like a doll, which a sorcerer placed in his tobacco-pouch, whence it uttered its oracles, at the same time moving as if alive. "Truly," writes Brébeuf, "here is nonsense enough; but I greatly fear there is something more dark and mysterious in it."

But all these ceremonies were outdone by the grand festival of the *Ononhara*, or Dream Feast,—esteemed the most powerful remedy in cases of sickness, or when a village was infested with evil spirits. The time and manner of holding it were determined at a solemn council. This scene of madness began at night. Men, women, and children, all pretending to have lost their senses, rushed shrieking and howling from house to house, upsetting everything in their way, throwing fire-brands, beating those they met or drenching them with water, and availing themselves of this time of license to take a safe revenge on any who had ever offended them. This scene of frenzy continued till daybreak. No corner of the village was secure from the maniac crew. In the morning there was a change. They ran from house to house, accosting the inmates by name, and demanding of each the satisfaction of some secret want, revealed to the pretended madman in a dream, but of the nature of which he gave no hint whatever. The person addressed thereupon threw to him at random any article at hand, as a hatchet, a kettle, or a pipe; and the applicant continued his rounds till the desired gift was hit upon, when he gave an outcry of delight, echoed by gratulatory cries from all present. If, after all his efforts, he failed in obtaining the object of his dream, he fell into a deep dejection, convinced that some disaster was in store for him.

The approach of summer brought with it a comparative peace. Many of the villagers dispersed,—some to their fishing, some to expeditions of trade, and some to distant lodges by their detached cornfields. The priests availed themselves of the respite to engage in those exercises of private devotion which the rule of St. Ignatius enjoins. About midsummer, however, their quiet was suddenly broken. The crops were withering under a severe drought, a calamity which the sandy nature of the soil

made doubly serious. The sorcerers put forth their utmost power, and from the tops of the houses yelled incessant invocations to the spirits. All was in vain: the pitiless sky was cloudless. There was thunder in the east and thunder in the west; but over Ihonatiria all was serene. A renowned "rain maker," seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought him of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder, and caused him to fly another way. On this a clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which, being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince the hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defense.

"You say that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come."

This was accordingly done; but the clouds still kept aloof. The Jesuits followed up their advantage.

"Your spirits cannot help you, and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of Him who made the world, and perhaps he will listen to your prayers." And they added that if the Indians would renounce their sins and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore his favor towards them.

There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine masses to St. Joseph; and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French "medicine."

In spite of the hostility of the sorcerers, and the transient commotion raised by the red cross, the Jesuits had gained the confidence and good-will of the Huron population. Their patience, their kindness, their intrepidity, their manifest disinterestedness, the blamelessness of their lives, and the tact which, in the utmost fervors of their zeal, never failed them, had won the hearts of these wayward savages; and chiefs of distant villages came to urge that they would make their abode with them. As yet, the results of the mission had been faint and few; but the priests toiled on courageously, high in hope that an abundant harvest of souls would one day reward their labors.



## THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

From 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' Copyright 1884, by Francis Parkman. Reprinted by permission of the Parkman Estate, and of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

THE day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham; so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maître Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battlefield the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the General walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once

should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint narrow streets of the warlike town. troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes, bands of Canadians whose all was at stake,—faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets,—La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn,—victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its



commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose: for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced—which was impossible; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves—which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age: "he rode a black or dark-bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the

English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their



broadwords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered: "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquise est tué!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man: "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien: ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

## PARMENIDES

(520?–450? B. C.)

**P**ARMENIDES, son of Pyrrhes, and the most famous of the Eleatic philosophers, was born at Elea, in Southern Italy, about 520 B. C. Of his personal history little is known: merely that he took an active part in the politics of his native city, drawing up for it a code of laws to which the Eleans every year swore to conform; and that late in life, about 454 B. C., he made a visit to Athens in company with his pupil Zeno, and there made the acquaintance of Socrates, then a very young man (see Plato, 'Parmenides,' 127, A, B; 'Sophist,' 217, C; 'Theætetus,' 183, E). He seems to have been acquainted with the thought of the Ionian philosophers, especially of Anaximander and Heraclitus, but to have been more deeply influenced by Pythagoras and Xenophanes. He numbered among his friends Empedocles and Leucippus, and taught Melissus and Zeno. His only written work was a poem 'On Nature,' of which considerable fragments remain. These have several times been collected. The best editions of them are those by Karsten (1835), and by Stein in 'Symbola Philologorum Bonnensium' (1864–7), pages 763–806. There is a complete English translation of them in hexameters by Thomas Davidson in Vol. iv. of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, pages 1–16.

With the exception of Heraclitus, Parmenides is the greatest of the pre-Socratic Greek thinkers. His importance consists chiefly in the fact that he was the first person to distinguish between the Ideal and the Real; between Being, eternal, unchangeable, and the subject of science, and Becoming, transient, changeable, and mere matter of opinion. Being he identifies with thought; and Becoming with sensation. He is thus the prime author of that dualism which runs through all subsequent Greek thinking, and which logically leads to asceticism in life and absolutism in politics. The resemblance of his philosophy to certain Hindu systems has induced some writers—*e. g.*, Gladisch in his 'Die Eleaten und die Indier' (Posen, 1844)—to connect it with these; but it is in fact due to a combination of the Pythagorean principle of number with the Ionic notion of process. It led the way to the universal subjectivism of the Sophists.



INTRODUCTION OF THE POEM ON NATURE

SOON as the coursers that bear me and draw me as far as extendeth

Impulse, guided and threw me aloft in the glorious pathway,  
Up to the goddess that guideth through all things man that is conscious,

There was I carried along, for there did the coursers sagacious,  
Drawing the chariot, bear me, and virgins preceded to guide them—  
Daughters of Helios, leaving behind them the mansions of darkness—  
Into the light, with their strong hands forcing asunder the night-shrouds,

While in its sockets the axle emitted the sound of a syrinx,  
Glowing, for still it was urged by a couple of wheels well-rounded,  
One upon this side, one upon that, when it hastened its motion.  
There were the gates of the paths of the Night and the paths of the Day-time.

Under the gates is a threshold of stone, and above is a lintel.  
These too are closed in the ether with great doors guarded by Justice—

Justice the mighty avenger, that keepeth the keys of requital.  
Her did the virgins address, and with soft words deftly persuaded,  
Swiftly for them to withdraw from the gates the bolts and its fastener.

Opening wide, they uncovered the yawning expanse of the portal,  
Backward rolling successive the hinges of brass in their sockets,—  
Hinges constructed with nails and with clasps; then onward the virgins

Straightway guided their steeds and their chariot over the highway.  
Then did the goddess receive me with gladness, and taking my right hand

Into her own, thus uttered a word and kindly bespoke me:—

“Youth that art mated with charioteers and companions immortal,  
Coming to us on the coursers that bear thee, to visit our mansion,  
Hail! for it is not an evil Award that hath guided thee hither  
Into this path,—for, I ween, it is far from the pathway of mortals,—  
Nay, it is Justice and Right. Thou needs must have knowledge of all things:

First of the Truth's unwavering heart that is fraught with conviction,  
Then of the notions of mortals, where no true conviction abideth;  
But thou shalt surely be taught this too,—that every opinion  
Needs must pass through the ALL, and vanquish the test with approval.”

## THOUGHT AND EXISTENCE

ONE and the same are thought and that whereby there is thinking;

Never apart from existence, wherein it receiveth expression,  
Shalt thou discover the action of thinking; for naught is or shall be  
Other besides or beyond the Existent; for Fate hath determined  
That to be lonely and moveless, which all things are but a name  
for,—

Things that men have set up for themselves, believing as real,—  
Birth and decay, becoming and ceasing, to be and to not-be,  
Movement from place to place, and change from color to color.  
But since the uttermost limit of Being is ended and perfect,  
Then it is like to the bulk of a sphere well rounded on all sides,  
Everywhere distant alike from the centre: for never there can be  
Anything greater or anything less, on this side or that side;  
Yea, there is neither a non-existent to bar it from coming  
Into equality, neither can Being be different from Being,  
More of it here, less there, for the All is inviolate ever.  
Therefore, I ween, it lies equally stretched in its limits on all sides.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

## KOSMOS

THEN thou shalt know the ethereal nature and each of its tokens—  
Each of the signs in the ether, and all the invisible workings  
Wrought by the blemishless sun's pure lamp, and whence they  
have risen;  
Then thou shalt hear of the orb-eyed moon's circumambient workings,  
And of her nature, and likewise discern the heaven that surrounds  
them,  
Whence it arose, and how by her sway Necessity bound it  
Firm, to encircle the bounds of the stars.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

[These three passages are reprinted by permission from the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Vol. iv.]



## THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

(1819-1892)

**T**HE poetry of Thomas W. Parsons has in its best examples a classic perfection conjoined with a deep feeling, which gives it distinction. He was a scholar who worked with a certain austerity and aloofness, yet with an underlying perception of humor which saved his work from flatness or turgidity even when it did not appear on the surface. Dr. Parsons was thoroughly impregnated with Dante and the influence of Italian literature. Literature indeed, in this aspect of it, was to him a vocation and a passion. He served the Muse with a full sense of the sacredness of song.

He was born in Boston, August 18th, 1819; was the son of a physician of that city, and was destined for the same profession,—taking a degree at the Harvard Medical School, and for some time practicing dentistry. Boston was his home when he was in the United States; but he traveled and resided much abroad. In his leisure hours he wrote his verses and worked on his English renderings of the master poet of Italy. So early as 1843 he published a translation of the first ten cantos of the 'Inferno,' and a revision with seven more cantos followed in 1867. He made a version of the great epic a life labor, the translation in its final form appearing in 1893.

Dr. Parsons was never eager for publication, and some of his volumes of verse were printed privately for circulation among friends. Several collections of his poems were published: one entitled 'Ghetto di Roma' in 1854, 'The Magnolia' in 1867, 'The Shadow of the Obelisk' in 1872, 'Circum Præcorda' in 1892; and a final selection in 1893, after his death. This last book contains—excepting his translation of Dante—the bulk of the work his admirers would wish to see preserved. There are lyrics in this volume as perfect in their kind as anything done by a contemporaneous poet. The opening poem, 'On a Bust of Dante,' is as noble a tribute as the Italian has received in our tongue. Many lines and passages in the different lyrics have a quotableness which means fine thought married to fit expression. In the tribute to Daniel Webster, for example, occurs the stanza:—

"Kings have their dynasties, but not the mind;  
 Cæsars leave other Cæsars to succeed;  
 But Wisdom dying, leaves no heir behind."

And the poem closes with these lovely words:—

“We have no high cathedral for his rest,  
Dim with proud banners and the dust of years;  
All we can give him is New England's breast  
To lay his head on—and his country's tears.”

There is something inevitable in the perfection of this, from ‘The Birthday of Robert Burns’:—

“For flowers will grow, and showers will fall,  
And clouds will travel o'er the sky;  
And the great God who cares for all,  
He will not let his darlings die.”

The man who can strike out things like these—and he wrote whole poems which keep this level—deserves, and doubtless will get, permanent recognition as a lyric singer. Parsons's range is not wide, nor is his accomplishment varied. But in his individual way and within his compass, he struck a very pure, fine note, which will give lasting pleasure.

Dr. Parsons died at Scituate, Massachusetts, September 3d, 1892.

[The following selections are all made from the ‘Poems of Thomas William Parsons.’ Copyright 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

MARY BOOTH

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,  
Or say or write that shall express the half?  
What can we do but pillow that fair head,  
And let the Springtime write her epitaph?—

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,  
Wind-flower and columbine and maiden's-tear;  
Each letter of that pretty alphabet  
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;  
She was a woman for a husband's life;  
One that has learned to value, far above  
The name of love, the sacred name of wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,  
Had all there is of life, except gray hairs:  
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep;  
And that mysterious tie a mother bears.



She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed:  
Set her down gently at the iron door!  
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:  
Now cover it in earth—her earth no more.

## A DIRGE

SLOWLY tread and gently bear  
One that comes across the wave,  
From the oppression of his care,  
To the freedom of the grave;

From the merciless disease,  
Wearing body, wasting brain,  
To the rest beneath the trees,—  
The forgetting of all pain;

From the delicate eye and ear,  
To the rest that shall not see  
To the sleep that shall not hear  
Nor feel, the world's vulgarity.

Bear him, in his leaden shroud,  
In his pall of foreign oak,  
To the uncomplaining crowd  
Where ill word was never spoke.

Bear him from life's broken sleep—  
Dreams of pleasure, dreams of pain,  
Hopes that tremble, joys that weep,  
Loves that perish, visions vain—

To the beautiful repose  
Where he was before his birth;  
With the ruby, with the rose,  
With the harvest, earth in earth!

Bring him to the body's rest,  
After battle, sorely spent,  
Wounded, but a welcome guest  
In the Chief's triumphal tent.

## EPITAPH ON A CHILD

THIS little seed of life and love  
 Just lent us for a day,  
 Came like a blessing from above,—  
 Passed like a dream away.

And when we garnered in the earth  
 The foison that was ours,  
 We felt that burial was but birth  
 To spirits, as to flowers.

And still that benediction stays,  
 Although its angel passed;  
 Dear God! thy ways, if bitter ways,  
 We learn to love at last.

But for the dream,—it broke indeed,  
 Yet still great comfort gives:  
 What was a dream is now our creed,—  
 We know our darling lives.

## TO FRANCESCA

SING Waller's lay,  
 "Go, lovely rose," or some old song,  
 That should I play  
 Feebly, thy voice may make me strong  
 With loving memories cherished long.

Sing "Drink to me,"  
 Or "Take, oh take those lips away;"  
 Some strain to be—  
 When I am gone and thou art gray—  
 Remembered of a happier day.

A solemn air,  
 A melody not loud but low,  
 Suits whitening hair;  
 And when the pulse is beating slow,  
 The music's measure should move so.

The song most sweet  
 Is that which lulls, not thrills, the ear;  
 So, love, repeat  
 For one who counteth silence dear,  
 That which to silence is most near.



## PILGRIM'S ISLE

THERE fell a charm upon the deep,  
 A spell upon the silent shore;  
 The boats, like lily-pads asleep,  
 Lay round me upon ocean's floor.

O weary world of noise and strife!  
 O cities full of gold and guile!  
 How small a part ye make of life  
 To one that walks on Pilgrim's Isle!

I watched the Gurnet's double star,  
 Like Jove and Venus side by side,  
 And on the smooth waves gleaming far  
 Beheld its long reflection ride.

My days of youth are almost flown,  
 And yet, upon a night like this,  
 Love will not let my heart alone;  
 Back comes the well-remembered bliss.

Oft in thy golden locks a gleam  
 Of other days illumines my brain,  
 And in thy hand's soft touch I seem  
 To feel my boyhood born again.

Ah, dearest, all will soon be o'er!  
 I see my sunset in thy smile;  
 It lingers longest on the shore,  
 Th' enchanted shore, of Pilgrim's Isle.

## PARADISI GLORIA

"O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina  
 D'una vera città —"

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,  
 And unapproachable by sea or shore,  
 And unassailable by any band  
 Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time  
 By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things  
 Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;  
 But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold  
 Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few  
 Who loved us once and were beloved of old,  
 To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,  
 Musical motion, the perpetual play.  
 Of every faculty that Heaven bestows,  
 Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

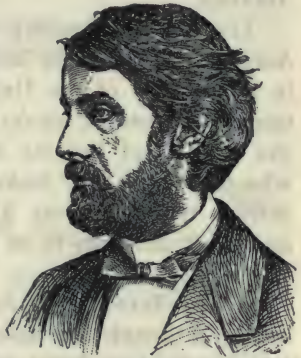


## JAMES PARTON

(1822-1891)

**J**AMES PARTON, though in thought and feeling an American of the Americans, was born in Canterbury, England, February 9th, 1822; coming to New York with his widowed mother when he was about five years old. He went to a classical school in Westchester County, New York, passed some years in Europe, and then set up a school of his own in Philadelphia. He had a passion for Greek, and when he was a lad urged his mother to let him become a barber, that he might have time enough between customers to study the language: but Willis, whom he knew, had set the fashion of being literary, and Parton followed it by contributing to the *Home Journal*; becoming in time assistant editor of that paper, and marrying "Fanny Fern" (Sara Payson Willis Eldridge), Willis's sister.

His first book, a 'Life of Horace Greeley,' appeared in 1855. He had spent infinite pains upon it, and had chosen a typical American for his subject, with the result of producing the portrait of a living man; not a eulogy nor an invective, but a picture, vivid, entertaining, abounding in anecdote. The book made, as Greeley described it, "mighty interesting reading," and it sold at the rate of thirty thousand copies in the first year or two. After this we hear no more of Greek. In a few years Parton had become one of the best-known writers in America; the most eminent example, perhaps, of what can be attained in letters with an innate love of literature, adaptability, inexhaustible industry, and a painter's eye to effect. Always a descriptive writer rather than a deep-searching historian, he could draw most impressive pictures, brilliant in coloring and dramatic in setting, while no man better knew the journalist's business of striking while the iron was hot; sending in his lives and biographies when the public demanded them. At the same time he had, in common with Hazlitt and De Quincey, the fashion of defending the under dog, who never wanted a friend when Parton was present: not for



JAMES PARTON

the reason that incited Hazlitt, because he was combative, but from a love of fair play and a natural independence; and perhaps because the advocate was first of all a journalist, inspired with the journalist's curiosity to see both sides.

He held the theory that it is the good in a man that goes astray, and that ought to alarm and warn his fellows; and that vice, after all, is an excess of a virtue. With none of the pugnacity of a partisan, he shows a certain adroitness in confessing the weaknesses of his heroes, that makes a direct appeal to the generosity of the reader. Moreover, by taking the stand that all religions are of human origin, and that the religion of the future will be founded on the love of man for man, without regard to prevailing theologic conceptions of the Deity, he wrote in a comfortable and tolerant state of philosophic skepticism. With these qualities and characteristics, with enormous powers of industry and application, he sent out from his study a long list of books, which became the most popular series of biographies in America.

The life of Greeley was followed three years later by that of Aaron Burr. In this book Parton chose the period most interesting in the history of the United States,—that after the Revolution. Old things had passed away; the conquering Democratic party had arisen; the States had become America, and the strange contradictory figure who had helped to make them so had passed by, rising in glory and setting in mysterious gloom. This life of Burr, vivid, picturesque, and swift-moving, is as entertaining to-day as when it appeared in 1858.

His 'Jefferson' and 'Andrew Jackson' are in a way quite as interesting, although the task of writing them was perhaps not so congenial; for Parton, heart and soul a Democrat, had no occasion to use therein that peculiar talent for defense which is so conspicuous in his lives of Burr and Voltaire. Both the 'Jefferson' and 'Jackson,' though pieces of special pleading, have the picturesqueness and eventfulness of well-constructed fiction, while they are never consciously untrue to fact. Their chief value, however, lies less perhaps in their literary quality, or in their erudition, than in their contribution of much curious information and personal anecdote gathered from out-of-the-way sources, and put before the reader in an entertaining form. No man was ever freer from what Macaulay calls the "disease of admiration"; but on the other hand, none knew better how not to belittle great deeds and noble aspirations. His respect for success never chilled his sympathy with failure, and he had an instinct for discerning the causes of both failure and success.

In 1877 appeared his 'Caricature and other Comic Art,' a book showing much study, keen humor, and the historic sense. Indeed, the



book, though seeming to exhibit a deviation from his familiar path, is really a contribution to political history.

In 1881 appeared Parton's life of Voltaire, on which he had spent more than twenty years of study. His admiration for his hero was unbounded; and his accumulation of facts, anecdotes, and letters throwing light upon the time is amazing. It is true that Parton had reasoned out no philosophy of history that prompted him to portray a system of morals or politics. He did not concern himself with theories of objective or subjective influences. Yet whatever this biography may lack, it remains, as an eminent English critic has declared, a genuine life of Voltaire, and not a critique upon his life and character like the works of Strauss and Morley. It is a life which makes the English and American public for the first time acquainted with the great Frenchman, somewhat in the same sense in which they have long been acquainted with Johnson or Scott. This book, a labor of love, was Parton's last serious production, though his busy pen was never laid aside during his lifetime; and his name appears on the title-page of several compilations, collections of brief biographies, and essays. He died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, October 16th, 1891.

#### FROM THE 'LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON'

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THERE are certain historical facts which puzzle and disgust those whose knowledge of life and men has been chiefly derived from books. To such it can with difficulty be made clear that the award is just which assigns to George Washington a higher place than Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson,—higher honor to the executing hand than to the conceiving head. If they were asked to mention the greatest Englishman of this age, it would never occur to them to name the Duke of Wellington, a man of an understanding so limited as to be the natural foe of everything liberal and progressive. Yet the Duke of Wellington was the only Englishman of his generation to whom every Englishman took off his hat. And these men of books contemplate with mere wonder the fact that during a period when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Wirt, and Preston were on the public stage, Andrew Jackson should have been so much the idol

of the American people, that all those eminent men united could not prevail against him in a single instance.

It is pleasant to justify the ways of man to man. The instinctive preferences of the people must be right. That is to say, the man preferred by the people must have more in him of what the people most want than any other of his generation. The more intimately we know the men who surrounded General Washington, the clearer to us does his intrinsic superiority become, and the more clearly we perceive his utter indispensableness. Washington was the only man of the Revolution who did for the Revolution what no other man could have done. And if ever the time comes when the eminent contemporaries of Andrew Jackson shall be as intimately known to the people as Andrew Jackson now is, the invincible preference of the people for him will be far less astonishing than it now appears. Clay was the only man of the four leading spirits whose character will bear a comparison with our fiery, faulty hero. Clay was indeed a princely man; it is impossible not to love him; but then, his endowments were not great, and his industry was limited. How often when the country wanted statesmanship, he had nothing to give it but oratory!

Besides, suppose Washington had not fought the battle of Trenton, and not restored the Revolution when it was about to perish. Suppose England had lost the battle of Waterloo, and given the fellest—because the ablest—of tyrants another lease of power. Suppose the English had sacked New Orleans, and no peace had come to check their career of conquest! By indulging this turn of reflection, we shall perceive that the Washingtons, the Wellingtons, and the Jacksons of a nation are they who provide or preserve for all other gifts, talents, and virtues, their opportunity and sphere. How just, therefore, is the gratitude of nations toward those who, at the critical moment, DO the great act that creates or defends them!

What man supremely admires in man is manhood. The valiant man alone has power to awaken the enthusiastic love of us all. So dear to us is valor, that even the rudest manifestations of it in the pugilistic ring excite, for a moment, a universal interest. Its highest manifestation, on the martyr's cross, becomes the event from which whole races date their after history. Every great career, whether of a nation or of an individual, dates from a heroic action, and every downfall from a cowardly one



To dare, to dare again, and always to dare, is the inexorable condition of every signal and worthy success, from founding a cobbler's stall to promulgating a nobler faith. In barbarous ages heroes risked their lives to save their self-respect; in civilized periods, they risk what it is harder to risk, their livelihood, their career.

It is not for nothing that nature has implanted in her darling the instinct of honoring courage before all other qualities. What a delicate creature was man to be tossed upon this planet, and sent whirling through space, naked, shelterless, and untaught; wild beasts hungering to devour him; the elements in league against him; compelled instantly to begin the "struggle for life," which could never cease until life ceased. What but heroic valor could have saved him for a day? Man has tamed the beasts, and reduced the warring elements to such subjection that they are his untiring servants. His career on earth has been, is, will ever be, a fight; and the ruling race in all ages is that one which has produced the greatest number of brave men. Men truly brave. Men valiant enough to die rather than do, suffer, or consent to, wrong. To risk life is not all of courage, but it is an essential part of it. There are things dearer to the civilized man than life. But he who cannot calmly give up his life rather than live unworthily comes short of perfect manhood; and he who can do so, has in him at least the raw material of a hero.

In the eternal necessity of courage, and in man's instinctive perception of its necessity, is to be found perhaps the explanation of the puzzling fact, that in an age which has produced so many glorious benefactors of their species, such men as Wellington and Jackson are loved by a greater number of people than any others. The spiritualized reader is not expected to coincide in the strict justice of this arrangement. His heroes are of another cast. But the rudest man and the scholar may agree in this, that it is the valor of their heroes which renders them effective and admirable. The intellect, for example, of a discoverer of truth excites our wonder; but what rouses our enthusiasm is the calm and modest valor with which he defies the powerful animosity of those who thrive by debauching the understanding of man.

It was curious that England and America should both, and nearly at the same time, have elevated their favorite generals to the highest civil station. Wellington became prime minister in 1827; Jackson, President in 1829. Wellington was tried three

years, and found wanting, and driven from power, execrated by the people. His carriage, his house, and his statue were pelted by the mob. Jackson reigned eight years, and retired with his popularity undiminished. The reason was, that Wellington was not in accord with his generation, and was surrounded by men who were if possible less so; while Jackson, besides being in sympathy with the people, had the great good fortune to be influenced by men who had learned the rudiments of statesmanship in the school of Jefferson.

Yes, autocrat as he was, Andrew Jackson loved the people, the common people, the sons and daughters of toil, as truly as they loved him, and believed in them as they believed in him.

He was in accord with his generation. He had a clear perception that the toiling millions are not a class in the community, but *are* the community. He knew and felt that government should exist only for the benefit of the governed; that the strong are strong only that they may aid the weak; that the rich are rightfully rich only that they may so combine and direct the labors of the poor as to make labor more profitable to the laborer. He did not comprehend these truths as they are demonstrated by Jefferson and Spencer, but he had an intuitive and instinctive perception of them. And in his most autocratic moments he really thought that he was fighting the battle of the people, and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives. If he had been a man of knowledge as well as force, he would have taken the part of the people more effectually, and left to his successors an increased power of doing good, instead of better facilities for doing harm. He appears always to have meant well. But his ignorance of law, history, politics, science, of everything which he who governs a country ought to know, was extreme. Mr. Trist remembers hearing a member of the General's family say that General Jackson did not believe the world was round. His ignorance was as a wall round about him—high, impenetrable. He was imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes raged round his little dim inclosure like a tiger in his den.



## FROM THE 'LIFE OF VOLTAIRE'

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AFTER this interesting experience of court life in a foreign country, where the king was king, he [Voltaire] was to become a courtier at Versailles, where the man who governed the king's mistress was king.

Again it was the Duke de Richelieu, First Gentleman of the Chamber, who broke in upon the elevated pursuits of Cirey, and called him to lower tasks and less congenial scenes. The royal children were coming of age. The marriage of the Dauphin to the Infanta of Spain, long ago agreed upon, was soon to be celebrated, the prince having passed his sixteenth year; and it developed upon the First Gentleman to arrange the marriage festival. This was no light task; for Louis XIV. had accustomed France to the most elaborate and magnificent *fêtes*. Not content with such splendor as mere wealth can everywhere procure, that gorgeous monarch loved to enlist all the arts and all the talents; exhibiting to his guests divertissements written by Molière, performed with original music, and with scenery painted by artists. Several of his festivals have to this day a certain celebrity in France, and have left traces still noticeable. There is a public ground in Paris, opposite the Tuileries, which is called the Place of the Carousal. It was so named because it was the scene of one of this King's *fêtes*, in which five bodies of horsemen—or quadrilles, as they were called—took part. One of these bodies were dressed and equipped as Roman knights, and they were led by the King in person. His brother, the Duke of Orleans, commanded a body of Persian cavalry; the Prince of Condé, a splendid band of Turks; the Duke of Guise, a company of Peruvian horse; and a son of Condé shone at the head of East-Indian horsemen in gorgeous array. Imagine these five bodies of horse galloping and manœuvring, entering and departing, charging and retreating, like circus riders in an extremely large and splendid tent; and in the midst, on a lofty platform, three queens in splendid robes,—the mother of Louis, the wife of Louis, and the widow of Charles I., who lived and died the guest of the King of France. There were grand doings at this festival. There were tournaments, games of skill and daring, stately processions, concerts, plays, and buffooneries, with a ball at the close.

That pageant, splendid as it was, was "effaced," as the French say, by one which the King gave only two years after at Versailles, probably the most sumptuous thing of the kind ever seen. On the 5th of May, the most beautiful month of the year in France, the King rode out to Versailles with all his court, which then included six hundred persons, each attended by retainers and servants, the whole numbering more than two thousand individuals and as many horses. The festival was to last seven days, and the King defrayed the expenses of every one of his guests. In the park and gardens of Versailles, miracles had been wrought. Theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, pavilions, seemed to have sprung into being at the waving of an enchanter's wand. On the first day there was a kind of review, or march-past, of all who were to take part in the games and tourneys. Under a triumphal arch the three queens appeared again, resplendent, each attended by one hundred ladies, who were attired in the brilliant manner of the period; past these marched heralds, pages, squires, carrying the devices and shields of the knights, as well as banners upon which verses were written in letters of gold. The knights followed in burnished armor and bright plumes; the King at their head in the character of Roger, a famous knight of old. All the crown diamonds glittered upon his coat and the trappings of his horse. Both he and the animal sparkled and blazed in the May sun; and we can well imagine that a handsome young man, riding with perfect grace the most beautiful of horses, must have been a very pretty spectacle, despite so much glitter. When this procession of squires and knights had passed and made their obeisance to the queens, a huge car followed, eighteen feet high, fifteen wide, and twenty-four long, representing the Car of the Sun,—an immense vehicle, all gilding and splendor. Behind this car came groups exhibiting the Four Ages,—of Gold, of Silver, of Brass, and of Iron; and these were followed by representations of the celestial signs, the seasons, and the hours. All this, the spectators inform us, was admirably performed to the sound of beautiful music; and now and then persons would step from the procession, and the music would cease while they recited poems, written for the occasion, before the queens. Imagine shepherds, blacksmiths, farmers, harvesters, vine-dressers, fauns, dryads, Pans, Dianas, Apollos, marching by, and representing the various scenes of life and industry!

The procession ends at last. Night falls. With wondrous rapidity four thousand great torches are lighted in an inclosure



fitted up as a banqueting-place. Two hundred of the persons who had figured in the procession now bring in various articles of food: the seasons, the vine-dressers, the shepherds, the harvesters, each bear the food appropriate to them; while Pan and Diana advance upon a moving mountain, and alight to superintend the distribution of the exquisite food which had been brought in. Behind the tables was an orchestra of musicians, and when the feast was done the pleasures of the day ended with a ball. For a whole week the festival continued; the sports varied every day. There were tourneys, pageants, hunts, shooting at a mark, and spearing the ring. Four times the King gained the prize, and offered it to be competed for again. There were a great number of court fools at this festival, as we still find clowns at a circus. Indeed, when we attend a liberally appointed circus, we are looking upon a show resembling in many particulars the grand doings in the park of Versailles when Louis XIV. entertained his court and figured as chief of the riders.

Most of the performances could have been procured by money lavishly spent; and in order to reproduce them, the Duke de Richelieu needed little assistance from the arts. But there were items of the programme which redeemed the character of this festival, and caused it to be remembered by the susceptible people of France with pride. Molière composed for it a kind of show play, called the 'Princesse d'Elide'; a vehicle for music, ballet, and costume, with here and there a spice of his comic talent. A farce of his, the 'Forced Marriage,' was also played; and the first three acts of his 'Tartuffe'—the greatest effort of French dramatic genius in that age, if not in any age—were performed for the first time. There was only one man in France who could help a "First Gentleman" to features of the coming *fête* at all resembling these; and to him that First Gentleman applied. Voltaire entered into the scheme with zeal. In April 1744, Cirey all blooming with flowers and verdure, he began to write his festive divertissement, the 'Princesse de Navarre,' the hero of which was a kind of Spanish Duke de Richelieu. "I am making," he wrote, "a divertissement for a Dauphin and Dauphiness whom I shall not divert; but I wish to produce something pretty, gay, tender, worthy of the Duke de Richelieu, director of the *fête*." It was his chief summer work, and he labored at it with an assiduity that would have sufficed to produce three new tragedies. He very happily laid the scene of

his play in an ancient château close to the borders of the Spanish province of Navarre; an expedient which enabled him to group upon the stage both Frenchmen and Spaniards, with their effective contrasts of costume, and to present to the Spanish bride and her court, pleasing traits of their own countrymen. The poet and the First Gentleman arranged the processions, the ballets, the tableaux, the *fête* within a *fête*; exchanging many long letters, and pondering many devices. There is good comic writing in this piece; and there are two characters—a rustic Spanish baron and his extremely simple-minded daughter—that are worthy of a better kind of play and occasion.

This was the year in which the King of France first braved the hardships of the field, accompanied by his mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, and attended by that surprising retinue of courtiers and comedians often described. I need not pause to relate how, after being present at warlike operations, he fell dangerously sick of a fever; how the mistress and the First Gentleman took possession of the King's quarters, and barred the door against priests and princes; how, as the King grew worse, the alarmed mistress tried to come to a compromise with the royal confessor, the keeper of the King's conscience, saying to him in substance, "Let me go away without scandal,—that is, without being *sent* away,—and I will quietly let you into the King's chamber;" how the cautious Jesuit contrived to get through a long interview without saying either yes or no to this proposal; how at length, when the King seemed near his end, she was terrified into yielding, and the King, fearing to lose his absolution and join some of the bad kings in the other world, sent her a positive command to depart, as if she had been, what the priest officially styled her, a concubine; how the King, having recovered, humbly courted her return, calling upon her in person at her house; and how, while she affected to hesitate, and dictated terms of direst vengeance, even the exile of every priest, courtier, and minister who had taken the least part in her disgrace, she died of mingled rage, mortification, and triumph, leaving both the King and the First Gentleman perfectly consolable.

The impressive fact is, that none of these things impaired the spell of the King's divinity. During the crisis of his fever all France seemed panic-stricken; and when he recovered, the manifestations of joy were such as to astonish the King himself, inured as he was to every form and degree of adulation from his



childhood. "What have I done," cried the poor man, "to be loved so?" It was at this time that he received his name of Louis the Well-Beloved, by which it was presumed that he would go to posterity, along with Louis the Fat and Philip the Long,—titles so helpful to childish memory. On his return to Paris in September 1744, "crowned with victory," and recovered from the borders of the tomb, the *fêtes* were of such magnitude and splendor that Madame du Châtelet came to Paris to witness them, with her poet in her train. He brought his 'Princesse de Navarre' with him, however, and was soon in daily consultation with composer, ministers, First Gentleman, and friends, as to the resources of an extemporized theatre.

A curious street adventure befell madame and himself on the night of the grand fireworks, which they rode in from a chateau near the city to witness. They found all the world in the streets. Voltaire gave an account of their night's exploits to the President Hénault, whose visit to Cirey they now returned in an unusual manner:—"There were two thousand backing carriages in three files; there were the outcries of two or three hundred thousand men, scattered among those carriages; there were drunkards, fights with fists, streams of wine and tallow flowing upon the people, a mounted police to augment the embroglio; and by way of climax to our delights, his Royal Highness [Duke de Chartres] was returning peacefully to the Palais-Royal with his great carriages, his guards, his pages: and all this unable to go back or advance until three in the morning. I was with Madame du Châtelet. Her coachman, who had never before been in Paris, was about boldly to break her upon the wheel. Covered as she was with diamonds, she alighted, calling upon me to follow, got through the crowd without being either plundered or hustled, entered your house [Rue St. Honoré], sent for some roast chicken at the corner restaurant, and drank your health very pleasantly in that house to which every one wishes to see you return."

It was a busy time with him during the next six months, arranging the details of the *fête*, with Rameau the composer, with scene-painters, with the Duke de Richelieu and the Marquis d'Argenson. We see him cutting down eight verses to four, and swelling four verses to eight, to meet the exigencies of the music. We see him deep in converse with Richelieu upon the complicated scenes of his play,—suggesting, altering, abandoning, curtailing numberless devices of the stage manager.

On this occasion also, as before going to Prussia, he took care to secure some compensation in advance. It was not his intention to play courtier for nothing. He was resolved to improve this opportunity, and to endeavor so to strengthen himself at court that henceforth he could sleep in peace at his abode, in Paris, or in the country, fearless of the Ane of Mirepoix. To get the dull, shy, sensualized King on his side was a material point with him. He wrote a poem on the 'Events of the Year' (1744), in which the exploits of the King upon the tented field, and his joyful recovery from sickness, were celebrated in the true laureate style. He also took measures to have this poem shown to the King by the Cardinal de Tencin, "in a moment of good-humor." He made known to two of his friends in the ministry, M. Orry and the Marquis d'Argenson, precisely what he wanted. He wanted an office which would protect him against confessors, bishops, and Desfontaines,—say, for example, gentleman-in-ordinary of the king's chamber; a charge of trifling emolument, less duty, and great distinction. He would then be a member of the King's household, not to be molested on slight pretext by a Mirepoix, nor to be calumniated with impunity by a journalist. But since such offices were seldom vacant, he asked to be appointed at once writer of history (*historiographe*) to the King, at a nominal salary of four hundred francs a year.

M. Orry thought this very modest and suitable; the Marquis d'Argenson was of the same opinion: and both engaged to aid in accomplishing his wishes. If he could add to these posts an arm-chair in the French Academy, which in good time he also meant to try for, he thought he might pursue his natural vocation in his native land without serious and constant apprehension.

But first, the *fête*! That must succeed as a preliminary. In January 1745 he took up his abode at Versailles to superintend the rehearsals, conscious of the incongruity of his employment. "I am here," he wrote to Thierot, "braving Fortune in her own temple; at Versailles I play a part similar to that of an atheist in a church." To Cideville, also:—"Do you not pity a poor devil who at fifty is a king's buffoon, and who is more embarrassed with musicians, decorators, actors, singers, and dancers than the eight or nine electors will soon be in making a German Cæsar? I rush from Paris to Versailles; I compose verses in the postchaise; I have to praise the King highly, Madame the Dauphiness delicately, the royal family sweetly. I must satisfy the court, and not displease the city."



In the very crisis of the long preparation, February 18th, 1745, seven days before the festival, Voltaire's Jansenist of a brother, the "Abbé Arouet," Receiver-of-Fees to the Chamber of Accounts, died at Paris, aged two months less than sixty years. The brothers, as we know, had been long ago estranged, and had rarely met of late years. The parish register, still accessible, attests that the funeral was attended, February 19th, by "François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, *bourgeois* of Paris"; not yet gentleman-in-ordinary. The receiver-of-fees died, as he had lived, in what was called the odor of sanctity; presenting to the view of young and old that painful caricature of goodness which has for some centuries, in more than one country, made virtue more difficult than it naturally is. From his will, which also exists, we learn that if he did not disinherit his brother, he came as near it as a French brother could without doing violence to the sentiment and custom of his country. After giving legacies to cousins, friends, and servants, he leaves one half the bulk of his estate to his nephew and nieces, and the other half to his brother; but with a difference. Voltaire was to enjoy his half "in usufruct only," the capital to fall finally "to his nephew and nieces afore-said." He took care also to prevent his brother from gaining anything by the decease of any of the heirs. As the receiver-of-fees, besides bequeathing his valuable office to a relative, died worth, as French investigators compute, about two hundred thousand francs, Voltaire received an increase to his income of perhaps six thousand francs a year.

From his brother's grave, without waiting to learn these particulars, he was obliged to go post-haste to Versailles, towards which all eyes were now directed. The marriage festival, a tumult of all the splendors, began February 23d, 1745. The 'Princess of Navarre' succeeded to admiration. A vast and beautiful edifice had risen, at the command of Richelieu, in the horse-training ground near the palace of Versailles, so constructed that it could serve as a theatre on one evening and a ball-room on the next, both equally magnificent and complete. The stage was fifty-six feet in depth; and as the boxes were so arranged as to exhibit the audience to itself in the most effective and brilliant manner, the words spoken on the stage could not be always perfectly heard. But this was not so important, since the play was chiefly designed as a vehicle for music, dancing, costume, and picture. At six in the evening the King entered

and took the seat prepared for him in the middle of the theatre, followed in due order by his family and court, arrayed in the gorgeous fashion of the time. These placed themselves around him, a splendid group, in the midst of a great theatre filled with the nobility of the kingdom, all sumptuous and glittering. The author of the play about to be performed was himself thrilled by the picturesque magnificence of the spectacle which the audience presented; and he regretted that a greater number of the people of France could not have been present to behold the superb array of princes and princesses, noble lords and ladies, adorned by masterpieces of decorative art, which the beauty of the ladies "effaced." He wished that more people could observe the noble and becoming joy that filled every heart and beamed in all those lovely eyes.

But since nothing can be perfect, not even in France, this most superb audience was so much elated with itself that it could not stop talking. There was a buzz and hum of conversation, reminding the anxious author of a hive of bees humming and buzzing around the queen. The curtain rose; but still they talked. The play, however, being a *mélange* of poetry, song, music, ballet, and dialogue, everything was enjoyed except the good verses here and there, which could scarcely be caught by distant ears. Every talent in such a piece meets its due of approval except that of the poet, who imagines the whole before any part of it exists. At half-past nine the curtain fell upon the closing scene; when the audience, retiring to the grounds without, found the entire façade of the palace and adjacent structures illuminated. All were enchanted. The King himself, the hardest man in Europe to amuse, was so well pleased that he ordered the play to be repeated on another evening of the festival. "The King is grateful to me," wrote Voltaire to his guardian angel, D'Argental. "The Mirepoix cannot harm me. What more do I need?"

He was exhausted with the long strain upon his nervous system. "So tired am I," he wrote to Thierot, "that I have neither hands, feet, nor head, and write to you by the hand of another." But he soon had the consolation of receiving the King's promise of the next vacancy among the gentlemen-in-ordinary, and his immediate appointment as writer of history at an annual salary of two thousand francs. Thus the year consumed in these courtly toils, he thought, was not without its compensations. Nor did he



relax his vigilance, nor give ministers peace, until these offices were securely his by letters patent and the King's signature.

When he accepted the office of historiographer, he was far from anticipating an increase of labor through it. But in truth, no poet laureate ever won his annual pipe of sack by labors so arduous as those by which Voltaire earned this salary of two thousand francs. Several volumes of history attest his diligence. During the first two or three years of his holding the place he was historiographer, laureate, writer of royal letters and ministerial dispatches, complimenter of the royal mistress, and occasionally court dramatist and master of the revels.

The marriage festivities at Versailles drew to a close, and all that brilliant crowd dispersed. From the splendors of the court he was suddenly called away to attend the son of Madame du Châtelet through the small-pox. He assisted to save the future Duke du Châtelet for the guillotine, applying to his case his own experience of the two hundred pints of lemonade. That duty done and his forty days of quarantine fulfilled, he returned to court, where the minister for foreign affairs had a piece of work for his pen. Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, had offered her mediation to the King of France, and the task of writing the King's reply, accepting the offer, was assigned to Voltaire, who performed it in the loftiest style of sentimental politics. If Louis XV. took the trouble to glance over this composition, he must have been pleased to find himself saying that "kings can aspire to no other glory than that of promoting the happiness of their subjects," and swearing that he "had never taken up arms except with a view to promote the interests of peace." It was an amiable, effusive letter, in the taste of the period,—being written by the man who made the taste of the period. Later in the summer he drafted a longer dispatch to the government of Holland, remonstrating against its purpose of sending aid to the King of England against the Pretender. It was he also who wrote the manifesto to be published in Great Britain on the landing of the French expedition under the Duke de Richelieu, in aid of the Pretender. Whenever, indeed, during 1745, 1746, and 1747, the ministry had occasion for a skillful pen, Voltaire was employed. We perceive in this part of his correspondence the mingled horror and contempt that war excited in his mind. "Give us peace, monseigneur," is the burden of his cry to the

Marquis d'Argenson in confidential notes; and we see him, with his usual easy assurance, suggesting such marriages for the royal children as would "render France happy by a beautiful peace, and your name immortal despite the fools."

Whatever philosophers may think of war, few citizens can resist the contagious delirium of victory after national defeat and humiliation. The King of France again, in 1745, was posed by his advisers in the part of conqueror. From a hill, he and the Dauphin looked on while Marshal Saxe won the decisive and fruitful victory of Fontenoy, over the English Duke of Cumberland and the forces of the allies, with a loss of eight thousand men on each side. Voltaire received the news at Paris, late in the evening, direct from D'Argenson, who was with the King in the field. He dashed upon paper a congratulatory note to the minister: "Ah! the lovely task for your historian! In three hundred years the kings of France have done nothing so glorious. I am mad with joy! Good-night, monseigneur!" . . .

His poem 'Fontenoy,' of three hundred lines or more, was scattered over the delirious city damp from the press, and in a few days was declaimed in every town of the kingdom. Edition after edition was sold. "Five editions in ten days!" The author, as his custom was, added, erased, altered, corrected; offending some by omitting their names, offending others by inserting names odious to them; working all one night to make the poem a less imperfect expression of the national joy; not forgetting to dedicate it to the King, and to get a copy placed in his hands. "The King deigns to be content with it," he wrote. Thousands of copies were sold in the first month, and there were two burlesques of the poem in the second.

In the very ecstasy of the general enthusiasm, he still repeats, in a private note to D'Argenson, "Peace, monseigneur, peace, and you are a great man, even *among* the fools!"

He was now in high favor, even with the King, who had said to Marshal Saxe that the 'Princesse de Navarre' was above criticism. The marshal himself gave Madame du Châtelet this agreeable information. "After that," said the author, "I must regard the King as the greatest connoisseur in his kingdom." He renewed his intimacy with his early patron, the Duchesse du Maine, who still held court at the château of Sceaux near by. By great good luck, too, as doubtless he regarded it at the time, he was acquainted with the new mistress, Pompadour, before she



was Pompadour. He knew her when she was only the most bewitching young wife in France, cold to her rich and amorous young husband, and striving by every art that such women know to catch the King's eye as he hunted in the royal forest near her abode. Already, even while the King was sleeping on histrionic straw on the field near Fontenoy, it was settled that the dream of her life was to be realized. She was to be Petticoat III.

This summer, during the King's absence at the seat of war, Voltaire was frequently at her house, and had become established in her favor. She was a gifted, brilliant, ambitious woman, of cold temperament, who courted this infamy as men seek honorable posts which make them conspicuous, powerful, and envied. In well-ordered nations, accomplished men win such places by thirty years' well-directed toil in the public service. She won her place, and kept it nineteen years, by amusing the least amusable of men. She paid a high price. In return, she governed France, enriched her family, promoted her friends, exiled her enemies, owned half a dozen châteaux, and left an estate of thirty-six millions of francs.

With such and so many auxiliaries supporting his new position, the historiographer of France, if he had been a younger man, might have felt safe. But he knew his ground. Under personal government nations usually have two masters, the king and the priest, between whom there is an alliance offensive and defensive. He had gained some favor with the King, the King's ministers, and the King's mistress. But the priest remained hostile. The King being a coward, a fit of the colic might frighten him into turning out the mistress and letting in the confessor; and suppose the colic successful, instantly a pious and bigoted Dauphin became king, with a Mirepoix as chief priest! Moreover, to depend upon the favor of either king or mistress is worse than basing the prosperity of an industrial community upon a changeable fraction in a tariff bill.

Revolving such thoughts in an anxious mind, Voltaire conceived a notable scheme for going behind the Mirepoix, and silencing him forever by capturing the favor of the Pope. Benedict XIV. was a scholar, a gentleman of excellent temper, and no bigot. He owed his election to his agreeable qualities. When the cardinals were exhausted by days and nights of fruitless balloting, he said, with his usual gayety and good-humor, "Why waste so much time in vain debates and researches? Do you

want a saint? elect Gotti. A politician? Aldovrandi. A good fellow? take me." And they took him.

It was soon after the close of the *fête* at Versailles that Voltaire consulted the Marquis d'Argenson, minister for foreign affairs, upon his project of getting, as he expressed it, "some mark of papal benevolence that could do him honor both in this world and the next." The minister shook his head. He said it was scarcely possible to mingle in that way things celestial and political. Like a true courtier of the period, the poet betook himself to a lady, Mademoiselle du Thil, a connection of Madame du Châtelet, and extremely well disposed toward himself. She had a friend in the Pope's household, the Abbé de Tolignan, whom she easily engaged in the cause. D'Argenson also bore the scheme in mind when he wrote to the French envoy at Rome. Voltaire meanwhile read the works of his Holiness, of which there are still accessible fifteen volumes, and in various ways "coquetted" with him, causing him to know that the celebrated Voltaire was one of his readers. The good-natured Pope was prompt to respond. The Abbé de Tolignan having asked for some mark of papal favor for Voltaire, the Pope gave two of his large medals to be forwarded to the French poet, the medals bearing the Pope's own portrait. His Holiness also caused a polite letter to be written to him by his secretary, asking his acceptance of the medals. Then the French envoy, ignorant of these proceedings, also applied to the Pope on behalf of Voltaire, requesting for him one of his large medals. The Pope, ignorant of the envoy's ignorance, replied, "To St. Peter's itself I should not give any larger ones!" The envoy was mystified, and Voltaire, on receiving a report of the affair, begged the minister for foreign affairs to write to the envoy in explanation.

The two large medals reached the poet in due time. He thought Benedict XIV. the most plump-cheeked holy father the church had enjoyed for a long time, and one who "had the air of knowing very well *what all that was worth*." He wrote two Latin verses as a legend for the Pope's portrait, to the effect that Lambertinus, officially styled Benedict XIV., was the ornament of Rome and the father of the world, who by his works instructed the earth, and adorned it by his virtues. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon an audacity still more exquisite, and one which would not be concealed in the archives of the foreign office. All Europe should know the favor in which this



son of the Church was held at the papal court. He resolved to dedicate to the Pope that tragedy of "Mahomet" which the late Cardinal de Fleury had admired and suppressed.

The coming of Marmontel to Paris added one more to the ever increasing number of young writers whom Voltaire had assisted to form. The new men of talent were his own, and they were preparing to aid him in future contests with hostile powers. The Marquis de Vauvenargues, the young soldier who was compelled by ill health to abandon the career of arms, in which he was already distinguished, and now aspired to serve his country in the intellectual life, had been for some time one of Voltaire's most beloved friends. His first, his only work, 'Introduction to the Knowledge of the Human Mind,' was just appearing from the press, heralded by Voltaire's zealous commendation. "My dear Master," the young disciple loved to begin his letters; and Voltaire, in writing to him, used all those endearing expressions which often make a French letter one long and fond caress. He sank into the grave in 1747, but his name and his work survive. It is evident from his correspondence that he was of a lofty and generous nature, capable of the true public spirit, — the religion of the new period.

Marmontel reached Paris in time to witness a day of triumph for Voltaire, which had been long deferred. There was a vacancy at the French Academy early in 1746. Mirepoix's voice was not heard on this occasion; and Voltaire, without serious trouble, succeeded in obtaining a unanimous election to the chair. This event could not have been at that time any increase of honor to an author of his rank. He valued an academic chair for himself and for his colleagues, such as Marmontel, D'Alembert, and others, as an additional protection against the Mirepoix. Members of the Academy had certain privileges in common with the officers of the king's household. They could not be compelled to defend a suit out of Paris; they were accountable to the king directly, and could not be molested except by the king's command. Above all, they stood in the sunshine of the king's effulgent majesty; they shared in the mystic spell of *rank*, which no American citizen can ever quite understand, and of which even Europeans of to-day begin to lose the sense. He was a little safer now against all the abuses of the royal power, usually covered by *lettres de cachet*.

May 9th, 1746, was the day of his public reception at the Academy, when, according to usage, it devolved upon him to deliver a set eulogium upon his departed predecessor. The new member signalized the occasion by making his address much more than that. His eulogy was brief, but sufficient; and when he had performed that pious duty, he struck into an agreeable and very ingenious discourse upon the charms, the limits, the defects, and the wide-spread triumphs of the French language. With that matchless art of his, he contrived in kingly style to compliment all his "great friends and allies," while adhering to his subject with perfect fidelity. Was it not one of the glories of the French language that a Frederic should adopt it as the language of his court and of his friendships, and that Italian cardinals and pontiffs should speak it like natives? His dear Princess Ulrique, too,—then Queen of Sweden,—was not French her *native* tongue? There were some wise remarks in this address; as, for example, where he says that eminent talents become of necessity rarer as the whole nation advances: "In a well-grown forest, no single tree lifts its head very high above the rest." He concluded with the "necessary burst of eloquence" respecting the late warlike exploits of the king; in which, however, he gave such prominence to the services in the field of the Duke of Richelieu, a member of the Academy, that the First Gentleman almost eclipsed the monarch.

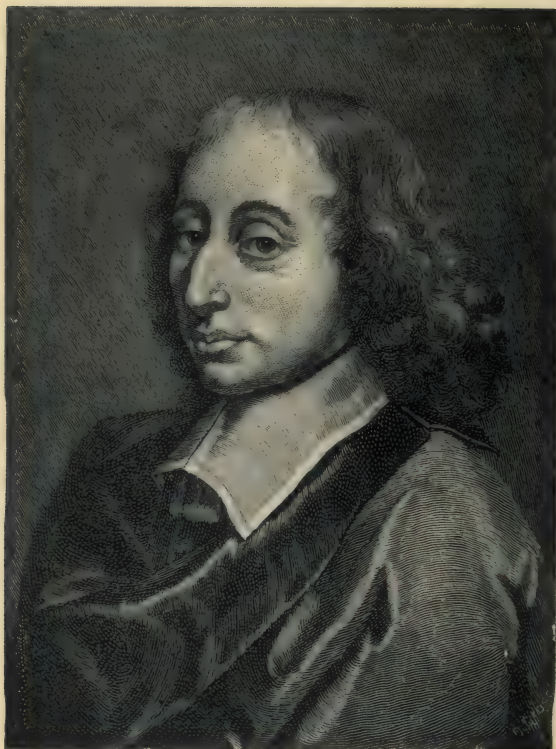
He was now at the highest point of his court favor. An epigram of his, written at this period, conveys to us his sense of the situation, and renders other comment superfluous:—

"Mon 'Henri Quatre' et ma 'Zaïre,'  
Et mon Americaine 'Alzire,'  
Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du roi;  
J'eus beaucoup d'ennemis avec très-peu de gloire  
Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi  
Pour une farce de la foire."

(My 'Henry Fourth' and my 'Zaïre,'  
With my American 'Alzire,'  
No smile have ever won me from the king;  
Too many foes were mine, too little fame:  
Now all men gifts and honors on me fling,  
Since with a farce I to the market came.)







BLAISE PASCAL



## PASCAL

(1623-1662)

BY ARTHUR G. CANFIELD

**B**LAISE PASCAL was born at Clermont-Ferrand, Auvergne, France, June 19th, 1623. His father, Étienne Pascal, was a man of wealth, education, and high judicial position, who, when Blaise was eight years old, removed to Paris especially to care for his education. Blaise showed a very precocious talent, especially for mathematics. At the age of sixteen he wrote a remarkable treatise on conic sections; at nineteen he invented a calculating machine. By this time his health, never robust, was undermined by his study, and thereafter he had to contend with disease. But in spite of it he went on with his researches in mathematics and physics. He developed the calculus of probabilities, and solved the problem of the cycloid. In 1648 he made the series of experiments which confirmed the conclusions of Torricelli, and established our knowledge of the weight of the atmosphere. Then for some years he gave himself to social pleasures and dissipations; but after his sister Jacqueline's entrance into a convent, and a startling accident through which he nearly lost his life, he renounced the world and entered the community of Port-Royal in 1654. In its defense he wrote, under the name of Louis de Montalte, the famous 'Lettres Provinciales,' in 1656. The even more famous 'Pensées' are the fruit of the profound and poignant meditation that, with increasing bodily pains, filled out the few years until his death, August 19th, 1662.

But this little outline gives no adequate suggestion of the power and versatility of his mind:

"There was a man who at the age of twelve, with straight lines and circles, had created mathematics; who at sixteen had composed the most learned treatise on conic sections produced since ancient times; who at nineteen reduced to machinery the processes of a science that resides wholly in the mind; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere and destroyed one of the greatest errors of the older physics; who at an age when other men are just beginning to awake to life, having traversed the whole round of human knowledge, perceived its emptiness, and turned all his thoughts toward religion; who from that moment till his death at the age of thirty-eight, constantly beset by infirmity and disease, fixed the tongue that Bossuet and

Racine spoke, gave the model at once of the most perfect pleasantry and of the closest logic, and finally, in the short respite that his bodily pains allowed him, solved unaided one of the deepest problems of geometry, and set down in random order thoughts that seem as much divine as human."

In such words does Châteaubriand sum up Pascal's career, and they hardly overstate his qualities and achievements. His contributions to the progress of mathematics and physics would be enough of themselves to make his name remembered; but they are wholly overshadowed by the fame of his two great contributions to literature,—the 'Provincial Letters' and the 'Thoughts.' Both these works have a very direct relation to his life and experience. The 'Provincial Letters' bear witness both to his sincere devotion to Port-Royal, and to his familiarity with the mind and spirit of worldly society. Before becoming a member of that famous little band of scholars and teachers, he had been an accomplished man of the world. He had early been attracted by the logic of the doctrines of Jansenius, and had become a zealous champion of Jansenism. But he did not therefore renounce the gay companions and pleasures of his hours of recreation. It was only as his ideas developed, and he advanced from the curious pursuit of knowledge to the imperious need of certainty, that he was driven from reason, self-convicted of insufficiency, to revelation, and the complete surrender of himself to God and to the austere religious life of Port-Royal. The influence of his sister Jacqueline's example, and the impression made upon him by his almost miraculous escape from death, are only incidents of his approach to the experience of the night of the twenty-third of November, 1654; when, in an ecstasy of religious feeling, he felt himself possessed by Divine grace. So he brought to Port-Royal a wholly lay mind, capable of appreciating from the simple human standpoint of the common man the theological controversy over grace and free-will in which it was soon involved. He was therefore equipped as no other for bringing this quarrel before the bar of public opinion. So the 'Provincial Letters' are not merely, nor mainly, a skillful argument on the theological doctrines in contest. They are that at first; but from the fifth letter their field broadens, and they become a vehement and indignant impeachment of the moral teachings and practices of the Jesuits, who were the head and front of the attack against Port-Royal. In them Pascal makes an appeal to the common reason and conscience, with such an accent of intense sincerity and conviction, with such resources of irony, ridicule, illustration, and eloquent indignation, and with such command of clear, nimble, and strong speech, that the letters have long outlived the interest of the quarrel that was the occasion of them, and have become its imperishable monument.



The 'Thoughts' are especially the expression of the life of religious devotion and meditation to which he gave himself at Port-Royal. Having given himself unreservedly to it, he could not do and suffer enough. He welcomed the pains that his feeble health imposed upon him, and doubled them by self-inflicted rigors. All the strength his infirmities left him was given to an 'Apology for the Christian Religion,' but he was not permitted to finish it.

The 'Thoughts' are the fragments of this work. In them he unites the eager intellectual curiosity of the man of science with the fervent devotion of the religious ascetic and the imagination of the poet. He is possessed, almost tormented, by the imperious need of knowing, of satisfying his reason. But his reason halts appalled before the infinitely little and the infinitely great, and declares itself powerless to get beyond the partial and relative knowledge of the world and to attain absolute truth. The source of absolute certainty must then be above reason, and reason herself is summoned to testify to the superior authority of revelation and Christian faith. In the very opposition of revelation and reason he makes reason find a seal of the Divine source of revelation. But the 'Thoughts,' left incomplete and in disorder, do not persuade us, as Pascal intended, by close and consecutive argument and logical unity, so much as profoundly impress us by his wealth of powerful and illuminating ideas, the depth of his searching of the human heart, and the intense and passionate eloquence of his style. Few if any have given such poignant expression to the sense of disproportion between human powers and human aspirations, and of the combined grandeur and pettiness of human destiny. From all other such collections of 'Thoughts,' Pascal's stand pre-eminent for the intensity of the human emotion that vibrates through them.

*Arthur G. Craig.*

#### FROM THE 'THOUGHTS'

THE whole visible world is but an imperceptible speck in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. We may swell our conceptions beyond all imaginable space, yet bring forth only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, the centre of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. It is, in short, the greatest sensible mark of the almighty power of God; in that thought let imagination lose itself.

Then, returning to himself, let man consider his own being compared with all that is; let him regard himself as wandering in this remote province of nature; and from the little dungeon in which he finds himself lodged—I mean the universe—let him learn to set a true value on the earth, on its kingdoms, its cities, and on himself.

What is a man in the infinite? But to show him another prodigy no less astonishing, let him examine the most delicate things he knows. Let him take a mite, which in its minute body presents him with parts incomparably more minute; limbs with their joints, veins in the limbs, blood in the veins, humors in the blood, drops in the humors, vapors in the drops; let him, again dividing these last, exhaust his power of thought; let the last point at which he arrives be that of which we speak, and he will perhaps think that here is the extremest diminutive in nature. Then I will open before him therein a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all that he can conceive of nature's immensity in the inclosure of this diminished atom. Let him therein see an infinity of universes, of which each has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as in the visible world; in each earth animals, and at the last the mites, in which he will come upon all that was in the first, and still find in these others the same without end and without cessation; let him lose himself in wonders as astonishing in their minuteness as the others in their immensity; for who will not be amazed at seeing that our body, which before was imperceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the whole, is now a colossus, a world, a whole, in regard to the nothingness to which we cannot attain.

Whoso takes this survey of himself will be terrified at the thought that he is upheld in the material being given him by nature, between these two abysses of the infinite and nothing,—he will tremble at the sight of these marvels; and I think that as his curiosity changes into wonder, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to search into them with presumption.

For after all, what is man in nature? A nothing in regard to the infinite, a whole in regard to nothing, a mean between nothing and the whole; infinitely removed from understanding either extreme. The end of things and their beginnings are invincibly hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy; he is equally incapable



of seeing the nothing whence he was taken, and the infinite in which he is engulfed.

What shall he do then, but discern somewhat of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end? All things arise from nothing, and tend towards the infinite. Who can follow their marvelous course? The author of these wonders can understand them, and none but he.

WE THINK we are playing on ordinary organs when we play upon man. Men are organs indeed, but fantastic, changeable, and various, with pipes not arranged in due succession. Those who understand only how to play upon ordinary organs make no harmonies on these.

THE weather and my moods have little in common. I have my foggy and my fine days within me; whether my affairs go well or ill has little to do with the matter. I sometimes strive against my luck; the glory of subduing it makes me subdue it gayly, whereas I am sometimes wearied in the midst of my good luck.

THE spirit of this sovereign judge of the world—man—is not so independent but that it is liable to be troubled by the first disturbance about him. The noise of a cannon is not needed to break his train of thought, it need only be the creaking of a weathercock or a pulley. Do not be astonished if at this moment he argues incoherently: a fly is buzzing about his ears, and that is enough to render him incapable of sound judgment. Would you have him arrive at truth, drive away that creature which holds his reason in check, and troubles that powerful intellect which gives laws to towns and kingdoms. Here is a droll kind of god!

WHEN we are too young our judgment is at fault; so also when we are too old.

If we take not thought enough, or too much, on any matter, we are obstinate and infatuated.

He that considers his work so soon as it leaves his hands, is prejudiced in its favor; he that delays his survey too long, cannot regain the spirit of it.

So with pictures seen from too near or too far: there is but one precise point from which to look at them; all others are too

near or too far, too high or too low. Perspective determines that precise point in the art of painting. But who shall determine it in truth or morals?

It is not well to be too much at liberty. It is not well to have all we want.

NOTHING more astonishes me than to see that men are not astonished at their own weakness. They act seriously, and every one follows his own mode of life, not because it is as a fact good to follow, being the custom, but as if each man knew certainly where are reason and justice. They find themselves constantly deceived; and by an amusing humility always imagine that the fault is in themselves, and not in the art which all profess to understand. But it is well there are so many of this kind of people in the world, who are not skeptics for the glory of skepticism; to show that man is thoroughly capable of the most extravagant opinions, because he is capable of believing that his weakness is not natural and inevitable, but that on the contrary his wisdom comes by nature.

Nothing fortifies skepticism more than that there are some who are not skeptics. If all were so, they would be wrong.

CHANCE gives thoughts, and chance takes them away; there is no art for keeping or gaining them.

A thought has escaped me. I would write it down. I write instead, that it has escaped me.

THE nature of man is not always to go forward,—it has its advances and retreats. Fever has its hot and cold fits, and the cold proves as well as the hot how great is the force of the fever.

THE strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his occasional efforts, but by his ordinary life.

WE do not remain virtuous by our own power: but by the counterpoise of two opposite vices, we remain standing as between two contrary winds; take away one of these vices, we fall into the other.

It is not shameful to man to yield to pain, and it is shameful to yield to pleasure. This is not because pain comes from without us, while we seek pleasure; for we may seek pain, and yield



to it willingly, without this kind of baseness. How comes it then that reason finds it glorious in us to yield under the assaults of pain, and shameful to yield under the assaults of pleasure? It is because pain does not tempt and attract us. We ourselves choose it voluntarily, and will that it have dominion over us. We are thus masters of the situation, and so far man yields to himself; but in pleasure man yields to pleasure. Now only mastery and empire bring glory, and only slavery causes shame.

WHEN I have set myself now and then to consider the various distractions of men, the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves in the court or the camp, whence arise so many quarrels and passions, such daring and often such evil exploits, etc., I have discovered that all the misfortunes of men arise from one thing only, that they are unable to stay quietly in their own chamber. A man who has enough to live on, if he knew how to dwell with pleasure in his own home, would not leave it for seafaring or to besiege a city. An office in the army would not be bought so dearly, but that it seems insupportable not to stir from the town; and people only seek conversation and amusing games because they cannot remain with pleasure in their own homes.

But upon stricter examination, when, having found the cause of all our ills, I have sought to discover the reason of it, I have found one which is paramount: the natural evil of our weak and mortal condition, so miserable that nothing can console us when we think of it attentively.

Whatever condition we represent to ourselves, if we bring to our minds all the advantages it is possible to possess, royalty is the finest position in the world. Yet when we imagine a king surrounded with all the conditions which he can desire, if he be without diversion, and be allowed to consider and examine what he is, this feeble happiness will never sustain him; he will necessarily fall into a foreboding of maladies which threaten him, of revolutions which may arise, and lastly, of death and inevitable diseases: so that if he be without what is called diversion he is unhappy, and more unhappy than the humblest of his subjects who plays and diverts himself.

Hence it comes that play, and the society of women, war, and offices of State, are so sought after. Not that there is in these any real happiness, or that any imagine true bliss to consist in

the money won at play, or in the hare which is hunted: we would not have these as gifts. We do not seek an easy and peaceful lot, which leaves us free to think of our unhappy condition, nor the dangers of war, nor the troubles of statecraft, but seek rather the distraction which amuses us, and diverts our mind from these thoughts.

Hence it comes that men so love noise and movement; hence it comes that a prison is so horrible a punishment; hence it comes that the pleasure of solitude is a thing incomprehensible. And it is the great subject of happiness in the condition of kings, that all about them try incessantly to divert them, and to procure for them all manner of pleasures.

The king is surrounded by persons who think only how to divert the king, and to prevent his thinking of self. For he is unhappy, king though he be, if he think of self.

That is all that human ingenuity can do for human happiness. And those who philosophize on the matter, and think men unreasonable that they pass a whole day in hunting a hare which they would not have bought, scarce know our nature. The hare itself would not free us from the view of death and our miseries, but the chase of the hare does free us. Thus, when we make it a reproach that what they seek with such eagerness cannot satisfy them, if they answered—as on mature judgment they should do—that they sought in it only violent and impetuous occupation to turn their thoughts from self, and that therefore they made choice of an attractive object which charms and ardently attracts them, they would leave their adversaries without a reply. But they do not so answer, because they do not know themselves; they do not know they seek the chase and not the quarry.

They fancy that were they to gain such-and-such an office they would then rest with pleasure, and are unaware of the insatiable nature of their desire. They believe they are honestly seeking repose, but they are only seeking agitation.

They have a secret instinct prompting them to look for diversion and occupation from without, which arises from the sense of their continual pain. They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest, and not in turmoil. And of these two contrary instincts a confused project is formed within them, concealing itself from their sight in the depths of their soul, leading them to aim at rest through agitation, and always to



imagine that they will gain the satisfaction which as yet they have not, if by surmounting certain difficulties which now confront them, they may thereby open the door to rest.

Thus rolls all our life away. We seek repose by resistance to obstacles; and so soon as these are surmounted, repose becomes intolerable. For we think either on the miseries we feel or on those we fear. And even when we seem sheltered on all sides, weariness, of its own accord, will spring from the depths of the heart wherein are its natural roots, and fill the soul with its poison.

THE counsel given to Pyrrhus, to take the rest of which he was going in search through so many labors, was full of difficulties.

STRIFE alone pleases us, and not the victory. We like to see beasts fighting, not the victor furious over the vanquished. We wish only to see the victorious end, and as soon as it comes we are surfeited. It is the same in play, and in the search for truth. In all disputes we like to see the clash of opinions, but care not at all to contemplate truth when found. If we are to see truth with pleasure, we must see it arise out of conflict.

So in the passions: there is pleasure in seeing the shock of two contraries, but as soon as one gains the mastery it becomes mere brutality. We never seek things in themselves, but only the search for things. So on the stage: quiet scenes which raise no emotion are worthless; so is extreme and hopeless misery, so are brutal lust and excessive cruelty.

CÆSAR, as it seems to me, was too old to set about amusing himself with the conquest of the world. Such a pastime was good for Augustus or Alexander, who were still young men, and these are difficult to restrain; but Cæsar should have been more mature.

NOT from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

MAN is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to

crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well; for this is the starting-point of morals.

JUSTICE and truth are two such subtle points, that our instruments are too blunt to touch them accurately. If they attain the point, they cover it so completely that they rest more often on the wrong than the right.

OUR imagination so enlarges the present by dint of continually reflecting on it and so contracts eternity by never reflecting on it, that we make a nothing of eternity and an eternity of nothing; and all this has such living roots in us, that all our reason cannot suppress them.

WE ARE not content with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being: we wish to live an imaginary life in the idea of others, and to this end we strive to make a show. We labor incessantly to embellish and preserve this imaginary being, and we neglect the true. And if we have either calmness, generosity, or fidelity, we hasten to let it be known, that we may attach these virtues to that imaginary being; we would even part with them for this end, and gladly become cowards for the reputation of valor. It is a great mark of the nothingness of our own being that we are not satisfied with the one without the other, and that we often renounce one for the other. For he would be infamous who would not die to preserve his honor.

VANITY is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a camp-follower, a cook, a porter, makes his boasts, and is for having his admirers; even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it, yet desire the glory of having written well; those who read, desire the glory of having read; I who write this have maybe this desire, and perhaps those who will read it.

Whoever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is an



unknown quantity, and the effects are terrible. This unknown quantity, so small a matter that we cannot recognize it, moves a whole country, princes, armies, and all the world.

Cleopatra's nose—had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed.

ON WHAT shall man found the economy of the world which he would fain govern? If on the caprice of each man, all is confusion. If on justice, man is ignorant of it.

Certainly, had he known it, he would not have established the maxim, most general of all current among men, that every one must conform to the manners of his own country; the splendor of true equity would have brought all nations into subjection, and legislators would not have taken as their model the fancies and caprice of Persians and Germans instead of stable justice. We should have seen it established in all the States of the world, in all times; whereas now we see neither justice nor injustice which does not change its quality upon changing its climate. Three degrees of latitude reverse all jurisprudence, a meridian decides what is truth, fundamental laws change after a few years of possession, right has its epochs, the entrance of Saturn into the Lion marks for us the origin of such-and-such a crime. That is droll justice which is bounded by a stream! Truth on this side of the Pyrenees, error on that. . . .

Can there be anything more absurd than that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives across the water, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, although I have none with him?

THE most unreasonable things in the world become most reasonable because of the unruly lives of men. What is less reasonable than to choose the eldest son of a queen to guide a State? for we do not choose as steersman of a ship that one of the passengers who is of the best family. Such a law would be ridiculous and unjust; but since men are so themselves, and ever will be, it becomes reasonable and just. For would we choose the most virtuous and able, we at once fall to blows, since each asserts that he is the most virtuous and able. Let us then affix this quality to something which cannot be disputed. This man is the king's eldest son. That is clear, and there is no dispute. Reason can do no better, for civil war is the worst of evils.

MEN of unruly lives assert that they alone follow nature, while those who are orderly stray from her paths; as passengers in a ship think that those move who stand upon the shore. Both sides say the same thing. There must be a fixed point to enable us to judge. The harbor decides the question for those who are in the vessel; but where can we find the harbor in morals?

Do we follow the majority because they have more reason? No; but because they have more power.

THE way of the majority is the best way, because it is plain, and has power to make itself obeyed; yet it is the opinion of the least able.

It is necessary that men should be unequal. True; but that being granted, the door is open, not only to the greatest domination, but to the greatest tyranny.

It is necessary to relax the mind a little, but that opens the door to extreme dissipation.

We must mark the limits. There are no fixed boundaries in these matters; law wishes to impose them, but the mind will not bear them.

MINE, THINE.—“This is my dog,” say poor children; “that is my place in the sunshine.” Here is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of the whole earth.

Good birth is a great advantage; for it gives a man a chance at the age of eighteen, making him known and respected as an ordinary man is on his merits at fifty. Here are thirty years gained at a stroke.

How rightly do men distinguish by exterior rather than by interior qualities! Which of us twain shall take the lead? Who will give place to the other? The least able? But I am as able as he is. We should have to fight about that. He has four footmen, and I have but one; that is something which can be seen; there is nothing to do but to count; it is my place to yield, and I am a fool if I contest it. So by this means we remain at peace,—the greatest of all blessings.

WE CARE nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or



we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by without reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live; and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

OUR nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

GREAT men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions; but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

MAN is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such a one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics: he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my needs.

I FEEL that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite; but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

WE NEVER teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else; and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

I PUT it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is evident from the quarrels which arise from indiscreet reports made from time to time.

WERE we to dream the same thing every night, this would affect us as much as the objects we see every day; and were an artisan sure to dream every night, for twelve hours at a stretch, that he was a king, I think he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night for twelve hours at a stretch that he was an artisan.

Should we dream every night that we were pursued by enemies, and harassed by these painful phantoms, or that we were passing all our days in various occupations, as in traveling, we should suffer almost as much as if the dream were real, and should fear to sleep, as now we fear to wake when we expect in truth to enter on such misfortunes. And in fact, it would bring about nearly the same troubles as the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each single dream is diversified, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when awake, because that is continuous; not indeed so continuous and level as never to change, but the change is less abrupt,—except occasionally, as when we travel, and then we say, "I think I am dreaming," for life is but a little less inconstant dream.


WHEN it is said that heat is only the motion of certain molecules, and light the *conatus recedendi* which we feel, we are surprised. And shall we think that pleasure is but the buoyancy of our spirits? we have conceived so different an idea of it, and these sensations seem so removed from those others which we say are the same as those with which we compare them. The feeling of fire, the warmth which affects us in a manner wholly different from touch, the reception of sound and light,—all this seems to us mysterious, and yet it is as material as the blow of a stone. It is true that the minute spirits which enter into the pores touch different nerves, yet nerves are always touched.



## GIOVANNI PASCOLI

(1855-1912)

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

HEN Pascoli died, in 1912, Italy mourned as a nation her greatest lyric poet. The village of San Mauro in Romagna where he was born in 1855 and Castelvechio di Barga where his villa stands among the Tuscan hills contended for the honor of his burial, while the official orator on the Roman Capitoline and critics and journalists throughout the country proclaimed him the worthy successor to Carducci not only in the chair of poetry at Bologna but as a great humanist and poet who united the beauties of Latin classicism with the glories of modern Italy. He was called the «poet of the birds,» the «great poet who sang of little things,» the «lover of nature and humanity,» the «Saint Francis of modern times,» the «latest-born son of Vergil.» D'Annunzio pronounced him «the greatest and most original poet of Italy since Petrarch.» Certain of his critics — the Pascoliani — wrote as devotees. «He led us away,» said one of them, «from the sombre austerity of Carduccian art and the unrestrained exuberance of D'Annunzio into a world of unknown beauties where we heard the voices of the humblest things and questioned their mysteries and drew forth their secrets.» Among the anti-Pascoliani were those who condemned his over-simplicity — his use of dialects and his child-like repetition of the actual sounds of nature — and others who objected to his over-subtlety and refinement of style («Elegant verses, perhaps too elegant,» said Carducci), and to a certain vague, suggestive, often illusive quality of many of his poems, their lack of clear outlines and their obscurity.

One of his earlier critics, Dino Mantovani, commented upon the combination in Pascoli of the genuine rustic with the artist and scholar:—

«This solitary dreamer who knows all the life of the country, who listens to the conversations of birds and hears all the sounds that vibrate in the open air, is also an artist of exquisite perceptions and a skilled workman in the industry of style. When he writes he forgets the example of others and writes in his own way. But into that writing is distilled the innumerable precepts of a learned art governed by a delicate taste.»

Pascoli was called the son of Vergil not because he wrote Latin poems in the manner of the Georgics and won the international prize for Latin verse at Amsterdam no less than sixteen times but because,

when he invites his readers into the country, he makes the peasant life of Italy as close to the life of flocks and herds and bees and flowers as it was in Vergilian or Theocritean days. It is a country of rough, incessant toil, far removed from soft Arcadias. Yet the peasants love the beauty even while they bend under the labor of the country. They are near the invisible spirits of things. The bells bring them a thousand messages of joy or sorrow while «white dawn scatters the flocks over the fields» or «a star leads them clambering home.» Spirits come down from the mountain side at the twilight hour and join in their prayers for a blessing on their crops. The fountain talks to them in the shady valley. The grain and the vine sing to the old farmer, «I am thy life, I am thy joy.» One is never in remote solitudes in this poetry. The village street and church and market-place are never far away. The sounds of life are everywhere. Nature and man are working together for the same end.

But Pascoli did more than depict the country life of Italy and the peasants of «sunny Romagna.» Although he called his first volume (*Myricæ*) and himself the «lowly poet of the lowly myrtle» and his poems «The flutter of wings, the rustle of cypresses, the echo of bells,» he had a deep humanitarian purpose which sprang from his own experience. The tragedy of his childhood — the mysterious murder of his father which was the cause of his mother's death and the ruin of the family — became in his sensitive mind the crime that the cruelty of human nature is always inflicting upon the world, without which life would be all beautiful, even in sorrow and death. He sings of the affliction of his family many times. In (*Il Giorno dei Morti*) they utter their lamentations and prayers in the dark, stormy Campo Santo. As his grief becomes universalized, he sings (*Il Focolare*), in which masses of human creatures make their lonely way toward a single light in the darkness and arrive to find the fire is spent; and as they huddle together they learn the comfort of a common destiny. In a similar poem, two orphans have quarreled in the daylight, but in the darkness they draw together and fall asleep in each other's arms; and then the poet turns from the children and says:—

«O Man! think of the darkness of the unknown destiny that surrounds us, of the deep silence that reigns beyond the clashing of our wars. Only he that seeks out brothers in his fear errs not.»

What might have been bitterness is pity. Yet the poet suffered under a double weight, the memory of misfortune and a tormenting sense of the mystery of things.

«My soul hast thou tormented and my body  
With so great grief and pain that now at last  
Sweeter than any sweetness is oblivion.»



Nothing is more characteristic than the stanzas entitled, (Sapienza.)

«Climb high in thought the steep and lonely fastness  
Where nests the eagle and the mountain stream  
And stand remote mid solitude and vastness,  
O man of wisdom!

«Send far adown the obscure, unfathomed spaces  
Of the abyss thine eye's most piercing beam.  
Ever more near will draw what thine eye traces —  
Shadow and mystery.»

The child's unconscious intimacy with nature and alarm at a sudden blow are reflected in the philosopher's mind pondering the meaning of things and seeking for a cure. The philosopher finds the cure where the child instinctively seeks it, in nature — *madre dolcissima*, in whom the poet trusts. Often he searches out her lessons. Often he merely takes delight in what he sees or hears, as in the (Song of April):—

«A phantom you come  
And a mystery you go.  
Are you near? Are you far?  
For the pear-trees are bursting,  
The quince-trees are budding  
Anew.

«The bank is resounding  
With tomtits and finches;  
Are *you* there in the ash-trees?  
Is it you in the brushwood?  
A dream or a soul or a shadow —  
Is't you?

«I call you each year  
With a heart palpitating.  
You come and I smile;  
You depart, and you leave  
Only tears and my sorrow  
Renew.

«This year, ah, this year,  
A joy has come with you.  
Already I hear  
If my senses deceive not  
That echo of echoes.  
It is you I hear singing  
Cu-Cu!»

Often there is a very definite symbolism either suggested or expressed. (The Great Aspiration) represents the trees as struggling away from their roots in the earth toward the radiant liberty of the sun.

O trees enslaved, you turn and twist like one  
In desperation, spreading across the heavens  
The slow, imprisoned shadow of your limbs.

«Ah! had we wings instead of branches, feet  
Instead of ignorant, blindly groping roots!  
Your flowers seem to chant melodiously.

«And man, O trees, man, too, is a strange tree.  
He has, 'tis true, the power to move but naught  
Beside of all his longing. We, too, are slaves.  
Our vain dream is of flowers, yours of words.»

More often than literal description or definite symbolism Pascoli's poetry conveys a mystical feeling or a weird suggestiveness, as in the terza rima poem, (In the Mist.)

I looked into the valley. Every form  
Was lost, immersed in a vast level main  
Waveless and shoreless, gray and uniform.

«No sound emerged from out the misty plain  
Save wild thin voices crying on the air  
Of lost birds wand'ring through the world in vain.

«In the dim sky above I was aware  
Of skeletons of trees and shadows drear  
Of hermit solitudes suspended there

«And shades of ancient ruins. I could hear  
A distant bay of hounds, and, down below,  
A sound of footsteps neither far nor near.

«Footsteps that echoed neither fast nor slow  
Eternally. No form could I discover  
Of living creature moving to and fro.

«The skeletons of trees were asking: (Never  
Will he arrive?) The ruins seemed to say:  
(And who art thou that roamest thus forever?)

«And then I saw a shadow wandering alway  
And bearing on its head a burden. Again  
I looked and it had vanished away.

«Only the unquiet birds calling in vain  
And distant baying hounds I seemed to hear  
And ever through the waveless, shoreless main

«Echoes of footsteps neither far nor near.»

Pascoli's faith is in nature and reality. Yet he is not concerned with the poetry of sight and touch alone. His (Hermit) says, «The shadow of things is darkness for him who would see. The shadow of



dreams is grateful shade for weary eyes.» And Alexander the Great halts in the midst of mighty deeds and says:—

«O azure-tinted mountains! and you, too,  
O rivers! blue as skies and seas are blue;  
Better it were to stand by you and dream  
Nor look beyond.  
Dream is the infinite shadow of the true.»

Having early learned that the fruits of life are bitter, Pascoli could not fail to find that its flowers are sweet. As the black regrets are softened the sentiment of universal pity more and more predominates, whether his subjects are chosen from classical mythology or from contemporary life. One of the poems most widely known in Italy, (In the Prison of Geneva,) represents the father of that anarchist who assassinated Elizabeth of Austria, Lucheni by name, as coming back from the grave and entering his son's cell and speaking to him. He tells him that perhaps the crime is his, the father's, and not the child's. For the child was an outcast from home and country. And yet, outcast as he was, as long as he was innocent he shared the noble fate of suffering humanity. Only when he stained his hands with blood did he discard his human heritage and throw in his lot with beasts. (From the abode of Death,) he tells him,

«from that supremest height of truth — one sees no high nor low nor rich nor poor, no kings nor subjects, but only a swarm of ant-like creatures crawling through the plain and sending up a wail of misery. In such a world, where all are but shadows of brief flight, hatred is folly and stupidity. Pity is what man owes to man, pity for kings, pity for you, Lucheni.»

As Pascoli's vision was enlarged his aim was nothing less than to «enclose the turbid universe in lucid words.» No detail was too small, no theme too difficult. He sang of the faithful broom and of the myriads of suns to be destroyed by the slow snows of eternity; of the duck on the shining pond and of popes and kings, of Homer and Alexander. Every subject is treated in the mood of one who has «dipped his hands in the river of sorrow.» Even his ancient heroes are transferred into a modern atmosphere of sentimental tenderness. In (The Blind Bard of Chios,) the aged Homer speaks to the young girl who leads him:—

«O Delias! O thou slender branch of palm  
At lofty Cynthus feet, close by the stream  
Of singing Anapus, O child of Palma!  
What gift of mine can bring thy heart delight?  
For thou didst shake thy locks indifferently  
When young men sought thee, and didst turn from them  
To find thy joy even in this gray old man  
Whose strength recedes while his desire advances.

Him hast thou led beside thine own light footsteps  
 To cool and shady lawns and to soft beds  
 Of murmuring leaves in midst of sounding pines  
 Whose rustle as of freshening summer rain  
 Is mingled with the music of the sea.  
 Nor couldst thou all conceal thy beauty from him —  
 Thy beauty seen of none but him, a blind man,  
 And the silent, solitary halcyons.  
 What gift of mine, O Delias, ere I go  
 Whithersoever the black ship shall bear me —  
 What gift of mine can gladden thy young heart?  
 For I have nothing left in all the world  
 Except mine ancient torn and empty wallet  
 And this mine ivory lyre. The gift of song  
 Has yielded nought for all my labor save  
 A flowing cup of wine, a morsel of fat  
 Boar's flesh and, when the song I sing is ended,  
 A long, long echo of joy within my soul.»

Pascoli's fellow-countrymen like to remember that he wrote his latest words in praise of a greater Italy — he who had once been a socialist and in prison. His address to the soldiers of the Tripoli campaign and the hymns that he read in Rome and Turin at the celebration of fifty years of Italian unity received popular applause. But there was no change in his purpose which was always the humanizing of men by opening their eyes to beauty. His four volumes of Dante criticism have enlarged the place he holds in Italian letters. A few essays, especially (*La Ginestra*,) have formulated with delicate art his favorite ideas. But his fame will rest upon the «poetry of earth» in his six large volumes of lyrics. Whatever its faults, his poetry never fails to convey the sense of a close, an almost mystical union between nature and man. Sometimes it spins too fine a thread of symbolism. Sometimes it rises to the simple dignity of noble verse. It springs from a genuine poetic impulse. However finely wrought, it has the clearness of sincerity. The lines in which the Spirit of Poetry speaks indicate the poet's aim and the nature of his achievement:—

«I am the lamp that burneth tranquilly  
 In thy darkest and loneliest hours,  
 In the saddest and heaviest shadows.  
 The gleam of my pure ray shineth  
 Afar on the wanderer treading  
 By night with a heart that is weeping  
 The pallid pathway of life.  
 He stops, and anon he beholdeth  
 The gleam of my light in his soul.  
 He takes up again his dark journey  
 And lo! he is singing.»

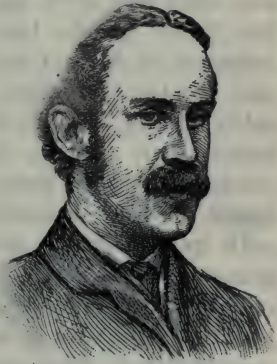


## WALTER PATER

(1839-1894)

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

**T**HE functions of criticism are of necessity didactic, not creative; analytical, not synthetic. Yet from time to time critics reveal themselves who vivify their presumably crystallized work with profoundly imaginative thought. Walter Pater is one of these inspirers of criticism. He holds a unique position among English essayists of the nineteenth century by reason of his refinement of vision; of his power of expressing what he saw in language of exquisite rectitude; of the suggestive philosophy which underlies his criticisms, whether they be of Greek art, or of English poets, or of the Italian Renaissance. He is an artist-critic in the sense that he looks upon life with the discrimination of the poet, not of the scientist. He is a creator in the sense that he gives to tradition the freshness of immediate revelation. His essays on Botticelli, on Leonardo, on 'Measure for Measure,' throw sudden, vivid light on apparently smooth surfaces of long-accepted fact, revealing delicate and intricate beauties.



WALTER PATER

Pater's philosophy of the beautiful in art and life is intrinsically a compiled philosophy, but it becomes original in its application. The old Spartan ideal of temperance in every affair of life becomes for him the governing principle in the manifestations of art. He emphasizes again and again the value of the asceticism inherent in all great art products, a Greek asceticism which is but another word for harmony and proportion. To him the life of the artist resolves itself into a Great Refusal: whether it is that of the patient Raphael, steadfastly purposing that he will not offend; or of Michelangelo, subduing his passion to the requirements of the passionless sonnet; or of the Greek athlete, with his superb conception of physical economy; or whether it is the asceticism of the stylist who rejects all words, however tempting, which will not render him exquisite service.

"Self-restraint, a skillful economy of means, *ascēsis*, that too has a beauty of its own."

This self-conscious modern application of an essentially Greek ideal, inborn in Pater, was further developed by his educational influences. Walter Horatio Pater was born August 4th, 1839, of a family originally from Holland, but long resident in England. In 1858 he entered Queen's College, Oxford. At this time England's period of romanticism had already found brilliant expression in the paintings and poems of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Modern mysticism had attained its apotheosis in 'The Blessed Damozel.' It was a mysticism clearly intelligible to the sensuous soul of Pater, who, though dominated by the Greek ideal, retained always his love of flesh, half revealing, half concealing the elusive spirit. His essays on Sandro Botticelli, on Luca della Robbia, on 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' witness to this love of the mediæval incapacity for distinguishing soul from body; the Dantesque belief that they are one, and must fare forth together even into the shadowy ways of eternity. But Pater by the law of his development passed from under the influence of Ruskin and Rossetti into the influence of Winckelmann and Goethe. Goethe's problem "Can the blitheness and universality of the antique ideal be communicated to artistic productions which shall contain the fullness of the experience of the modern world?" became Pater's problem, which he, essentially a modern, found difficult of solution. "Certainly for us of the modern world, with its conflicting claims, its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, so many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience, the problem of unity within ourselves, in blitheness and repose, is far harder than it was for the Greek within the simple terms of antique life." This passage from his essay on Winckelmann is the keynote of Pater's world-weariness, as it is of all who strive to build up Greek serenity on modern experiences. Goethe succeeded in uniting the Romantic with the Hellenic spirit by the fusing power of his genius. Pater, being a critic, not a creator, could not always reconcile the conditions of nineteenth-century life with the temper of Greece.

His works exhibit a hunger for perfection which was the fruit of a passionate admiration of Greek form, and of the spirit which it embodied,—the rational, chastened, debonair spirit of the daylight. Because the maladies of the soul were not unknown to him, this critic and lover of the great past placed an almost exaggerated value upon that unperplexed serenity which perished with young Athens. Heiterkeit and Allgemeinheit (Blitheness and Universality)! are they possible to the complex modern, troubled about many things? At least he can attain to them approximately through his



productions, if he be an artist. So Walter Pater recovers the Greek spirit in scrupulous, restrained workmanship, in devotion to form for its own sake. In his Greek studies, in his Plato and Platonism, in his essay on Winckelmann,—throughout his writings, indeed,—this practice toward perfection receives emphasis. It is not that of the Christian art “always struggling to express thoughts beyond itself”; but it is a self-controlled pagan practice, satisfied with the tangible goal of an art which suggests nothing beyond its own victorious fairness.

This devotion to the poise of Greek art and life, to the significant indifference which precludes blind enthusiasm and therefore inadequate workmanship, is blended in Pater with a love of those delicate transitional periods of growth and experience in the lives of nations and of men. The ‘Studies of the Renaissance’ are chiefly concerned with the revelations of its dawn. The ‘Imaginary Portraits’ are of youths who have not yet surrendered to custom their freshness, their bland originality. Pater had the Greek love of youth, and of its characteristics, so precious because so fleeting. These characteristics agree best with his philosophy. Youth loves experience; and to Pater, not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. Youth is not habit-bound, and “our failure is to form habits; for after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world.” So he draws Marius, whose young years accumulate experiences but pass no judgments, and the Child in the House, and Emerald Uthwart dead before his life had crystallized, and Gaston de Latour in the transitional environment of the Renaissance, and Hyacinth slain in the freshness of his beauty, and Sebastian van Storck escaping from life with passionate haste that he may find refuge in the eternal. These youths are on a mental pilgrimage, whose goal they never reach. The most famous of them, Marius the Epicurean, seems the embodiment of Pater’s peculiar philosophy, his love of training, of asceticism in the Greek sense; his appreciation of the value of the transitional. The spiritual journey of Marius is indicated through wonderful chapter after chapter of a novel without a plot. This young Roman lives his chastened, thoughtful, expectant life against the background of the Empire of Marcus Aurelius; enjoying its vivid, varicolored scenery in the detached spirit of the artist; turning always with a sense of relief from the garish show to the gray realms of philosophic thought. The Emperor himself is the second hero of the book, portrayed effectively as the philosopher king who might have ruled Plato’s Republic. Like Marius, he too is a mental wayfarer, who refuses the comforts of the wayside Inn for the sake of the intangible Goal. Marius dies young, with the vision of the City of God still far in the bleak distance; yet with the hope of a mind naturally

Christian, that on his love for others his soul may assuredly rest and depend.

The pathos of mortality seems to Pater to embody itself in this craving of Marius, and of his kin in every age, for the personal and the definite: in their refusal to accept, despite this craving, the anthropomorphic gods of the multitude, lest they should miss a rarer divinity. "We too desire," said Lucian, the friend of Marius, "not a fair one, but the fairest of all; unless we find him we shall think that we have failed."

To Pater, viewing this life and its phenomena in the Heraclitean spirit, yet always with the half-suppressed longing for the Fixed, the Absolute, orthodoxy is but a retardation of progress; conviction and certitude are alike numbing to the soul of man. He extracts most from life who passes through it with a kind of divine indifference, handling all things as though they were not; yet absorbing the fine essence of each experience because it is transitory. "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

Of Pater's style much has been said in praise and detraction. It expresses his hunger for perfection in its extreme polish, its elaborate form, its verbal nicety. But it is never spontaneous, and its art is sometimes artifice. Its merits are perhaps too evident to make of it a great style. Yet it will always witness to the value of patience and of conscientiousness in the handling of words: furthermore, it is an effective key to the otherwise shadowy personality of Pater; to the complex nature, tinged with morbidness, in which end-of-the-century passions broke in upon classic, perhaps pseudo-classic calm.

Walter Pater died July 30th, 1894, at Oxford; where, as a Fellow of Brasenose College, he had spent the greater portion of his uneventful life. His influence may not be far-reaching in the future; but as he himself said of Rossetti, his works will always appeal with power to a special and limited audience.

*Anna McQuere Skoll*



## WHITE-NIGHTS

From 'Marius, the Epicurean'

TO AN instinctive seriousness, the material abode in which the childhood of Marius was passed had largely added. Nothing, you felt, as you first caught sight of that coy, retired place,—surely nothing could happen there without its full accompaniment of thought or revery. *White-nights!*—so you might interpret its old Latin name. "The red rose came first," says a quaint German mystic, speaking of "the mystery of so-called *white* things" as being "ever an after-thought,—the doubles, or seconds, of real things, and themselves but half real or material: the white queen—the white witch—the white mass, which, as the black mass is a travesty of the true mass turned to evil by horrible old witches, is celebrated by young candidates for the priesthood, with an unconsecrated host, by way of rehearsal." So white-nights, I suppose, after something like the same analogy, should be nights not passed in quite blank forgetfulness, but those which we pass in continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep. Certainly the place was, in such case, true to its fanciful name in this,—that you might very well conceive, in the face of it, that dreaming, even in the daytime, might come to much there.

The young Marius represented an ancient family, whose estate had come down to him much curtailed through the extravagance of a certain Marcellus two generations before, a favorite in his day of the fashionable world at Rome, where he had at least spent his substance with a correctness of taste which Marius might seem to have inherited from him; as he was believed also to resemble him in a singularly pleasant smile, consistent however, in the younger face, with some degree of sombre expression when the mind within was but slightly moved.

As the means of life decreased, the farm had crept nearer and nearer to the dwelling-house, about which there was therefore a trace of workday negligence or homeliness, not without its picturesque charm for some,—for the young master himself among them. The more observant passer-by would note, curious as to the inmates, a certain amount of dainty care amid that neglect, as if it came in part, perhaps, from a reluctance to disturb old associations. It was significant of the national character, that a sort of elegant *gentleman-farming*, as we say, was much affected

by some of the most cultivated Romans. But it was something more than an elegant diversion, something more of a serious business, with the household of Marius; and his actual interest in the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks had brought him, at least, intimately near to those elementary conditions of life, a reverence for which the great Roman poet, as he has shown by his own half-mystic preoccupation with them, held to be the ground of primitive Roman religion, as of primitive morals. But then farm life in Italy, including the culture of the vine and the olive, has a peculiar grace of its own, and might well contribute to the production of an ideal dignity of character, like that of nature itself in this gifted region. Vulgarity seemed impossible. The place, though impoverished, was still deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for to-day.

It had been then a part of the struggling family pride of the lad's father to hold by those ceremonial traditions, to which the example of the head of the State, old Antoninus Pius,—an example to be still further enforced by his successor,—had given a fresh though perhaps somewhat artificial popularity. It was consistent with many another homely and old-fashioned trait in him, not to undervalue the charm of exclusiveness and immemorial authority, which membership in a local priestly college, hereditary in his house, conferred upon him. To set a real value on those things was but one element in that pious concern for his home and all that belonged to it, which, as Marius afterwards discovered, had been a strong motive with his father. The ancient hymn—*Jana Novella!*—was still sung by his people, as the new moon grew bright in the west; and even their wild custom of leaping through heaps of blazing straw on a certain night in summer was not discouraged. Even the privilege of augury, according to one tradition, had at one time belonged to his race; and if you can imagine how, once in a way, an impressible boy might have an *inkling*, an inward mystic intimation, of the meaning and consequences of all that,—what was implied in it becoming explicit for him,—you conceive aright the mind of Marius, in whose house the auspices were still carefully consulted before every undertaking of moment.

The devotion of the father, then, had handed on loyally—and that is all many not unimportant persons ever find to do—a certain tradition of life, which came to mean much for the young



Marius. It was with a feeling almost exclusively of awe that he thought of his dead father; though at times, indeed, with a not unpleasant sense of liberty,—as he could but confess to himself, pondering, in the actual absence of so weighty and continual a restraint, upon the arbitrary power which Roman religion and Roman law gave to the parent over his son. On the part of his mother, on the other hand, entertaining the husband's memory, there was a sustained freshness of regret; together with the recognition, as Marius fancied, of some costly self-sacrifice, to be credited to the dead. The life of the widow, languid and shadowy enough but for the poignancy of that regret, was like one long service to the departed soul; its many annual observances centring about the funeral urn—a tiny, delicately carved marble house, still white and fresh—in the family chapel, wreathed always with the richest flowers from the garden: the dead, in those country places, being allowed a somewhat closer neighborhood to the old homes they were supposed still to protect, than is usual with us, or was usual in Rome itself,—a closeness which, so diverse are the ways of human sentiment, the living welcomed, and in which the more wealthy, at least in the country, might indulge themselves. All that, Marius followed with a devout interest, sincerely touched and awed by his mother's sorrow. After the deification of the emperors, we are told, it was considered impious so much as to use any coarse expression in the presence of their images. To Marius the whole of life seemed full of sacred presences, demanding of him a similar collectedness. The severe and archaic religion of the villa, as he conceived it, begot in him a sort of devout circumspection, lest he should fall short at any point of the demand upon him of anything in which deity was concerned: he must satisfy, with a kind of sacred equity, he must be very cautious not to be wanting to, the claims of others, in their joys and calamities,—the happiness which deity sanctioned, or the blows in which it made itself felt. And from habit, this feeling of a responsibility towards the world of men and things, towards a claim for due sentiment concerning them on his side, came to be a part of his nature not to be put off. It kept him serious and dignified amid the Epicurean speculations which in after years much engrossed him, when he had learned to think of all religions as indifferent; serious, among many fopperies, and through many languid days: and made him anticipate all his life long, as a thing towards which he must carefully train himself,

some great occasion of self-devotion like that which really came, which should consecrate his life, and it might be the memory of it among others; as the early Christian looked forward to martyrdom at the end of his course, as a seal of worth upon it.

The traveler, descending from the slopes of Luna, even as he got his first view of the Port-of-Venus, would pause by the way to read the face, as it were, of so beautiful a dwelling-place, lying well away from the white road, at the point where it began to decline somewhat steeply to the marsh-land below. The building of pale red and yellow marble, mellowed by age, which he saw beyond the gates, was indeed but the exquisite fragment of a once large and sumptuous villa. Two centuries of the play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles. Here and there the marble plates had slipped from their places, where the delicate weeds had forced their way. The graceful wildness which prevailed in garden and farm gave place to a singular nicety about the actual habitation, and a still more scrupulous sweetness and order reigned within. The old Roman architects seem to have well understood the decorative value of the floor—the real economy there was, in the production of rich interior effect, of a somewhat lavish expenditure upon the surface they trod on. The pavement of the hall had lost something of its evenness; but though a little rough to the foot, polished and cared for like a piece of silver, looked, as mosaic-work is apt to do, its best in old age. Most noticeable among the ancestral masks, each in its little cedar chest below the cornice, was that of the wasteful but elegant Marcellus, with the quaint resemblance in its yellow waxen features to Marius, just then so full of animation and country color. A chamber, curved ingeniously into oval form, which he had added to the mansion, still contained his collection of works of art; above all, the head of Medusa, for which the villa was famous. The spoilers of one of the old Greek towns on the coast had flung away or lost the thing, as it seemed, in some rapid flight across the river below, from the sands of which it had been drawn up in a fisherman's net, with the fine golden *laminae* still clinging here and there to the bronze. It was Marcellus also who had contrived the prospect tower of two stories, with the white pigeon-house above it, so characteristic of the place. The little glazed windows in the uppermost chamber framed each its dainty landscape: the pallid crags of



Carrara, like wildly twisted snowdrifts above the purple heath; the distant harbor with its freight of white marble going to sea; the lighthouse temple of *Venus Speciosa* on its dark headland, amid the long-drawn curves of white breakers. Even on summer nights the air there had always a motion in it, and drove the scent of the new-mown hay along all the passages of the house.

Something pensive, spell-bound,—and as but half real, something cloistral or monastic, as we should say,—united to that exquisite order, made the whole place seem to Marius, as it were, (*sacellum*) the peculiar sanctuary of his mother, who still in real widowhood provided the deceased Marius the elder with that secondary sort of life which we can give to the dead, in our intensely realized memory of them; the “subjective immortality,” as some now call it, for which many a Roman epitaph cries out plaintively to widow or sister or daughter, still alive in the land of the living. Certainly, if any such considerations regarding them do reach the shadowy people, he enjoyed that secondary existence,—that warm place still left, in thought at least, beside the living,—the desire for which is actually, in various forms, so great a motive with most of us. And Marius the younger, even thus early, came to think of women’s tears, of women’s hands to lay one to rest, in death as in the sleep of childhood, as a sort of natural want. The soft lines of the white hands and face, set among the many folds of the veil and stole of the Roman widow, busy upon her needle-work, or with music sometimes, defined themselves for him as the typical expression of maternity. Helping her with her white and purple wools, and caring for her musical instruments, he won, as if from the handling of such things, an urbane and feminine refinement, qualifying the freshness of his country-grown habits,—the sense of a certain delicate blandness, which he relished, above all, on returning to the “chapel” of his mother, after long days of open-air exercise, in winter or stormy summer. For poetic souls in old Italy felt, hardly less strongly than the English, the pleasures of winter; of the hearth, with the very dead warm in its generous heat, keeping the young myrtles in flower, though the hail is beating hard without. One important principle, of fruit afterwards in his Roman life, that relish for the country fixed deeply in him; in the winters especially, when the sufferings of the animal world come so palpably before even the least observant. It fixed in

him a sympathy for all creatures; for the almost human sicknesses and troubles of the flocks, for instance. It was a feeling which had in it something of religious veneration for life, as such,—for that mysterious essence which man is powerless to create in even the feeblest degree. One by one, at the desire of his mother, the lad broke down his cherished traps and springes for the hungry wild birds on the salt-marsh. A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hands of his good genius on the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled? And as his mother became to him the very type of maternity in things,—its unfailing pity and protectiveness,—and maternity itself the central type of all love, so that beautiful dwelling-place gave singular reality and concreteness to a peculiar ideal of home, which through all the rest of his life he seemed, amid many distractions of spirit, to be ever seeking to regain.

And a certain vague fear of evil, constitutional in him, enhanced still further that sentiment of home, as a place of tried security. His religion, that old Italian religion, in contrast with the really light-hearted religion of Greece, had its deep undercurrent of gloom, its sad, haunting imageries, not exclusively confined to the walls of Etrurian tombs. The function of the conscience, not always as the prompter of a gratitude for benefits received, but oftenest as his accuser before those angry heavenly masters, had a large place in it; and the sense of some unexplored evil ever dogging his footsteps made him oddly suspicious of particular places and persons. . . .

Thus the boyhood of Marius passed; on the whole more given to contemplation than to action. Less prosperous in fortune than at an earlier day there had been reason to expect, and animating his solitude, as he read eagerly and intelligently, with the traditions of the past, he lived much already in the realm of the imagination, and became betimes, as he was to continue all through life, something of an idealist; constructing the world for himself in great measure from within, by the exercise of meditative power. A vein of subjective philosophy, with the individual for its measure of all things, there was to be always in his intellectual scheme of the world and of conduct, with a certain incapacity wholly to accept other men's values of things. And the generation of this peculiar element in his temper he



could trace up to the days when his life had been so like the reading of a romance to him. Had the Romans a word for *unworldly*? The beautiful word *umbratilis* comes nearest to it, perhaps; and in that precise sense, might describe the spirit in which he prepared himself for the sacerdotal function hereditary in his family,—the sort of mystic enjoyment he had in the abstinence, the strenuous self-control and *ascēsis*, which such preparation involved. Like the young Ion in the beautiful opening of the play of Euripides, who every morning sweeps the temple floor with such a fund of cheerfulness in his service, he was apt to be happy in sacred places, with a susceptibility to their peculiar influences which he never outgrew; so that often in after-times, quite unexpectedly, this feeling would revive in him, still fresh and strong. That first, early, boyish ideal of priesthood, the sense of dedication, survived through all the distraction of the world,—when all thought of such vocations had finally passed from him,—as a ministry, in spirit at least, towards a sort of hieratic beauty and orderliness in the conduct of life. And now what relieved in part this over-tension of soul was the lad's pleasure in the country and the open air; above all, the ramble to the coast, over the marsh with the dwarf roses and wild lavender, and the delightful signs, one after another,—the abandoned boat, the ruined flood-gates, the flock of wild birds,—that one was approaching the sea; the long summer day of idleness among its vague scents and sounds. And it was characteristic of him that he relished especially the grave, subdued, northern notes in all that; the charm of the French or English notes, as we might term them, in the luxuriant Italian landscape.

## THE CLASSIC AND THE ROMANTIC IN LITERATURE

A Postscript in 'Appreciations'

*αἰνεῖ δὲ παλαιὸν μὲν οἶνον, ἄνθεα δ' ἡμῶν νεωτέρων\**

THE words *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between

\*"In wine 'tis the age we praise,  
But the fresher bloom in lays."

those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that *House Beautiful* which the creative minds of all generations—the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together for the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the *Interpreter* of the *House Beautiful*, the true æsthetic critic, uses these divisions only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term *classical*, fixed as it is to a well-defined literature and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new,—by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old; who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it,—people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame.

And as the term *classical* has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term *romantic* has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this: that in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë,—the romance of 'Wuthering Heights'; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliff tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death,—figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of 'Sidonia the Sorceress' and the 'Amber-Witch.' In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers: and consequently, when Heinë criticizes the *Romantic School* in Germany,—that movement which culminated in Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen'; or when Théophile Gautier



criticizes the romantic movement in France,—where indeed it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over; where, by a certain audacity, or *bizarrierie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature;—they use the word with an exact sense of special artistic qualities, indeed; but use it nevertheless with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is in reality an ever present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

Though the words *classical* and *romantic*, then, have acquired an almost technical meaning in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists; between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty and authority respectively,—of strength, and order or what the Greeks called *κοσμιότης*.

Sainte-Beuve, in the third volume of the 'Causeries du Lundi,' has discussed the question, "What is meant by a classic?" It was a question he was well fitted to answer, having himself lived through many phases of taste, and having been in earlier life an enthusiastic member of the romantic school; he was also a great master of that sort of "philosophy of literature" which delights in tracing traditions in it, and the way in which various phases of thought and sentiment maintain themselves, through successive modifications, from epoch to epoch. His aim, then, is to give the word *classic* a wider, and as he says, a more generous sense than it commonly bears; to make it expressly *grandiose et flottant*: and in doing this, he develops, in a masterly manner, those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature—whatever meaning, narrower or wider, we attach to the term—to take care.

The charm, therefore, of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless

listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "*Romanticism*," says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; *classicism*, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion—of music—which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillize us. The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess indeed in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty, that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity, and the desire of beauty, have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical properties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them; to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany; not to distinguish jealously enough between what is admirably done, and what is done not quite so well,—in the writings, for instance, of Jean Paul. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then



I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity,—so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But however falsely those two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art; molding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other; generating, respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great over-balance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art; if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty, the romantic spirit refuses to have it unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all: the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that. “Énergique, frais, et dispos”—these, according to Sainte-Beuve, are the characteristics of a genuine classic: “les ouvrages anciens ne sont pas classiques parce qu’ils sont vieux, mais parce qu’ils sont énergiques, frais, et dispos.” Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition,—these are characteristics of Victor Hugo when his alchemy is complete: in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette; in certain scenes, like that in the opening of ‘*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*,’ where Déruchette writes the name of *Gilliatt* in the snow, on Christmas morning: but always there is a certain note of strangeness discernible there, as well.

The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of

these qualities that it seeks the Middle Age, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Age, there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote.

Few, probably, now read Madame de Staël's 'De l'Allemagne,' though it has its interest,—the interest which never quite fades out of work really touched with the enthusiasm of the spiritual adventurer, the pioneer in culture. It was published in 1810, to introduce to French readers a new school of writers—the romantic school, from beyond the Rhine; and it was followed, twenty-three years later, by Heine's 'Romantische Schule,' as at once a supplement and a correction. Both these books, then, connect romanticism with Germany, with the names especially of Goethe and Tieck; and to many English readers, the idea of romanticism is still inseparably connected with Germany—that Germany which, in its quaint old towns, under the spire of Strassburg or the towers of Heidelberg, was always listening in rapt inaction to the melodious, fascinating voices of the Middle Age, and which, now that it has got Strassburg back again, has, I suppose, almost ceased to exist. But neither Germany with its Goethe and Tieck, nor England with its Byron and Scott, is nearly so representative of the romantic temper as France, with Murger and Gautier and Victor Hugo. It is in French literature that its most characteristic expression is to be found; and that, as most closely derivative, historically, from such peculiar conditions as ever reinforce it to the utmost.

For although temperament has much to do with the generation of the romantic spirit, and although this spirit, with its curiosity, its thirst for a curious beauty, may be always traceable in excellent art (traceable even in Sophocles),—yet still, in a limited sense, it may be said to be a product of special epochs. Outbreaks of this spirit, that is, come naturally with particular periods: times when, in men's approaches towards art and poetry, curiosity may be noticed to take the lead; when men come to art and poetry with a deep thirst for intellectual excitement, after a long *ennui*, or in reaction against the strain of outward, practical things: in the later Middle Age, for instance; so that mediæval poetry, centring in Dante, is often opposed to Greek and Roman poetry, as romantic poetry to the classical. What the romanticism of Dante is, may be estimated, if we compare the lines in which Virgil describes the hazel-wood, from whose broken twigs flows



the blood of Polydorus,—not without the expression of a real shudder at the ghastly incident,—with the whole canto of the ‘Inferno,’ into which Dante has expanded them, beautifying and softening it, meanwhile, by a sentiment of profound pity. And it is especially in that period of intellectual disturbance immediately preceding Dante, amid which the Romance languages define themselves at last, that this temper is manifested. Here, in the literature of Provence, the very name of *romanticism* is stamped with its true signification: here we have indeed a romantic world, grotesque even, in the strength of its passions, almost insane in its curious expression of them, drawing all things into its sphere, making the birds—nay, lifeless things—its voices and messengers; yet so penetrated with the desire for beauty and sweetness that it begets a wholly new species of poetry, in which the *Renaissance* may be said to begin. The last century was pre-eminently a classical age; an age in which, for art and literature, the element of a comely order was in the ascendant; which, passing away, left a hard battle to be fought between the classical and the romantic schools. Yet it is in the heart of this century of Goldsmith and Stothard, of Watteau and the ‘Siècle de Louis XIV.,’—in one of its central, if not most characteristic figures, in Rousseau,—that the modern or French romanticism really originates. But what in the eighteenth century is but an exceptional phenomenon, breaking through its fair reserve and discretion only at rare intervals, is the habitual guise of the nineteenth: breaking through it perpetually, with a feverishness, an incomprehensible straining and excitement, which all experience to some degree, but yearning also, in the genuine children of the romantic school, to be *énergique, frais, et dispos*,—for those qualities of energy, freshness, comely order; and often, in Murger, in Gautier, in Victor Hugo, for instance, with singular felicity attaining them.

It is in the terrible tragedy of Rousseau, in fact, that French romanticism, with much else, begins: reading his ‘Confessions,’ we seem actually to assist at the birth of this new, strong spirit in the French mind. The wildness which has shocked so many, and the fascination which has influenced almost every one, in the squalid yet eloquent figure, we see and hear so clearly in that book, wandering under the apple blossoms and among the vines of Neuchâtel or Vevey, actually give it the quality of a very successful romantic invention. His strangeness or distortion, his

profound subjectivity, his passionateness,—the *cor laceratum*,—Rousseau makes all men in love with these. “Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j’ai sus. Mais si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins je suis autre.” (I am not made like any one else I have ever known. Yet, if I am not better, at least I am different.) These words, from the first page of the ‘Confessions,’ anticipate all the Werthers, Renés, Obermanns, of the last hundred years. For Rousseau did but anticipate a trouble in the spirit of the whole world; and thirty years afterwards, what in him was a peculiarity, became part of the general consciousness. A storm was coming: Rousseau with others felt it in the air, and they helped to bring it down; they introduced a disturbing element into French literature, then so trim and formal, like our own literature of the age of Queen Anne.

In 1815 the storm had come and gone, but had left, in the spirit of “young France,” the *ennui* of an immense disillusion. In the last chapter of Edgar Quinet’s ‘Révolution Française,’ a work itself full of irony, of disillusion, he distinguishes two books, Senancour’s ‘Obermann’ and Châteaubriand’s ‘Génie du Christianisme,’ as characteristic of the first decade of the present century. In those two books we detect already the disease and the cure: in ‘Obermann’ the irony, refined into a plaintive philosophy of “indifference”; in Châteaubriand’s ‘Génie du Christianisme,’ the refuge from a tarnished actual present, a present of disillusion, into a world of strength and beauty in the Middle Age, as at an earlier period—in ‘René’ and ‘Atala’—into the free play of them in savage life. It is to minds in this spiritual situation, weary of the present, but yearning for the spectacle of beauty and strength, that the works of French romanticism appeal. They set a positive value on the intense, the exceptional: and a certain distortion is sometimes noticeable in them, as in conceptions like Victor Hugo’s Quasimodo or Gwynplaine,—something of a terrible grotesque, of the *macabre*, as the French themselves call it; though always combined with perfect literary execution, as in Gautier’s ‘La Morte Amoureuse,’ or the scene of the “maimed” burial rites of the player, dead of the frost, in his ‘Capitaine Fracasse,’—true “flowers of the yew.” It becomes grim humor in Victor Hugo’s combat of Gilliatt with the devil-fish; or the incident, with all its ghastly comedy drawn out at length, of the great gun detached from its fastenings on shipboard, in ‘Quatre-Vingt-Treize’ (perhaps the most terrible of



all the accidents that can happen by sea); and in the entire episode, in that book, of the Convention. Not less surely does it reach a genuine pathos: for the habit of noting and distinguishing one's own most intimate passages of sentiment makes one sympathetic; begetting, as it must, the power of entering, by all sorts of finer ways, into the intimate recesses of other minds: so that pity is another quality of romanticism; both Victor Hugo and Gautier being great lovers of animals and charming writers about them, and Murger being unrivaled in the pathos of his 'Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse.' Penetrating so finely into all situations which appeal to pity,—above all, into the special or exceptional phases of such feeling,—the romantic humor is not afraid of the quaintness or singularity of its circumstances or expression; pity, indeed, being of the essence of humor: so that Victor Hugo does but turn his romanticism into practice, in his hunger and thirst after practical *Justice!*—a justice which shall no longer wrong children or animals, for instance, by ignoring, in a stupid, mere breadth of view minute facts about them. Yet the romanticists are antinomian too, sometimes; because the love of energy and beauty, of distinction in passion, tended naturally to become a little *bizarre*, plunging into the Middle Age, into the secrets of old Italian story. "Are we in the Inferno?"—we are tempted to ask, wondering at something malign in so much beauty. For over all a care for the refreshment of the human spirit by fine art manifests itself, a predominant sense of literary charm; so that, in their search for the secret of exquisite expression, the romantic school went back to the forgotten world of early French poetry, and literature itself became the most delicate of the arts,—like "goldsmith's work," says Sainte-Beuve, of Bertrand's 'Gaspard de la Nuit,'—and that peculiarly French gift, the gift of exquisite speech, *argute loqui*, attained in them a perfection which it had never seen before.

Stendhal—a writer whom I have already quoted, and of whom English readers might well know much more than they do—stands between the earlier and later growths of the romantic spirit. His novels are rich in romantic quality; and his other writings—partly criticism, partly personal reminiscences—are a very curious and interesting illustration of the needs out of which romanticism arose. In his book on 'Racine and Shakespeare,' Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day; and this is perhaps true in Stendhal's sense. That little treatise, full

of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823; and its object is to defend an entire independence and liberty in the choice and treatment of subject, both in art and literature, against those who upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive, in writings like the 'Hernani' of Victor Hugo (which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism), that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating, to keep us from yawning even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly shifting *Time-Spirit*, or *Zeit-Geist*, understood by French not less than by German criticism, which is always modifying men's taste, as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of subject and treatment. To turn always with that ever changing spirit, yet to retain the flavor of what was admirably done in past generations,—in the classics, as we say,—is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he observes, "was pre-eminently the romantic poet. He adored Virgil, yet he wrote the 'Divine Comedy,' with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the 'Æneid' as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism, one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever increasing common league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty,—natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times,—it must always be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favor of naturalism in poetry begins in that century early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with



*form*: to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognized types in art and literature have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "'Tis art's decline, my son!" they are always saying to the progressive element in their own generation; to those who care for that which in fifty years' time every one will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, proportionate form; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense, a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Pheidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise,—the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvelous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*; which nevertheless contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus. *Æschylus* is more romantic than *Sophocles*, whose '*Philoctetes*,' were it written now, might figure, for the strangeness of its motive and the perfectness of its execution, as typically romantic; while of *Euripides* it may be said that his method in writing his plays is to sacrifice readily almost everything else, so that he may attain the fullness of a single romantic effect. These two tendencies, indeed, might be applied as a measure or standard all through Greek and Roman art and poetry, with very illuminating results: and for an analyst of the romantic principle in art, no exercise would be more profitable than to walk through the collection of classical antiquities at the Louvre, or the British Museum, or to examine some representative collection of Greek coins, and note how the element of curiosity, of the love

of strangeness, insinuates itself into classical design, and record the effects of the romantic spirit there, the traces of struggle, of the grotesque even, though overbalanced here by sweetness; as in the sculpture of Chartres and Rheims, the real sweetness of mind in the sculptor is often overbalanced by the grotesque, by the rudeness of his strength.

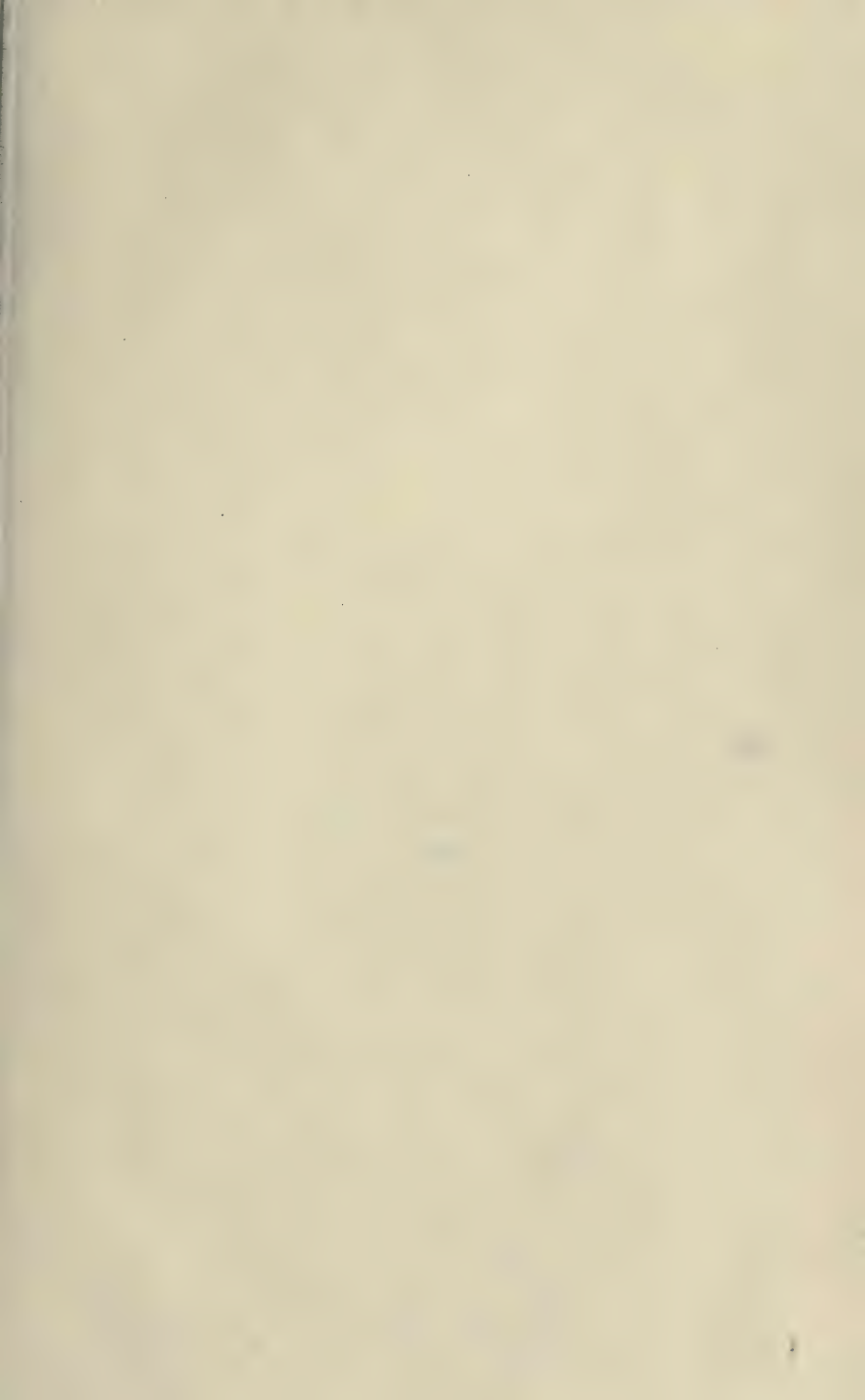
Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorized matter; and who bring to their perfection in this way the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognizable; united in perfect art,—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced there: and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.





















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